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AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP—THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. Navy.

Watching for the Sun on a Cloudy Day.

I.

WHEN the breeze is piping free and the tide is running strong none but a master-seaman may be trusted to haul out of the Liverpool Docks a great Atlantic liner. Should it be a leeward ebb, with the Mersey spinning under a flurry of squalls and snarling in angry eddies, a quick eye must mate a clear wit to make the trick a deft one. The manœuvre is always a delight to the mariner, let bo's'ns, hopelessly spliced to such traditions as topsails reefed in stays bawl what they may about the dead days of seamanship. For here are unfolded the mysteries of the art, and here are exercised all the higher qualities of the sailor, and just as much, believe me, as in the old times when the gray piers and oozy quays were crowded to cheer our famous clippers warping in and out to the music of barbaric "chanties."

Beach-combers, shore-huggers—mere Abraham's men—will tell you the poetry is gone out of it all, and will, with much damning of their eyes, and shifting of their quids, and hitching of their tarry trousers, try to persuade you that steam has ruined the genuine sailors of story and of song. But this is mere transpontine nonsense, for above and beyond everything he who commands a ship, smoker or sailer, as it may chance, must first of all be a seaman. The demands of modern sea life have increased the responsibilities of the mariner, and in like measure the professional attainments required are deeper, broader, and higher than ever before.

What the task of hauling out is, you may best judge by noting the bulk to be moved, for you can never measure properly the enormous dimensions of these great steamers until you see them looming in their true proportions above the walls, and undwarfed, as they are in the open, by the frame of sea and sky. The bulwarks tower like the walls of a fortress; the enormous decks sweep with a sheer knowing no broken curve; the wheel-house lifts its windows above the life-boats, swarming sternward like a school of pilot-fish; still higher the bridges, often double-tiered, span and grip the sturdy stanchions; and dominating all, the elliptical funnels rake jauntily, and the yardless spars taper till they fine away at their shining trucks into graceful coach-whips.

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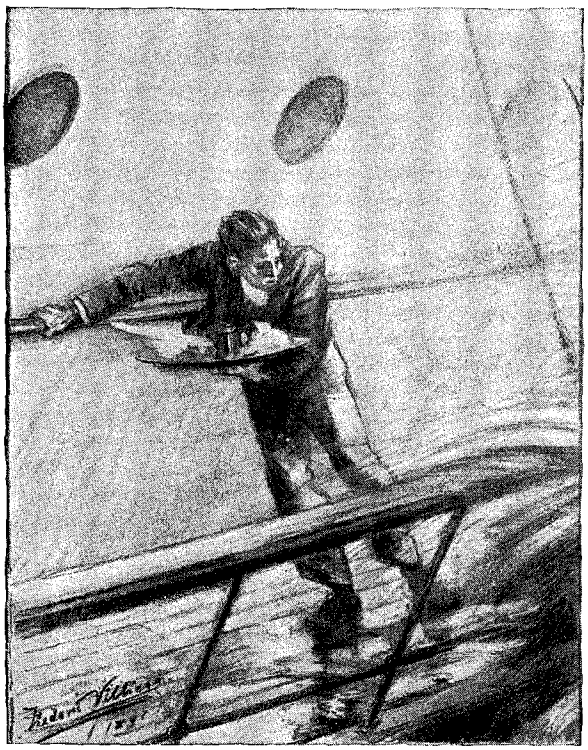
Shipshape and Bristol fashion, point-device in paint and polish, the massive hull glides over the quiet waters of the basin; you catch the sheen of gleaming brasses, of glistening air-ports, of glazed white, and lacquered black. Obedient as a broken colt to the touch of the helm, quick in response as a high-bred dog in a leash to the guiding hawsers, she moves calmly—fit exemplar of strength rightly tempered by even will—toward the sharp turn where the gateway opens to the river. Winches chatter noisily; windlasses clink, clink musically; capstans rattle with slacking cables; jets of steam dart viciously; ripples stream sternward to the bubbles of the foamless wake; the tremulous minor, more a wail than a song, of the docking gangs working the warps, answer the cheery "Yo heave-ohs" of the people on shipboard; and the quick, sharp orders from the bridge are echoed by high-pitched answers from the mates, watching with wary eyes everywhere. One screw turns clumsily ahead, the other circles astern, and then the ship swings easily, rounding the jagged corner in the hedge of stone with a gentleness leaving feet to spare. The bow and stern enter fairly, straight as a mason's level, the open gateway; a strain is taken on the line leading from the quarter to the pier end; a moment of rest, of expectation, succeeded by one of doubt, follows, and then the hail rings out blithely from the after-whaleback, "All clear, sir."



Captain's Breakfast.

The handle of the annunciator connected with the engine-room is jammed to "hard astern;" "ding! ding!" rings the signal from below; the water gushes in a turbulent torrent from the outboard deliveries, the engines throb fiercely, backing with all their strength, and as the lines are rendered, slacked, eased, let go, the steamer clears the pier-end with a rush, shoots far into midstream, and thus begins, wrong end foremost, her voyage westward. In the optimism of the moment the chief officer and the bo's'n grow garrulous upon the recondite subject of anchor gear; the junior officers feel they quite deserve the good luck which makes them the hustling, bustling mates of a crack racer; and maritime Jack, still a little groggy and very much unwashed, blesses the stars that have let begin another "v'yage with an 'arf crown left of his hadvance," and the prospects of "some bloomin' American tobaccy" as soon as he's clear of the tideway.

"Not a bad job, sir," said the pilot, as the anchor takes the bottom and the ship straightens astern from her cable; "seemed ticklish a bit for a minute when they 'eld onto the spring so long, sir; but 'ere we are, bung up and bilge free, and with the looks of a good run, barrin' the fog per'aps, for the morrer."

The captain answers smilingly, for these two are old friends, and, what is more, the hauling out has been a joint

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enterprise, though the senior gets the credit, as he should. After a careful survey of the anchorage and a word with the chief officer, the captain enters his cabin and buckles down to the routine work, and there is always plenty of that awaiting him. He glows pleasureably over the handy, seamanlike way they have left the dock, for nautical critics are plenty and keen, and if he had not taken up his berth in the river so cleverly, the ill news would have grown apace, till, with unfair variations, it reached the ears of their high nobilities—the directors.

Clear-headed, brainy, driving men, are these master-mariners, and bearing patiently a responsibility that needs an iron will and a courage faltering at nothing. There is no royal road to their station, nor can willing hands make them what they must be. They cannot crawl through cabin windows, nor, for that matter, come flying in a pier-head jump through the gangway with one leg forward and the other aft. They have to fight their way over the bows, and struggle out of the ruck and smother in the fo'ks'le, by sturdy buffeting and hard knocks, by the persistent edging of stout shoulders backed by strong hearts and steady brains. If it is in them they will make their way in the end surely, and may set the course and stump to windward as they please, while others haul the weather-ear-rings, and drink their grog protestingly. No; master-mariners are made, not born, and, unlike many of their brothers in the government service, have to rise by energy, pluck, merit—why enumerate them?—by a hundred qualities the world is better for owning.

The Cook.

Old Pepys knew how this sea-kissing goes, and tells us of his favors in this wise: "That," he writes, "which puts me in a good humor both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day (March 13, 1669) made a captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having sent me the Duke of York's commission to be captain of the Jerzy, . . . which doth give me the occasion of much mirth and may be of some use to me." Think of that, you venturesome die-hards, who linger all your lives at the lower sheerpole, a post-captain by the scratch of a pen, and above all men given to a lubberly scrivener and an Admiralty clerk at that.

All these elder merchant-masters are sailor-men, some so deep and dyed in it that if you scratch them they ooze tar, and this briny saturation has been invariably acquired under sail. After they have had their ships and made many a voyage, deep water and home, round both Capes, east and west, wherever winds may blow and freight, the mother of wages, may linger, they shift into steam, but always in a subordinate place. Should they stick by one employ they are sent from ship to ship, working their way upward until they become chief officers of the choicest vessels in the line. Here they must wait for dead men's shoes, or resignation, or forced retirement; but when the chance comes they are given the command of the smaller and less important steamers upon some subsidiary route. Then they enter a new line of promotion, and weary are the years of

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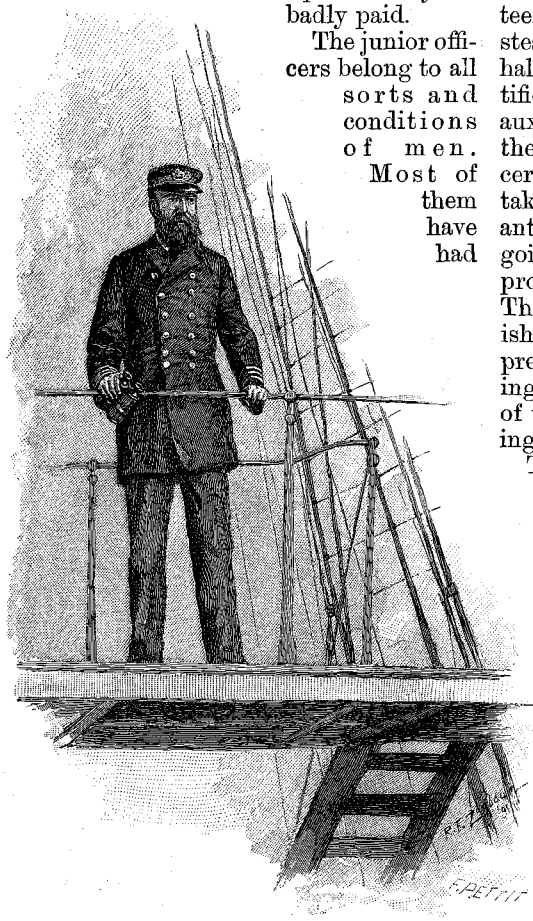
waiting, and bitter sometimes the disappointment, before they reach the high-water mark of their service. And with this hardly earned promotion do not come, as in other professions, ease, comfort, and proper recompense for duty well done, but heavier responsibilities, harder work, and greater self-sacrifice; what is worse, and this to the shame of the great steamship corporations, these gallant men, even at their prime, receive the most inadequate pecuniary recognition for the burden imposed, for the mental and physical qualities exercised, for the experience brought to bear; indeed, in no other trade or profession is equal ability so badly paid.

The junior officers belong to all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them have had



The Skipper.

to fight their way, though some have parents who could well afford to pay a handsome premium for their sea education in the training-ships stationed off the principal ports. Here they are given a strict man-of-war tuition, though the routine of studies and drills is, of course, modified to suit the results expected. After their apprenticeship is served they go to sea, usually in sailing ships; and when later they choose steam, they join as fourth or fifth officers, and enter upon a career where their future is a hard but an assured one. In the large employs they are encouraged to enter the Naval Reserve, and are given time for their drills and opportunities to qualify for the higher certificates of the merchant service; and so much are these privileges esteemed that you often find on the best steamers of the transatlantic liners one-half of the officers holding masters' certificates and junior commissions in the auxiliary government service. Under the new regulations some of these officers have, besides the guard-ship drill, taken a regular tour of duty as lieutenants and sub-lieutenants on board sea-going men-of-war, and so far this has proved a capital plan for both services. The nationality of the officers is British, naturally, though English and Irish predominate, the Scotch, somehow, taking more kindly to the engineering part of the business, and the Welshmen staying at home.

There is a well-founded belief that the deck people are not sailormen; nor, indeed, are they in the majority of ships, that is, not sailors in the true meaning of the word; but, on the other hand, neither are they the mere swabbers of decks, scrubbers of paintwork, handlers of the forward and after ends of trunks, or reefers of hat-boxes and travelling-rugs their critics would have us believe. They belong to a special class, not a very high one from the maritime point of view, and are reasonably well fitted for the work expected. This you may see at fire quarters, for example, a drill which, in these times, is always held before the passengers come on board. As the alarm is sounded by the rapid ringing of the ship's bell, and the commands are hoarsely shouted

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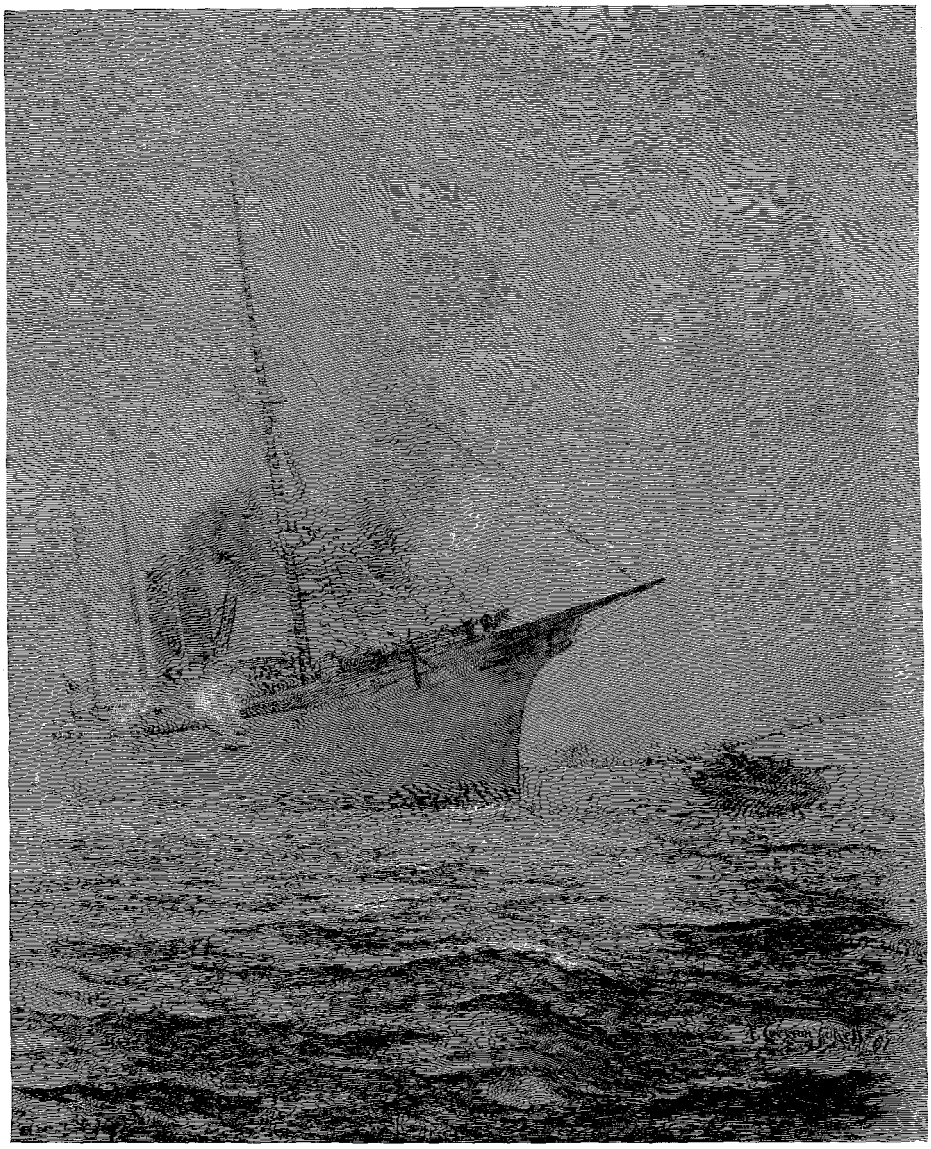

Down the Channel in a Fog—A Narrow Escape.

along the decks, you may notice, as the men rush to their stations, the absence of the alertness, neatness, forehandedness which characterize the man-of-war's men; but they are sturdy and strong and willing, and the echoes of the orders, "Fire forward! Main deck. Quick's your play," have scarcely ceased, before a dozen hose are coupled and run out, bucket and fire-extinguisher lines are formed, axemen and smotherers are gathered, and hand and steam pumps started with an energy promising a world of water. Grimy greasers and stokers rush from below; stewards hop about as none but a steward can; and butchers, bakers, and electric-light-makers rally in their appointed places, eager for work, but in the motley of Falstaff's draft. The captain, watch in hand, receives the reports that all the departments have assembled and that

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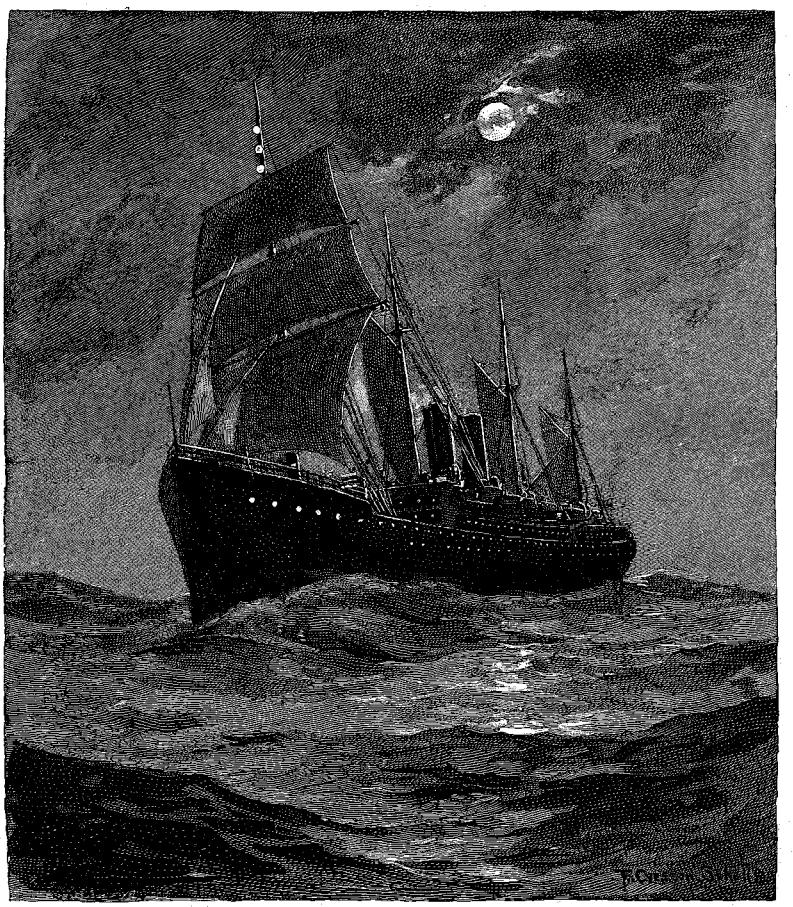
abundant streams have been in operation (overboard, of course, but in the neighborhood of the fire) in blank minutes—let us say three, as a fair average—from the time the alarm was first given. Do you wonder if he smiles and says to his chief officer, "Very creditable, sir; very well done. You may secure, sir?" Very well done it is, and when you remember this is the first drill and many of the hands are new, you may feel reasonably assured, should any ordinary fire break out, that it is all Lombard Street to a Tahiti orange it will be subdued most promptly.

The pumps stop, the hose are uncoupled, under-run, and reeled, and, everything being secured, the ship returns to its normal condition. But not to rest, for there is no rest fore and aft when a voyage is begun. Cargo and stores have to be hoisted out of the lighters, holds have to be stowed, gear secured. All day long the cargo winches rattle, and the tackles rise and fall com-



The Night Signal of a Disabled Steamer.

plainingly. Alongside a double bank of lighters cling, and through cargo-ports and over the rails the freight pours ceaselessly. The twilight deepens with stars; ashore the roar and traffic of the busy town are hushed; the river banks are deserted. But under the dazzling arc-lights on shipboard, and far into the night, toiling men and swaying bales and boxes cast fantastic shadows on the breezy water, and about the decks, and in the cavernous holds gaping unsatisfied for the fruits of trade and barter.

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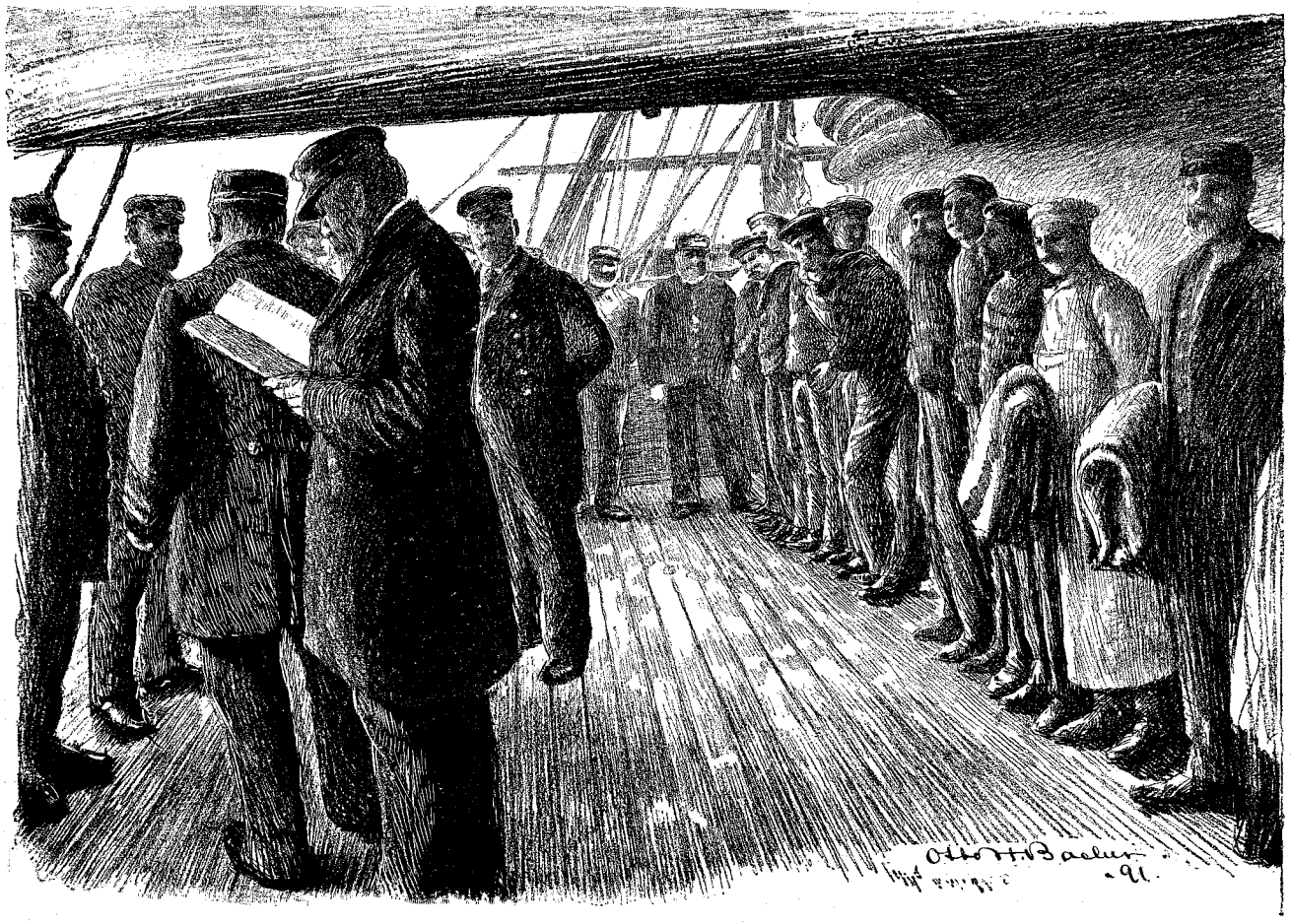

"Muster, all hands."

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II.

THE next day the passengers come on board, and the company's servants in the

The Deck Lookout—"Danger Ahead."

tenders and lighters gleefully escape, after banging about and muddling the baggage so mercilessly that state-room trunks yawn bruisedly in the holds, and huge chests, bursting with useless trophies of travel, lumber up your narrow quarters below — this, to the despair and tears of forlorn women who pursue the hapless purser with unrelenting fury when they learn that nothing can be unearthed until after the ship has left Queenstown, and that until then they must hopelessly shift for themselves. Steam is spluttering and flickering in little curls at the escape-pipes, the officers—every button of their best coats on duty—are at their stations, the pilot is looking wiser than ever pilot could be, and on the bridge with the impatient captain lingers a representative of the company. By and by, after the final instructions are given, this person departs, and as he goes over the side the captain waves his hand in salute and then gives a quiet order to the chief officer.

The wheel is shifted, the capstan reels noisily, and link by link the chain comes home. At last, after a vicious tug or two on the cable, the ground is broken, and, smothered and sputtering with cleansing water from the hose, the anchor, ring and stock, appears above the foam-streams rippling at the bow. When the cat-fall is hooked the ship's head swings around with graceful sheer, the engines slightly increase their speed, the wake straightens its curves, the ensign dips in answer to salutes, and a long blast from the whistle sonorously claims the right of channel. Slowly, carefully, the gallant ship threads her way among the fleet of inward and outward bound shipping; the shores darken with moist shadows and gleam in broad bands of fading sun-drift; the lights of Birkenhead and Liverpool glisten, blaze, twinkle, fade; the breeze blows with spice of salt and briny coolness; the stars blink from silvery steel into points of golden fire; and in the west, where the splendor and warmth deepen seaward, the rolling mists, as yet resplendent in borrowed radiance, close, broodingly, as a pall. Sails burn in the heart of the sunset, and long trails of smoke show where other ships have sunk below the verge. Finally the bar is crossed, the lanterns on board the Northwest Light-ship flame in the star-gemmed dusk, and with a swinging grip of the wheel the ship is headed, at half speed, just as night is falling, to clear the lights of Holyhead.

Upon the bridge the pilot and the officer of the watch peer "ahead and astern, look to windward and to lee;" the ship slips and slides, now to port and now to starboard, dodging the fleet intershooting this marvellous waterway

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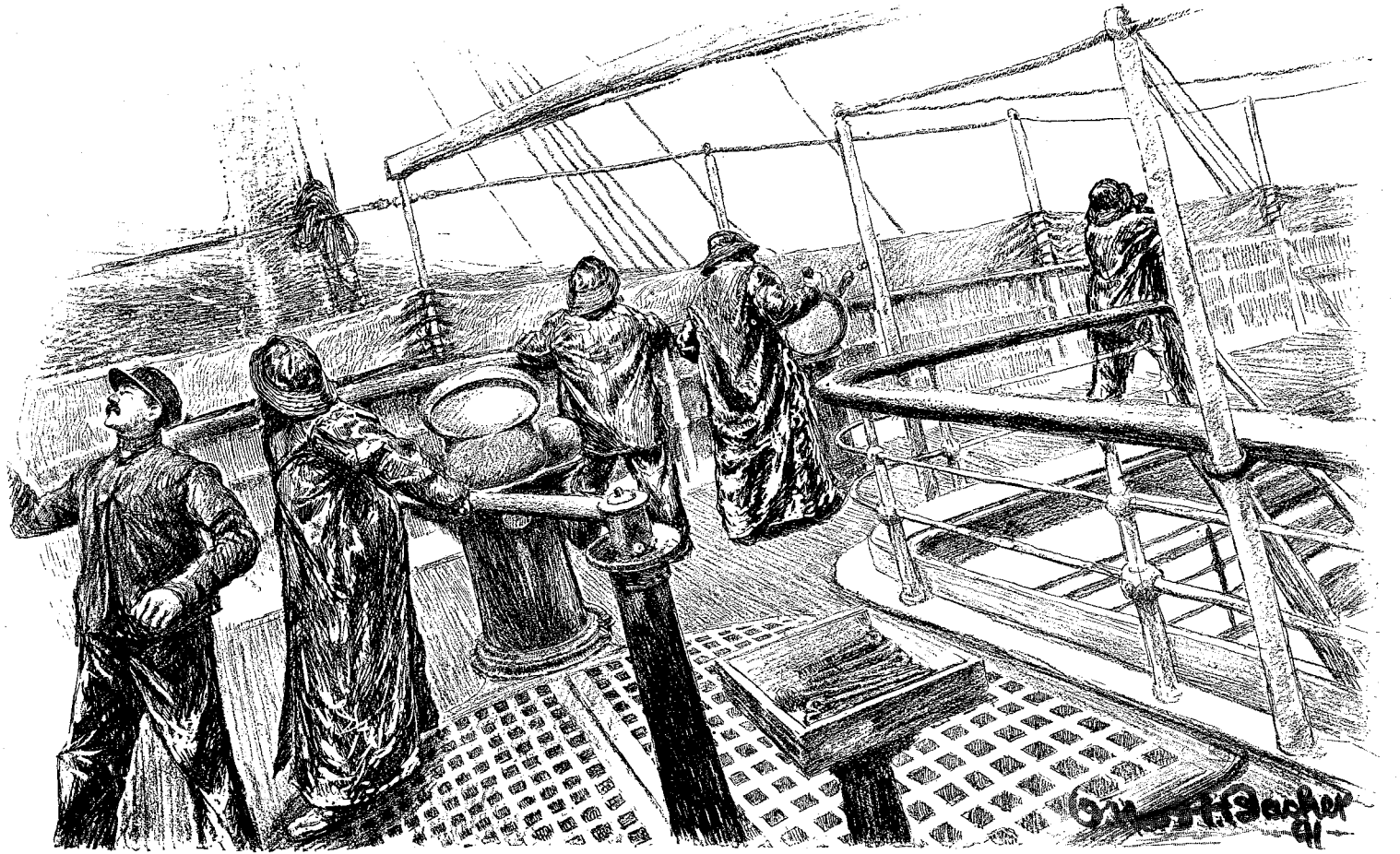

On the Bridge in a Gale.

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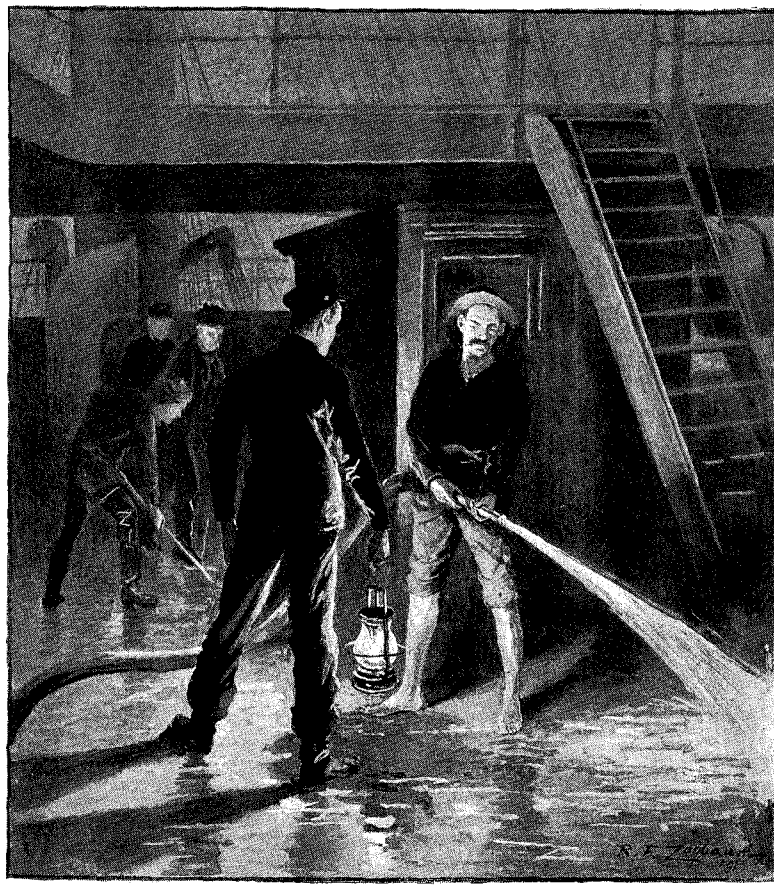
with a wealth of craft no other waters know; and the lookouts glue their eyes to the worried landsman's ears, their labored throbbing seems a devil's tattoo



Washing Down the Decks.

to their quadrants of observation, reporting lights and sails till the confusion would be inextricable, save to these steady nerves finding the pathway safely. Down the coast the vessel runs in the darkness, fearing naught while the stars shine and the horizon circles clean cut above the foam-capped waters. But as the night grows the air loses its briskness, a light haze shrouds the sea, and the Channel fog rolls, ghostlike, landward. Soon only the upper stars glimmer, the moisture drips from the rigging, the iron rails and deck-houses are damp and clammy, and the lights are aureoled with a dull cloud of gray and yellowish mist.

The captain takes his place upon the bridge, the engines are eased until, answering the grumbling and rumbling of the fog-whistle. Below, brawny, silent men stand at the levers, ready at an instant to stop and back, or go ahead, just as the emergency may direct. Outside the pilot-house the quarter-master strains his ears and peers nervously into the gloom, yet alert to pass any command given to the junior officer and to his messmate at the wheel. Signals from fog-whistles drift into them from other groping ships, and, at times, spectral hulls and ghostly sails loom close aboard, creeping out of the curtained night or slipping landward or seaward in search of hidden port or roadway. At regular intervals the lead is cast and the depth of water read from the scale by the unhooded glare of a lantern, and on the

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chart the positions given by the soundings are pricked, to guard against the tricks of treacherous currents.

And so the cheerless night drifts sadly into a wan morning, and the ship creeps warily down Channel, the weary vigil taxing the brains and bodies of those who must seek no rest because of the lives entrusted to their care.

III.

After the pilot has been discharged and the mails received at Queenstown, and the ship has taken her departure from the Roche Point Light-ship everybody settles into the routine of life at sea. From the beginning watches have been kept rigorously, and the interior discipline and rules are so well-jointed that the ship seems to run herself. You hear no jarring of the cogs, feel no rough edges in the mosaic, though the government is, as it must always be, the hand of steel in the glove of velvet. The care of the ship is unremitting, even in details which if set down here would seem trivial and finicky, and every hour of the day has duties which are performed heartily and thoroughly to the foot of the letter by the officers. The number of these may vary on each line, even in different ships of the same employ, but in the largest steamers there are, besides the captain, three seniors and two juniors. The three seniors keep the watches, and each during his tour of duty has, as the captain's representative, the direct charge of the ship. The two juniors stand watch and watch, that is, four hours on duty and four hours off, with a swing at the dog-watches, and carry on, under the direction of the senior officers, the routine of the ship. Normally the officer of the watch takes his station on the forward bridge, and the junior officer sticks by the wheel-house, where, after collecting the data he writes the log-slate hourly, and sees that the quartermaster steers the given course to a nicety. The first night at sea the starboard watch (the captain's in marine law) has the eight hours out, that is, from 8 P.M. to midnight and from 4 to 8 A.M.; and on the

The Stoke Hole.

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home voyage the mate's watch (the port) enjoys the same sweet privilege, thus sanctifying the ancient saw, which insists, under penalties dire, that the captain must take her out and the mate must take her home again.

The officers vary in their methods of keeping watch, new ships having new rules, as Simple Simon is supposed to have said when he was hustled aft to stow the jib. But to my mind, those favored in the larger steamers of the White Star Company are the best. Here the chief officer stands the watches from six to eight and from twelve to two o'clock, night and day respectively; the second officer keeps the watches from eight to ten and two to four o'clock; and the third officer those from ten to twelve and from four to six o'clock. This watch-keeping seems easy enough, even interesting and exciting, at least so bed and walking on a roof is anything but gay, even in fine weather. In stormy seasons it is such wretched work that then be mine rather to woo my bucolics, my farms and gardens, my forest glades.

Leaving out of question the responsibility, try and measure the physical misery when gales are howling, and spray is flying, and icy seas are shooting over the weather bulwarks, and the ship is slamming along, wallowing in the hollows or wriggling on zenith-seeking billows. It may be at night, when you cannot see a ship's length ahead, and around you, threatening disaster and death, are a dozen vessels; it may be when the ice is moving and the towering bergs lie in your pathway. Then those dreadful middle watches, when after a hard tour of duty, you are roused out of a comfortable bed, and jumped, half awakened, into the chill and misery

In the Fo'castle.

I have heard not only from the casual gentleman who worries about critically in fine weather, but from that uneasy minded shuttler who skips across the Western Ocean half a dozen times a year for no reason any sane man has yet discovered. But, dearly beloved idlers, do not deceive yourselves, getting out of of the gale-blown night with every nerve and muscle strained to the breaking-point. No, it is, believe me, the hardest kind of hard work, and it so saps the body, and warps the temper, and makes the best old before their day, that no self-respecting mother will let her daughter marry a man who knows an

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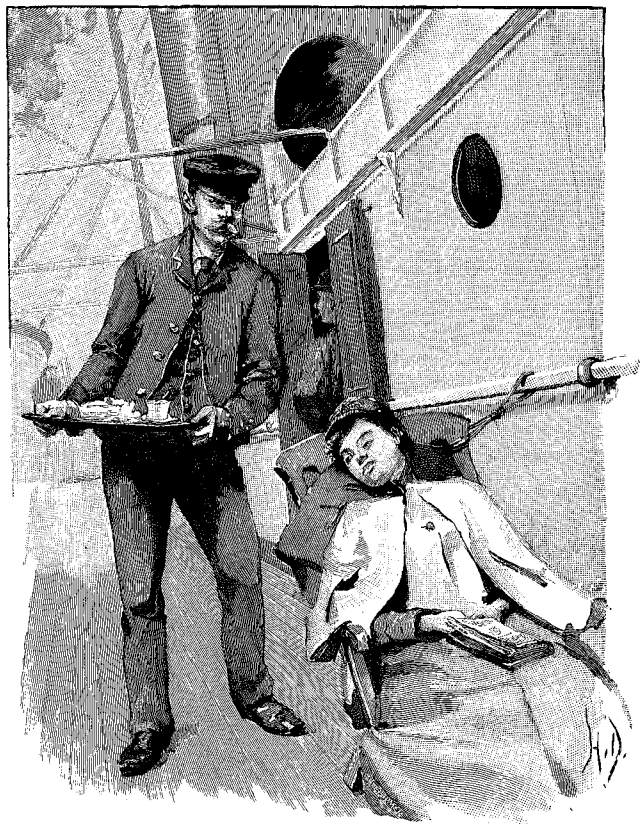
oar from a fence-rail, if he has learned their differences—watch-keeping.

The fourth and fifth officers being young and hardy, and presumably with much to learn and suffer—for suffering somehow is considered an essential in sea training—are not supposed to need adequate rest nor sleep, and if that is not wearing on shipboard, go find me a ballad-monger to weave a rhyme for their comfort. The crew stand watch and watch; but as they can always steal a comforting nap, and have no responsibility, they know little of the mental wear and tear. The bo's'n and his mate look out for the pulling and hauling, and for the dreary singing which the "chanty" man weds to them. Their tempers are always on edge, and it is their part to buffet and bluster. These are the gentlemen you usually hear, in season and out, bellowing about decks a highly garnished sea *argot* which no one attempts to translate or deems of serious meaning. Occasionally, too, you may detect them to leeward of the houses, skylarking gloomily, in moments of forced gayety, with skulkers and sea-lawyers, "fetching them," as they describe the pastime, "a belt under the jaw," or airily promising to "knock" their "blooming 'eds off." These, of course, are the vagaries of delegated authority, and should not lessen your regard for them, as they are generally good sailor-men after the heavy insular fashion. You must remember, also, they enjoy a prescriptive privilege of being most noisy, of wearing tremendous boots and very shabby clothes, and of trilling, like sea-larks, upon little silvery whistles, which are known indiscriminately as "pipes" or "calls."



The Deck Steward.

In each watch there are three quartermasters, generally fine specimens of the British tar, a joy to the eye and a comfort to the soul, notably in bad weather, when they cheer you with a smile that soothes as the words they may not utter; for by a maritime fiction they are always supposed to be at the wheel, and you must not, under fear of keel-hauling, talk to them. How patronizing and sympathetic they look, what a lot they seem to know, what beautiful guernseys they wear, and with what ease they guide the mighty vessel. Before the introduction of steam steering-gear two men were always required at the wheel, and in bad weather there were four, and sometimes six, with frequent reliefs; and yet, with all this beef, many a poor fellow has been maimed for life by being tossed over the wheel-barrel or jammed by the spokes when the ship swung off with sudden lurch or broached to before the fury of the gale. To-day it requires hardly the strength of a boy to "restrain the rudder's ardent thrill," even in the heaviest blows, for

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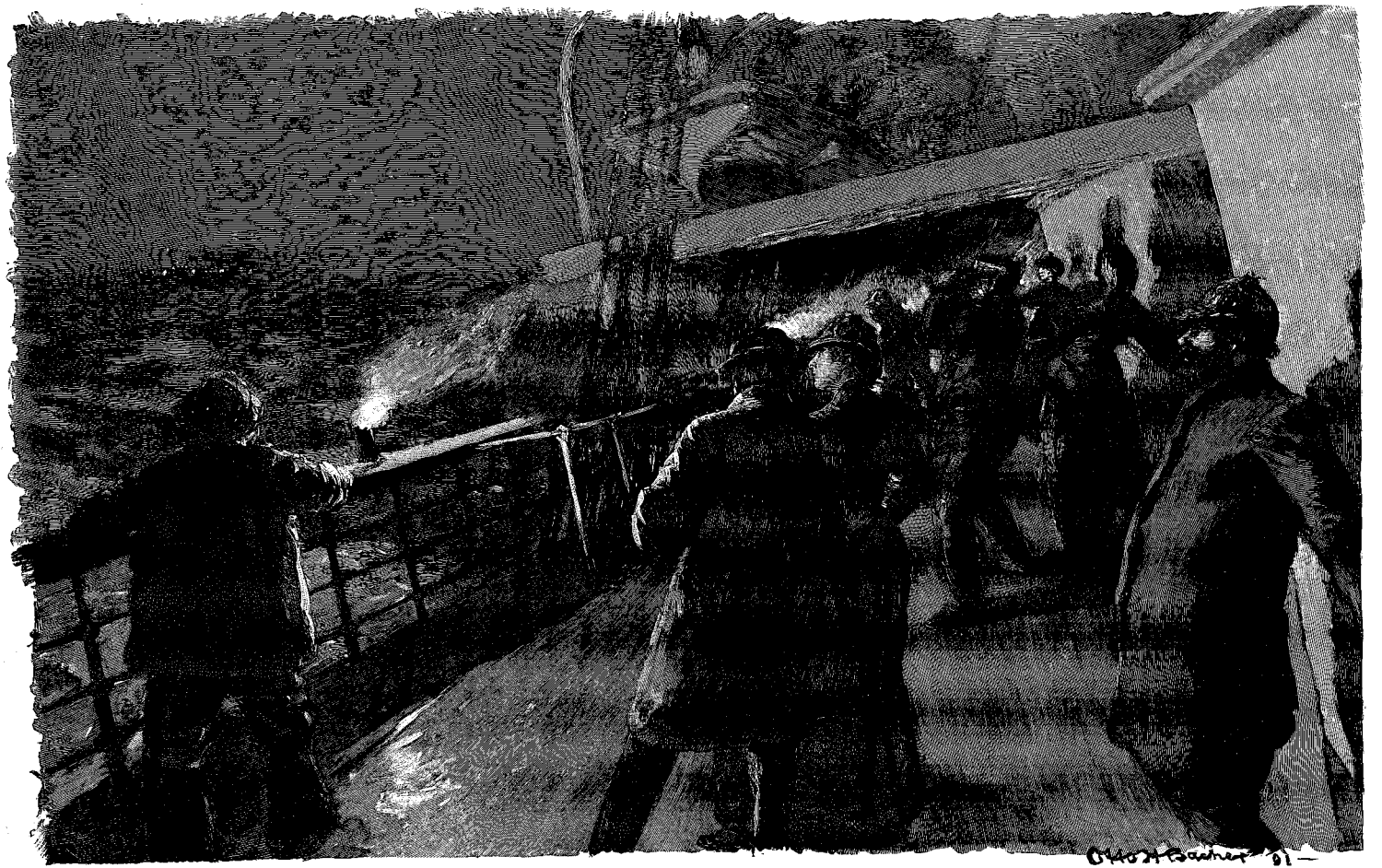

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Night Signalling.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

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the wheel in evidence is merely the purchasing end of a mechanical system that opens and shuts the valve governing the steam admitted to the steering cylinders. But be it lever or not, the sailor grasps it still with the old familiar pose, swaying it, "for the good ship's woe and the good ship's weal," with curved arm and gripping fingers as he pores over his compass and keeps its lubber's point, in fair weather or in foul, plumb on a course marked to a degree of the circle. He stands a two-hours' trick and then changes places with his relief, whose station has been outside the wheel-house door. The third quartermaster keeps his watch under the after-whaleback, ready to throw into action the hand steering-wheel when the signal is given, and as this happens seldom, his watch is apt to be a dreary one. The pump-wells are sounded regularly by a carpenter, so that possible leaks are sure of rapid detection; and hourly every light and every corner of the ship is inspected by one of the two masters-at-arms, who constitute the police force of the ship. They have under their special care the steerages, and a part of their duty is—as their phrase goes—"to chase" the steerage female passengers off the upper deck at dusk, and to see that they remain in their own apartment until sunrise.

First-class ships muster from twelve to fifteen men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are such only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the Naval Reserve, and to be an A B there, one must hand, reef, and steer deftly. These are the people who in port stand by the ship; that is, those who take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at fixed wages per day while the ship refits and loads. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must ship at the beginning of each run—must "sign articles" as it is called—before a Board of Trade shipping-master. As the law has always regarded Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of the Admiralty" by a quasi-paternal government. Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and assertively, at times with a great deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flutter on board usually a few hours before the vessel hauls into the stream. They fly light, these Western Ocean sailors, and their kits are such as beggars would laugh at even in Ratcliffe Highway. Generally they are in debt to the Sailors' Home—they pay seventeen bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them just touch their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and then see most of it disappear, for goods fairly furnished, into the superintendent's monk-bag. But they are philosophers in their sad way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of shillings in their 'baccy pouches, with a pan, an extra shirt, a pannikin, a box of matches, and a bar of soap, to feel that the anchor cannot be tripped too soon as they are equipped for an adventure anywhere, even to the "Hinjies, heast or west," as their doleful ditty announces.

Under way or at anchor they do not have many idle moments. In the middle watches the decks are scrubbed with sand and brooms and brushes, for the old, heroic days of holy-stones are over, and a hundred pounds of effort are no longer expended for an ounce of result. It might interest the passengers—especially those who look upon a sailor as so much unthinking brawn—to hear the archaic vocabulary and the emphatic dialects in which many of them are sworn at by these same mariners. Indeed, passengers are a careless, slovenly, and untidy lot, and there is scarcely a sin in the maritime decalogue of cleanliness they do not commit unthinkingly. The par-

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ticularly offensive ones are soon singled out and labelled with briny, offensive names; and though they know it not, the forecastle is at times lurid with the blood-curdling anathemas launched upon them. In the morning watch the paint work is scrubbed, and a deft cleaner is Jackie; and finally, when the weather permits, the brass work — bane of every true sailor—is polished till it blinks like the rising sun in the tropics. This scrubbing and burnishing and cleansing runs in appointed grooves through every department, and in no perfunctory way, for each day the ship is inspected thoroughly, and upon the result depend the reputation and the advancement of the subordinates.

Very formal indeed is the inspection, when, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the captain, accompanied by the doctor, begins his royal progress. At the borders of each province he is received by its governor, who conducts him through its highways and its byways, through its lanes and shaded groves. The purser and the chief steward are answerable for all concerning the passengers, and scrupulous and minute is the examination given to the saloons, storerooms, pantries, kitchens, bakeries, closets, bath-rooms, and to such cabins and state-rooms as may be visited. Then follow the steerages and the "glory hole" — this last a den sacred to the discomfort of the perennially nimble, of the tip-extracting, uncannily cheerful, and sorely tried stewards. The chief officer is responsible for the boatswain's locker, the forecastles, the upper decks, the boats, the whalebacks; in short, above and below, wherever dirt might breed disease, no nook nor corner is omitted, not even that seething cauldron where the lungs of the ship breathe steam and her ponderous muscles drive the mighty screws.

IV.

THE engine-rooms and stoke-holes of a great steamer are forbidden ground, are lands *taboo*, save to those specially asked to visit them. Here no interruptions may enter, for speed is the price of ceaseless vigilance, and horse-power spells fame and dividends. When you come to measure the region fairly, it broadens into a wonder-land; it shapes itself into a twilight island of mysteries, into a laboratory where grimy alchemists practise black magic and white. At first all seems confusion, but when the brain has co-ordinated certain factors, harmony is wooed from discord and order emerges from chaos. It is in the beginning all noise and tangled motion, and shining steel and oily smells; then succeeds a vague sense of bars moving up and down, and down and up, with pitiless regularity; of jiggering levers, keeping time rhythmically to any stray patter you may fit to their chanting; and, at last, the interdependence of rod grasping rod, of shooting straight lines seizing curved arms, of links limping backward and wriggling forward upon queer pivots, dawns upon you, and in the end you marvel at the nicety with which lever, weight, and fulcrum work, opening and closing hidden mechanisms, and functioning with an exactness that dignifies the fraction of a second into an appreciable quantity. Cranks whirl and whirl and whirl incessantly, holding in moveless grip the long shafting turning the churning screws; pumps pulsate and throb with muffled beat; gauge-arms vibrate jerkingly about narrow arcs, setting their standards of performance; and everywhere, if your ear be trained to this mechanical music, to this symphony in steam and steel, you see the officers and greasers conducting harmoniously the smoothly moving parts, as soothed with oil and caressed with waste they work without jar or friction, and despite the gales tossing the ship like a jolly-boat, on the angry ocean. It is a magic domain, and one may well wonder at the genius which, piling precedent upon precedent, chains these forces and makes them labor, even on an unstable platform, as their masters will.

In the stoke-hole, however, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clangor unsubdued. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps cones of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadow. Through bulkhead doors the

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red and gold of the furnaces chequer the reeking floor, and the tremulous roar of the caged fires dominates the sibilant splutter of the steam. Figures nearly naked, gritty and black with coal, and pasty with ashes, and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light and in the half gloom, and seem like nightmares from fantastic tales of demonology.

When the furnace-doors are opened, thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice-bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents. The iron tools blister their hands, the roaring furnaces sear their bodies; their chests heave like those of spent swimmers, their eyes tingle in parched sockets—but work they must, there is no escape, no holiday in this maddening limbo. Steam must be kept up, or perhaps a cruel record must be lowered. Facing the furnaces, the hollow upscooping of the stoker's shovel echoes stridently on the iron floor, and these speed-makers pile coal on coal until the fire fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. But it is only a moment at the best, for their taskmasters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces must do its stint. The noise and uproar are deafening; coal-trimmers trundle their barrows unceasingly from bunker to stoke-hole, or, if the ship's motion be too great for the wheels, carry it in baskets, and during the four long hours there is no rest for those who labor here.

In the largest ships the engineer force numbers one hundred and seventy men, and in vessels with double engines these are divided into two crews with a double allowance of officers for duty. One engineer keeps a watch in each fire-room, and two are stationed on each engine-room platform. Watches depend upon the weather, but, as a rule, the force, officers and men, serves four out of every twelve hours. Should, however, the weather be foggy or the navigation hazardous, the service may be more onerous; for then officers stand at the throttles with peremptory orders to do no other work. In relieving each other great care is taken; those going on the platforms feeling the warmth of the bearings, examining the condition of the pins and shafting, testing the valves, locating the position of the throttles, counting the revolutions, and by every technical trial satisfying themselves before assuming charge that all is right. In the stoke-hole the same precautions are taken, the sufficiency and saturation of the water, the temperature of the feed, injection, and discharge, and the steam-pressure being verified independently by both officers.

The pay of the chief engineer is said to be about £30 per month, in addition to a commission upon the saving made in a fixed allowance of coal for a given horse-power and an assumed speed. As some ships are economical, this reaches at times a handsome bonus. And it is well this pay should be large, for many of these officers have given their best days to one employ and deserve much of it in every way. It is said that some of the old chiefs are the greatest travellers in the world, so far as miles covered may count. Here, for example, is one who has made in one line 132 round trips, or traversed 841,000 shore miles—a distance four times that between the earth and the moon; and still higher is the record of another, who completed before his retirement 154 round trips, or made in distance over one million of statute miles.

The messes of the crew are divided into three classes: First, that of the seamen, quartermaster, carpenter, etc.; secondly, that of lamp-trimmers and servants and miscellaneous people; and thirdly, that of the stokers, greasers, and trimmers. The seamen sleep and mess in the forecastle, the stewards in the glory hole, and the engineer force in the port forecastle, or, on board the new ships, in an apartment just forward of the stoke-hole. In all these quarters the mess-tables trice up to the under side of the upper deck, and the bunks are two or three tiers deep. As a rule the men provide their own bedding and table-gear, the company agreeing to give good food in plenty, but nothing

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more. This seems shabby, even if in these degenerate days we need not hope to find a ship's husband like Sir Francis Drake, who not only "procured a complete set of silver for the table, and furnished the cook-room with many vessels of the same metal, but engaged several musicians to accompany them." I am afraid the only music you will hear in these dreary quarters is the shout when the "snipes," as my lieges the stokers call the coal-trimmers, rush in at eight in the evening with the high feast known as *the black pan*. This olla podrida consists of the remains of the saloon dinner, and is always saved for the watch by the cooks and bakers in payment for the coal hoisted for the kitchens and galleys. It is a grewsome feast, as one may well imagine, but it is the supreme luxury in the sea life of the stoker and his pals, and is enjoyed point, blade, and hilt.

Thrown together as the people are for a run only, you find little of the messmate kinship which is so strong in longer voyages among seafaring men. Should any one of them become unfit for work through sickness (and very ill he must be when the doctor excuses him from duty), his mates, the one he should have relieved and the other who would have relieved him, each stand two hours of his watch. But as the attendant abuse is great, and the curses are loud and deep and bitterly personal, no one, save a very hard case, will leave his work as long as he can stand up to it. As for kindness and usefulness, or any other saving grace, they are unknown; are, in the grim pessimism of this iron trade, never expected. It is a hard, hard life, measured by decent standards, and, *messieurs*, when you stray below, and, as tradition demands, they "chalk you"—ring you about with the mystic circle which means drink-money—be sure the ransom is not niggard, be certain that with it you lend them from your brighter world the sunshine of a cheery greeting, the tonic of a friendly smile.

For, God help them, they need it always.

V.

The inspection is finished a little after seven bells, and one by one the officers straggle on deck with their sextants. Should it be a fine day, with moderate weather, the noon observation for latitude is a simple one and is always sought; though, in the open, these people running in regular lanes can place great dependence on their engine revolutions, their well-tried compasses, and, if the speed is not excessive, upon their taffrail logs. When the sun crosses the meridian twelve o'clock is reported, and "eight bells are made" by the captain, for no lesser personage dare trifle with the astronomical proprieties hedging about this occult ceremony. The ship's time, however, remains unaltered, until the clocks are corrected at midnight from calculations based upon the chronometer ticking stolidly in the chart-room. In the sweep of modern progress the sacred rite of heaving the log is no longer celebrated. The speed is now too great for that rough-and-ready hit-and-miss at distance run; and with its disuse, worse luck, a fund of old-time pleasant raillery has been eclipsed. "How fast are you going, my man?" was an invariable question of the inevitable, curious passenger to the Jackie walking away with the dripping log-line. "Fourteen and a Dutchman, sir," would be his answer, or, if again pressed, "Thirteen and a marine," he would reply gravely, to the joy of his grinning shipmates and to the mystification of the questioner. But now no longer does the reel turn swift, no longer does the sand run dry, no more the chip dances on the waves or tugging line strain brawny muscles. To-day the speed is read off from a little cylinder which twists its dials on the weather rail.

The observations are worked out independently by the chief and second officers, and the former submits his results to the captain. Of course these calculations cannot have the exactness of astronomical work ashore, and luckily on the high sea this is not needed. On the contrary, over-precision often multiplies the error, and it is good navigation if you can say with assurance that the ship is anywhere within an enclosing circle five miles in diameter. Of course it is widely different when a vessel is running in for the land or coasting, for then the soundings, the cross-bearings of well-known marks, and the contour lines,

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enable the position to be marked with very great accuracy.

The noon position of the ship is—next to dinner—the great event of the day, and many are the pools and bets made on the figures of the run; not only as to the distance, but as to the probable time of arrival. For if the voyage be now half over, the novelty of sea life is at low ebb, and the passengers, save a few irrepressible spirits, have lapsed into a gentle melancholy induced by the monotony of water, water, water everywhere. They are tired of the sea, of the ship, of the cooking, of each other, in short, of everything, and are anxious only to arrive. They have divided and subdivided, and differentiated into cliques, and have nursed dislikes, usually founded on feminine fancies, until these have become mortal antipathies. In a perfunctory way they follow a routine which finally drags a lengthening chain. They get up and pitchfork on their clothes, and eat, lounge about, doze, muffled to the eyes, in lashed steamer chairs, read languidly, gossip spitefully, and eat, and eat, and eat, and then, wearied to bitter boredom, go to bed again. The men drink more than is good for them, indeed some of them have an eager and a nipping air all day long; and as for smoking, why, those who can are blowing moist and soggy weeds and fondling explosive pipes from morn till dewy eve. The noisy ones—and what nuisances they are with their aggressively robust health and unfailing cheerfulness—play all manner of stupid sea games, horse-billiards, quoits, and shuffle-board, and sometimes venture upon such silly practical joking that you wish a sea would wash them overboard.

No one sees much of the ship's officers except perhaps the ubiquitous purser and the amiable doctor, and how these two, harried and beset as they are by a hundred cares, by the little miseries of other people, can present an unfailing front of courtesy, can go smilingly and cheerily about their duties, is one of the sea mysteries yet unsolved. Blow high or low, and in fair weather or foul, they are ever the same, bright, beaming, optimistic, encouraging—"fresh as a garden rose, soothing as an upland wind"—and knowing the strain put upon you by silly men and fretful women, gentlemen, I salute you, *chapeau bas*.

In the beginning there was a struggle for seats at the captain's table, and heartburnings are not unknown to those who sit a little lower at the feast. But these are not the wise or wary ones, not the tough and devilish sly travellers who know their bread will be best buttered by rallying around the purser or forming in hollow squares about the shrine where the doctor sits enthroned. The captain's duties permit him to go below rarely save at dinner-time, and as for the other officers, they live and mess alone and are as cloistered, so far as the passengers count, as the preaching friars of Saint Dominic.

Once in every voyage boat drill is held, and sadly insufficient for the people on board is this same boat equipment. But the drill is usually a passably fair one, and, given time, adequate perhaps for any demands made upon the ship by outside distress. And let it be added that never yet, when the word has been given, have those gallant men who walk their watches so quietly and so uncomplainingly, been known to fail if succor were needed by helpless mariners. It may be that death stares them in the face, that their mission may be another tragedy, but they never question. Honor to them and to all the unrecorded heroes, the uncrowned martyrs of that western passage. Who may number them? who tell their gallant deeds? True descendants are they of those "who first went out across the unknown seas, fighting, discovering, colonizing, and graving out channels through which the commerce and enterprise of England have flowed out over all the world."

You may count, as a rule, upon disagreeable weather in the Western Ocean, and this tries the temper of people who might be saints ashore; and, say what you will, even under the most promising environments, women are out of place on shipboard. However, if the days are reasonably pleasant as the voyage shortens, the monotony becomes so much a habit as to be no longer a burden.

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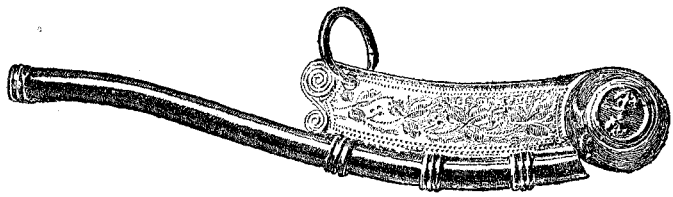
The little animosities which seemed eternal disappear, and friendships are made, and toward the end all but the hardened cases, the mental dyspeptics, or those to whom sea-sickness is a serious matter, really enjoy the voyage.

The tonic of the sea-air courses like an elixir in the blood; young women begin to take notice, and you hear rippling laughter, and see, in place of gloom, the sunshine of happy smiles. This is usually the season when the concert is given, and the uneasy spirits of the ship exploit the talent they have discovered. Usually there are a dozen mild rows over this performance, and invariably a great dispute as to the distribution of the money. This is apt to divide the ship temporarily into two warring camps, but in the end the ship's officers have their way, and the American dollars jingle musically in English contribution boxes. More or less jollity is always afloat in the smoking-room, for here eddy the flotsam and jetsam of the ship. Here, too, the speculative gentlemen, their friends and lambs, usually play cards from early forenoon till the lights are turned out. There is not much growling among these industrious workmen, though at times when Jack pots go one way, and the kitty or widow is large enough to make the losers boisterously assertive, you may hear sharp words over the reckoning. As for those who enjoy a quiet rubber, they must find another retreat; the smoking-room is ruled by the gods of clamor.

And so the last days are apt to rush along pleasantly enough; the solitude cheered by passing vessels and the lazy routine of the ship enlivened by congenial companionships newly found. The edge of the Grand Banks is skirted happily without injury to the daring fishermen; the Georges are rounded, and then, oh, happy hour for many homesick hearts! the cry "Sail ho" rings out with a newer meaning, and a graceful pilot-boat wings toward them like the fabled sea-bird. How they greet the bluff pilot, coming as he does to their seeming helplessness out of the known and the enduring. The speculative passengers find an especial interest in the incident, for no pools are more favored than those made on the number of the boat, no bets more frequent than whether the figures are odd or even. After the assurance that the "pilot is really on board" over-sanguine and inexperienced females madly rush below and pack their trunks and get ready for an immediate shore-flitting, afraid, perhaps, they will be late; but there is many and many a tossing mile yet to steam ere the services of the adventurous pilot will be needed.

Still, a new delight possesses everybody, and it grows as the hours fly, until at last, it may be at night, perhaps, some one bursts breathlessly into the crowded smoking-room or bar, and cries exultingly: "There she is, Fire Island Light, right over the starboard bow." Joyous faces gather near the crowded bulwarks, and eager eyes hail with gladness the shining petals of that rose of flame which blossoms unfailingly above the shoaling waters; for the voyage is nearly over, and the morrow means to some the marvels of an unknown land, to others, luckiest and happiest of all, home and dear ones.



The Boatswain's Whistle.

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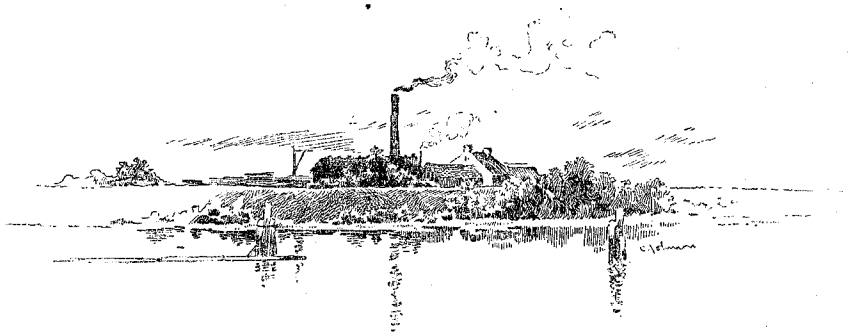
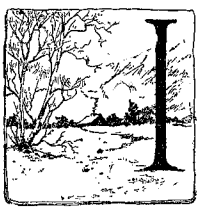


AN ALABAMA COURTSHIP.

By F. J. Stimson.

PART FIRST.

1.



I MUST first tell you how I came to be ever a commercial traveller. My father was a Higginbotham—one of the Higginbothams of Salem—but my mother, Marie Lawrence, was a far-off cousin of the wife of old Thomas Lawrence, the great tobacconist of New York. Horatio Higginbotham was both an author and an artist; but he neither wrote nor painted down to the popular taste; and as he was also a gentleman, and had lived like one, he left very little money. Not that he took it with him when he died, but he had spent it on the way. It costs considerable to get through this world, if you travel first-class and pay as you go. And, at least, my father left no debts.

He left my dear mother, however, and his assets were represented by me, an expensive Junior at Harvard. And as none of the family counting-rooms and cotton-mills seemed to open the door for me—so degenerate a scion of a money-making race as to have already an artist behind him—I was glad to enter the wide portal of Cousin Lawrence's tobacco manufactory.

Here, as in most successful trades, you were, all but the very heir-presumptive, put through a regular mill. First, a year or two in the factory, just to get used to the sneezing; and then you took to the road; and after a few years of this had thoroughly taught you the retail trade, you were promoted to be a gentleman and hob-nob with the planters in Cuba, and ride over their landed estates.

I got through the factory well enough; but the road, as you may fancy, was a trial in prospect. When my time came (being then, as you will see, something of a snob) I was careful to choose the wildest circuit, most remote from Boston and from Boston ways. The extreme West—Denver, Kansas City, Omaha—was out of the question; even the South—New Orleans, Charleston, Florida particularly—was unsafe. Indiana was barbarous enough, but went with Ohio and Michigan; and I finally chose what was called the Tennessee Circuit, which included all the country west of the Alleghanies, from the Ohio River to the Gulf States. Louisville belonged to my Cincinnati colleague, but the rest of Kentucky and Tennessee, from the Cumberland and Great Smoky Mountains to the hills of Alabama and the plains of Memphis, were mine.

And by no means uninteresting I found it. I travelled, you must know, in snuff; and the southern mountains, with the headwaters of the west-

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ern rivers, Cumberland, Alabama, Tennessee, are the country of the snuff-taker in America.

The civilization, the picturesqueness of our country lies always between the mountains and the seaboard. Trace the Appalachian summits from their first uprearing at Tracadiegash or Gaspé, to that last laurel-hill near Tupelo in Mississippi—on the left of you lies history, character, local identity; on the right that great common place, that vast central prairie, lying stolidly spread out between the Rockies and the Blue Ridge, producing food. Heaven keep us from that central plain, one would say, and from the men and moods and motives that it breeds—but that out of it, in the very unidentified middle of it, the Lord upreared a Lincoln.

However, my beat lay so well to the south of it, lurked so far up in the mountain alley-ways and southern river-cañons, that I found much to study and more to see. The railway did little more than take me to the field of labor; the saddle or the wagon or the country stage must do the rest. My first trip was to the east of my dominions; my headquarters were at Knoxville, and from there I rode through some thousand miles of mountain and of cove; and different enough and remote enough it was from all that I had known before and from all that might know me or look askance upon a travelling-merchant selling snuff by sample. But this was but a breather, as it were; and on my second journey I was ordered to replace my predecessor, Jerry Sullivan, at his headquarters in Chattanooga, and take entire charge of that country. Already I had contracted a prejudice for the slow and unconventional modes of travelling; and after I had seen Jerry Sullivan, a genial Irishman, and had formal delivery of his office, and he had gone back with evident delight to his beloved New York, and I had sat there alone a day or two, I thought that I would open out the business westward. And looking at the map it occurred to me that the Tennessee River was the natural avenue to my domains in that direction. Luckily, I made the acquaintance of a young land-prospector, with romantic instincts like my own; and the second evening after this idea came to me, he and I were seated in a wooden dug-out canoe, my parcels of samples and his instruments in the waist of the boat, drifting swiftly down the brown stream at sunset, under the lofty shadow of the Lookout Mountain.

The stream was shallow, and its waters so opaque that six inches looked like six fathoms, and it happened not rarely that we ran upon a sand-bar in full mid-stream; but a hard shove at the pole would send us off, usually sideways, careening in the swirl. When we were not aground our time was rapid—some six or seven miles an hour, with the current, and the pole, and paddle. The mountains came close around us, and the shores contracted; and pretty soon the railway took a plunge into a tunnel and disappeared. No house nor light was in sight when the moon came out. For some twenty miles or more we swung down the swift stream silently, in a country that seemed quite unsettled. And as the night made it still harder to make out the deeper places, it is not surprising that after one long, gradual grate upon a mid-channel sand-bank, we settled in a bed that all our efforts were insufficient to dislodge us from. And Arthur Coe, my companion, by way of making the best night of it possible, and the moon and the mild May weather falling in, drew out a banjo from his traps in the bow and made melodies not unpleasant to a man who lay silent in the stern, looking at the stars and smoking his pipe.

A fine range of trees lined the opposite shore and, beyond, the forest rolled up in mountain-shoulders to the sky; but not a sign of human life was visible. So that we both started when, at the end of some negro melody, the refrain was taken up by a lusty chorus, and rang far out over the murmuring Tennessee. And in a few moments a large gum canoe filled with joyous darkies came to us from the further shore; and finding our trouble, nothing would do but they must pull us ashore and we spend the night with "Massa." Which we did, and a kind and queer old pair of gentry we found them, him and his wife, living alone with a dozen of old freed slaves,

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some dozen miles from anywhere. The old, wide, one-story plantation house stood in a clearing facing the river (which used to be much more of a river, with many steamers and cotton-craft, "befo' de wo'"); and we had quite a concert before we went to bed, with all the cigars and other accompaniment that we needed. There were no young people in the house, only old massa and missus and the old slaves; and we heard some story of deaths in battle from the latter, as we all sang a hymn together before we went to bed, and took one final glass of whiskey; and even the negroes were allowed a taste of something, for wetting their whistles they had blown so well.

Thus it was, almost every night; and the long days were spent in drifting down the river; and even Coe was in no hurry to get to the place where he was to survey his railway or prospect his town; and either the people were so lonely, or their good will was so great, that they gave orders for snuff in a way that was surprising. Only one thing struck us—the absence of young people; not only of young men, but of girls. Coe said he thought the people were too old to have any children; but what had become of the children they should have had twenty years ago? "War-time," said Coe, as if that explained it.

So we got down into Georgia, and then into northern Alabama; and the river wound so that we were two weeks on the way. Coe was to prospect near a town called Florence, or Tuscumbia; places that then we never had heard of.

That day, at dawn, we ran on Muscle Shoals. Fresh from a night under the wild-grape vines, blossoming fragrantly, with a sweetness troubling to the spirit, acrid, whereunder we had slept like one drugged with love—we had got into our canoe at sunrise or before, and pushed out into the stream. It lay broad and still and shimmering—so broad that we ought to have noticed its two or three miles of surface could scarce cover but three or four inches of depth. But our eyelids were heavy with the wild grape—as if its breath had been some soul or phantasm of what was to be its fruit—and so we paddled dreamily to the mid-stream and ran aground.

"I say!" said Coe. But there was nothing to be said, and there we hung, two miles from either shore, and the sun rose full up stream, and gilded us.

In all that inland lake was but a hand's-depth of water, flowing swift and softly over sand and shells. We took to our poles; hard choosing it would be which way lay deepest; and, one at either end, "Now, then!" from Coe; and we moved, or didn't move, or for the most part spun around upon the grinding shells, and Coe fell out of the boat and splashed shallowly upon his back upon the sand.

So all that day we labored; and the sun grew hot, so that Coe at noon sought wading for the shore to some shelter in the wild grapes; but that, half a stone's-throw from the white clay bank ran swiftly some two fathoms deep of river Tennessee. So he came back and swore, and I laughed; and we set at it again. Meantime the slow, deep-laden scows, with appetizing tents for shade, spun downward close under that vine-shaded bank and jeered at us.

Late in the afternoon, raw-handed from the poles and raw in visage from a straight-down sun, we got away. Still breathless, burning, we two swung down the smooth stream, narrower, though still a half-mile wide; here it ran in curves by bold cliff-points, castellated into white, vine-garlanded turrets of the strangely worn and carven limestone. No Rhine could be so beautiful; for here all was unprofaned, silent, houseless, lined by neither road nor rail.

The sun was nearly setting, and Coe's soul turned to beauty, and again he began to marvel at the want of womankind. No country was visible behind the river-banks; and he stood up and studied carefully the shore through his field-glass.

"I think this is the spot," he said.

"Tuscumbia?" said I. But Coe was rapt in study of the river-bank.

"Do you see her?" said I, louder.

Suddenly Coe turned to me in some excitement. "Paddle hard—I think it's the place." And seizing his bow paddle he drove it into the stream so deep that had I not steadied the craft she had rolled over. Englishmen can never get used to inanimate objects; deft is not their word.

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So we rounded, always approaching the shore, a bold promontory; in four successive terraces three-hundred feet of ranged limestone towers rose loftily, adorned with moss, and vines and myrtle-ivy, their bases veiled in a grand row of gum-trees lining the shore. No Rheinstein ever was finer, and as we turned one point, a beautiful rich-foliaged ravine came down to meet us, widening at the river to a little park of green and wild flowers, walled on both sides by the castled cliffs; in the centre the most unsullied spring I have ever seen. And all about, no sign of man; no house, or smoke, or road, or track, or trail.

"This is it," said Coe again, as the canoe grated softly on the dazzling sand, and he prepared to leap ashore.

"What," said I, "Tuscumbia?" For there is a legend of this place; and of Tuscumbia, the great chieftain, and the Indian maiden, and their trysting by the silent spring.

"No," said he; "Sheffield. That gorge is the only easy grade to the river for many miles. Through it we shall put our railroad, and this flat will do for terminal facilities—eh!" and he leaped clumsily; for the loud report of a shot-gun broke the air and the charge whisked almost about our ears and flashed a hundred yards behind us in the Tennessee.

With one accord we ran up the ravine. There was no path, and the heavy vines and briers twined about our legs, and the tree-trunks of the Middle Ages still lay greenly, but when we sought to clamber over them, collapsed and let us to their punky middles.

Suddenly, as we rounded a bend between two gloomy ravages of rock, there stood before us a young girl, in the green light—her hair as black as I had ever seen, with such a face of white and rose! I stared at her helplessly; Coe, I think, cowered behind me. She looked at us inquiringly a moment; and then, as we neither spoke, turned up the side of the ravine, with her fowling-piece, and vanished by some way unknown to us. I would have followed her, I think, but Coe held me back by the coat-tails.

"Don't," said he. "She's quite welcome to a shot, I am sure."

2.

Nevertheless, after this one moment of chivalrous impulse, Coe set up his levelling-machine and began taking the gradients of the ravine up which this girl had gone. I have never known an Englishman upon whose heart you could make any impression until his stomach was provided for. Meantime I wandered on, admiring the red hibiscus blossom and liana vine that veiled the gorge in tropical luxuriance up to the myrtles of the limestone. Finally I emerged upon the plateau above the river, and found myself in a glorious, green, flowing prairie many miles broad and apparently as long as the brown Tennessee that lay hid behind me. In the midst of it one iron-furnace was already in blast.

The inn ("The International Hotel") at Tuscumbia was very noisy. I was struck by this when I went to my room to dress for supper; I had only been able to get one room for myself and Coe; there were two beds in it, but only one wash-stand. Through the walls, which were very thin, I could hear at least four distinct feminine voices on the one side, and several upon the other. There were also some across the hall that seemed to be engaged in the same conversation; and that the speakers were young ladies I had fleeting but satisfactory evidence when I opened my door to set out my water-jug for a further supply.

"Look here, young man," said the landlord to me, when I again endeavored to get another room for Coe. "How many rooms do you reckon this yer house 'll hold, with fifty-seven guests all wantin' em?"

"Fifty-seven!" said I. The International Hotel was a small two-story wooden house with a portico. "How many can the hotel accommodate?"

"Thirty in winter," said the landlord. "In summer sixty to seventy."

I stared at the man until he explained.

"You see, in the winter, they's most from the North. I hev accommodated seventy-four," added he, meditatively; "but they wuz *all* Southerners, an' that wuz befo' the wo'. They took a good bar'l of whiskey a day, they did—an' consid'able Bo'bon," and he ended with a sigh.

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"Your present visitors seem chiefly young ladies," I hazarded.

"Hevn't you heard?" and mine host looked at me as if to reassure himself as to my social position. "They is society folks from Knoxville—down here givin' a play—'The Pirates of Penzance,'" and he handed me a newspaper wherein he pointed to a double-leaded announcement setting forth that the well-known Amateur Shakespeare Comedy Club of Knoxville, consisting of ladies and gentlemen of the upper social circles of that city, would appear in this well-known opera, the article closing with a tribute to the personal charms of Miss Birdie McClung, the principal member of the company.

"They hev come down in a Pullman cyar, all to themselves, quite special," said the innkeeper.

"Are any of them married, Colonel Kipperson?" said I, timidly.

The colonel looked at me with scorn; and just then a peal of rippling laughter, melodious as the waves of the Tennessee upon Muscle Shoals, rang through the thin partition, accompanied by the crash of some falling missile, I think, a hair-brush.

"Does that look as if they wuz married?" said he, and turned upon his heel, as one who gave me up at last. "Supper's at six," he added, relenting, at the door.

Coe turned up at supper, but we saw nothing of the fair actresses; and the evening we passed socially with the leading spirits of the hotel: Judge Hankinson, Colonel Wilkinson, General McBride, Tim Healy the railroad contractor, and two or three black bottles. Colonel Wilkinson and General McBride had been trying a case before Judge Hankinson, and both were disposed to criticize the latter's rulings, but amiably, as became gentlemen over a whiskey-bottle in the evening. At midnight, just as the judge was ordering a fourth bottle, the door opened and in walked a very beautiful young woman with black hair and eyes. "Good-evening, Miss Juliet," said the others as we rose and bowed.

Miss Juliet walked up to the judge, who with difficulty got up, and followed her out of the room. "Good-night, jedge," and in the pause that followed, General McBride remarked pathetically that "the jedge wasn't what he used to wuz."

"No," said the colonel, with a sigh, "I've seen the time when he wouldn't leave a third bottle of his own."

"What relation is Miss Juliet to Judge Wilkinson?" asked Coe.

The general and the colonel started; and Tim Healy looked apprehensively at the door.

"Young man," said the general, "I wouldn't ask that question, if I wuz you."

"The jedge ken still shoot," added the colonel.

All was forgiven when I had explained that Mr. Coe was an Englishman; and we went to bed. About two in the morning the adjoining rooms became suddenly populous with soft voices. Coe started to his elbow in his cot and called to me. "It's only the Amateur Shakespeare Comedy Club of Knoxville, returning from the play," said I; and I dropped asleep and dreamed confusedly of Tuscumbia the Indian chieftain, feminine voices, and the rippling waters of the Tennessee.

In the morning I got into the train for Chattanooga, leaving Coe behind. On the platform I noticed two graceful girls, dressed in white muslin, wide straw hats with white satin ribbon and sashes, white lace mitts and thick white veils; not so thick that I could not see that they were brunettes, with hair as black as only grows under Southern nights. The train was composed of two cars; the ordinary Southern local; differing from a Jersey accommodation only in that it had still more peanut shells and an added touch of emigrant-train and circus. At one end sat a tall gentleman in a stovepipe hat, who had removed his boots and was taking his ease in blue woollen stockings. At the other was a poor, pretty woman, with large, sad eyes, petting her emaciated husband, who was dying of consumption. Just as the train started, he had a terrible fit of coughing; now he leans his head upon her shoulder, and she rests her cheek upon his forehead. Behind me, but across the aisle, are the two young ladies in white muslin.

So we jangle on through the hot

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Southern June morning; and pretty soon one of the girls in white comes over and takes the seat behind me. She has thrown off her veil, and I assure you a more beautiful face I never saw; it's all very well to talk of a neck like a lily and cheeks like a rose, and eyes

> "Whose depths unravel the coiled night
> And see the stars at noon——"

but when you really see them you fall down and worship the aggregation whose inventoried details, in any novel, would excite weariness. Meantime, her sister had stretched herself out upon the other seat, pointing one dainty russet leather foot beneath the muslin, and disposed her handkerchief across her eyes.

How to speak to this fair beauty so close behind me I know not; I can almost feel her eyes in the back of my head; so near that I dare not look round; I fear she may be another daughter of Judge Wilkinson's. And the train jangles on, and we are winding through green dense forests, up to the mountains. I wait half an hour for propriety, and then look around; I catch her deep eyes full, "bows on," as it were, her lips parted as if almost to speak, and I—shrink back in confusion. I hear her give a little sound, whether a sigh or a murmur I am not sure; but pretty soon I hear her struggling with her window. This is my chance; and I rise and with the politest bow I know and "permit me," I seek to help her; but the sash is old and grimed and the angle inconvenient. Finally I have to go around into her seat; and leaning over her, I get a purchase and the window goes up with a bang and a cloud of dust that sets us both sneezing. "It is very hot," I say, standing with my hand upon her seat irresolute.

"Do you know, I thought you were never going to speak?" she says.

I sit down on the seat beside her.

"I hate being unsociable in a railway journey; but, of course, I couldn't speak first. And now there's so little time left," she adds, regretfully.

"Where are you going—not to Chattanooga?"

"Only to Scott's Plains. What's your name?"

"Horatio Higginbotham," I have to reply, fearing she will laugh, though the name is well known in Salem. She does not laugh at all, but smiles divinely.

"My name is Jeanie Bruce. And that's my sister May. Come over, and I'll introduce you."

We walk across the car, and Miss Jeanie says to Miss May (who, it appears, is not asleep), "May, I want to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Higginbotham. Mr. Higginbotham, Miss May Bruce."

I bow to the more languid beauty, who does not rise, but smiles a twin sister of Miss Jeanie's smile, showing her little white teeth and tapping her little foot in a way to make a man distracted which to look at.

"I thought you didn't seem to be getting on very well," says the recumbent May, "but now, I suppose, I can go to sleep," and she pulls the lace handkerchief back over her eyes, and Jeanie leads me (it is the word) back to our seat on the other side of the car. "We are twin sisters; and some people can't tell one from the other. Could you?" And she takes off her hat, pushes the soft black mass back from her brow, and looks at me, frankly, sweetly.

"I shouldn't want to," I say. I think I am getting on; but she looks at me as if puzzled, half displeased.

"May is engaged," she answers, "and I am not. I have been, though."

"Dear me," I answer, heedlessly; "how old——"

"Seventeen. But I never had a gen'leman ask me such a question before."

She is silent; I speechless. Yet I wish she would pronounce the *t* in "gentleman." She does not bear malice long, but asks "where I come from?"

"Boston," I say; "and *I* am twenty-three."

She laughed merrily, in forgiveness, with a dear, lovable, quick sense of humor. Then she scans me curiously. "I never saw a gen'leman from Boston before."

"There are some there," I answer, humbly.

"Of course we see plenty of commercial travellers," she says, and the conversation languishes. I look out the window, for suggestions, at the tall mountain timber and the bearded gray moss. It suggests nothing but partridges.

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"But you have not yet told me whether you can tell us apart."

Thus challenged, I bring my eyes to hers; there is something dazzling about them that always makes it hard to see her face, except when she is looking away; my eyes wander not from hers, until she does look away—out the window—and I suddenly see something familiar in the face.

"Is there much shooting about here?" I ask, abruptly, meaning game.

"Yes, there is a terrible deal. Why, my cousin, Kirk Bruce, was only eighteen when he killed another gen'leman at school."

"Dear me, I didn't mean men," I say. "I meant quail and partridges. And I thought I had seen you yesterday with a shot-gun down in that green bottom by the Tennessee. It might have been men, though; for your shot whistled about the ears of my friend, Mr. Coe."

"I wondered you didn't remember me when you got upon the train," answers Jeanie. "Where is Mr. Coe?"

"He stayed behind at Sheffield," I say. "Do you belong to the 'Pirates of Penzance'?"

"Mercy, no—they're city people from Knoxville—we've only spent two winters there getting our education in music."

"Is Knoxville a musical city?"

"The advantages there are considered exceptional. We were at the Convent of Sacré Cœur."

"At the convent?" I ask.

"All our best schools are the convents, you know, for us girls. At Sacré Cœur we have instruction from Signor Maucini. I have learned seventeen pieces, but May knows twenty-four and two duets."

"Sonatas?" I say. "Concertos? Chopin? Beethoven?"

Miss Bruce shakes her head. "No." she answers, with some pride. "Our music is *all* operatic. Of course, I can play 'The Monastery Bells' and 'The Shepherd's Dream'; but now I'm learning 'Il Trovatore.' My sister can play a concert-piece upon 'La Cenerentola.'"

"What else do you learn?"

"French — and dancing — and embroidery. But I suppose you are terribly learned," and Miss Jeanie takes a wide and searching gaze of my poor countenance with her beautiful soft eyes.

"Not at all. I am a commercial traveller," I say to justify my blushes. It was malicious of me; for she looks pained.

"Nearly all *our* young gen'lemen have got to go into business since the war. My cousin Bruce——"

(There was an inimitable condescension in her accent of the "our.")

"The one who shot the other boy at school? Don't you think you have too much of that kind of shooting?"

"As a gen'leman he had to do it—in self-defence. Of course, they were both very *young* gen'lemen. The other gen'leman had his revolver out first."

"You ought not to carry revolvers so much."

"There! that's just what I've often said. But how can you help it?"

"I help it."

"You don't say you haven't so much as a pistol with you?" And her gentle eyes are so full open that in looking into them I forget my answer.

"Well, anyhow, it wasn't Cousin Kirk's fault. He didn't have any revolver, either, when he first went out of the house; but another scholar he ran up and made him take one. Mother didn't ever want him to go to that school anyhow; several of our family had got shot there before by this other boy's family. This other boy, you see, liked a young lady Cousin Kirk was attentive to; and he sent word in to him one day to come out of the schoolhouse to see him. And the other young gen'lemen in the school, they warned Cousin Kirk not to see him, as he wasn't armed. He'd never ought to have gone out unarmed. But he went. And as soon as they met he shot Cousin Bruce in the right arm. And a friend that was with him gave Cousin Bruce his pistol; and he had to fire; and he killed him; and Cousin Bruce always says that man's face haunts him yet. And the mother of the young man was almost crazy; and afterward she called at the school with a revolver, dressed in deep mourning. And when Cousin Bruce came into the parlor he didn't know who she was; and she shot at him through the crape veil. But, of

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course, she didn't hit him. And Cousin Bruce always says that man's face haunts him yet."

(I have endeavored to set down this conversation just as it happened. At the time I did not know at all what to make of Miss Jeanie Bruce. I had seen no girls like her in Salem, or even Boston. Her English was poor, her education deficient, her manners free. On all these points she was about on a par with the shop-girls in Lynn. But she was not at all like a Lynn shop-girl. Had I supposed it possible for there to be any ladies except according to the Salem and Boston standards, I should have set her down for a lady at the time.)

Here we arrived at Decatur, where I had the pleasure of taking the two Misses Bruce in to dinner, in a hotel built alongside of the railroad track, as the principal street of the town. In the long dining-room were six transverse tables, over every one of which was a huge wooden fan like the blade of a paddle. The six fans were connected together, and at the back of the room a small bare-footed negro swung the entire outfit to and fro by means of a long pole like a boat-hook; and with a great swish! swish! disturbed in regular oscillations the clouds of flies. Miss Jeanie took off the lace mitts at the dinner-table, and upon one forefinger of her pretty white hand I noticed a ring —a single band of gold setting a small ruby.

When we got back into the cars and May had gone to sleep again, I reproached Jeanie with telling me she was not engaged. "I, too, was going to spend this winter at Knoxville, and I had hoped to see something of you."

"I am not engaged," said Miss Jeanie. "The ring was given me by a gen'leman, but I do not care for him at all. I only promised to wear it a few weeks, because he bothered so. I'll tell you what," she said, "to show I don't care for him and remind you to be sure and call, I'll give it to you."

I was in some surprise, you may suppose. "But I can't take a gentleman's ring ——"

"It's my ring, I tell you," said Miss Jeanie. "And if you don't take it, I shan't believe you're coming to see me, and I won't give you my address—there!"

What could I do? I took the ring.

When I got that night to Knoxville, I wrote at once to Jerry Sullivan. If they had spent two winters in Knoxville, he might have met them, or, at least, known something about them.

"KNOXVILLE, June 30, 188—

"DEAR JERRY: Tell me all you know about Miss Jeanie Bruce.

"Yours,

"H. HIGGINBOTHAM."

To which the answer came by telegram:

"H. HIGGINBOTHAM, KNOXVILLE:

"It would take too long.

"SULLIVAN."

3.

I HAD deferred my call upon Miss Bruce until I should receive Sullivan's answer to my letter; but when his telegram came I was in a quandary. It struck me as ambiguous. And what could be the extreme haste that made a telegram advisable? Or, perhaps, was the whole thing only one of Jerry Sullivan's jokes?

Meantime I was wearing Miss Jeanie Bruce's ring. Once it struck me that if I did not mean to call upon her, I ought to send it back. But I did mean to call upon her. There never was any question about that, from the first. I did not in the least approve of her, but I meant to call upon her, if only to tell her so. Her conversation had revealed a certain indifference to human life, but she had very soft and gentle eyes. Like the face of the boy whom Cousin Kirk had shot, they "haunted me yet."

Coe noticed my ring. Oddly enough, though a foreigner, he had got into the ways of the people quicker than I had; and I saw him looking at it one day, though he said nothing. That is, nothing of the ring; he did ask me whether I had been to see Miss Bruce. So I went; they boarded in a small frame house that belonged to a Mrs. Judge Pennoyer. I suspect it was this female justice who came to the door; it was a

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Monday afternoon and the house was odorous with soup; but Miss Jeanie was "very much engaged." The Friday following she was out; and Wednesday I met her walking on the principal street of Knoxville with a tall young man.

"Try Saturday," said Coe that evening. "I want you to ask those girls for my trip up over the line." During the summer, Coe had got some rusty rails spiked upon his right of way; and now wished to invite the youths and ladies of Tennessee to run over them in a trial trip.

That day I found Miss Jeanie alone in the parlor, almost as if awaiting me. "I began to think you had forgotten us," said she, softly. Dear me how soft her eyes were! I said that I had called there many times.

"You could scarcely expect me to let you in when another gen'leman was here!" said she. "Especially when—" I saw her look at the ring; but she checked herself. My afternoon calls in Salem had not so exclusively monopolized the lady's attention, and I looked at her, puzzled. Just then the front door-bell rang; and I was confident I heard Mrs. Judge Pennoyer tell some one that Miss Jeanie "was very much engaged."

My conversation languished. I think that Miss Bruce was disappointed. "Shall I play to you?" I saw her hesitate between "The Shepherd Boy" and a romance of Brinley Richards; and I hastened to reply, "I would rather talk."—"But you don't talk," cried she. "But I look."—"You can look while I play."—"Not so well," said I.—"I have a new piece—one they sent me from the convent, the Sacré Cœur, you know, where I was for some years. It is called the 'Tears of Love.' The musical instruction of the convent was very good. Sister Ignatia had studied in Italy. I suppose it was better than outside—don't you?"

I had never studied in a convent, and I don't think I made much answer, for she went on, "Of course, you know, it is pleasanter in other ways. One has so much more liberty. Yet the most Kentucky ladies are all educated in convents. But I felt that I wished to see more of society. At the Sacré Cœur they do not allow you to receive your gen'lemen friends except in the presence of the mother superior."

There was a freshness, a simplicity of method in this young lady's playing with the boys that quite took my breath away, and to relieve the situation I deemed it best to submit to the "Tears of Love." Of this piece of music I remember little, save that the composer was continually bringing the left hand over the right to execute unnecessary arpeggios in the treble notes. Jeanie's girlish figure was so round, and swayed so easily, that I thought this part of the music very pretty.

Then I bethought myself of the object of my visit; and I invited Miss Jeanie and Miss May, on Mr. Coe's behalf, to make the railroad trip. A Salem instinct made me include Mrs. Judge Pennoyer; I then saw in Miss Bruce's look that it had been unnecessary. Only when I got out the door did I remember that the ring had, after all, been my main object; to return it, I mean.

On the other side of the street, along by a low white-painted paling, lowered a heavy, hulking fellow in a rusty black frock coat, a great deal of white shirt, and a black clerical tie. In this garb I recognized the Southern University man, and in the man I had a premonition I saw the redoubtable "Cousin Kirk."

4.

Coe was chartered by the sovereign States of Florida and Alabama to construct his line "from that part of the Atlantic Ocean called the Gulf of Mexico, in the former State," to a point "at or near" the Tennessee River in the latter. And so "a point at or near the Tennessee River" was the first object of our journey, and this proved as definite a designation as we could give it; though it had public parks and corner lots and a name—on paper. Its name in reality was "Cat Island," the only native settlement being on a beautifully wooded island thus called, midstream in the river.

"Wouldn't do to call it that, you know," said Coe, in a burst of frankness. "Famous place for chills and fever; everybody born on Cat Island, white or

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black, turns clay-color! So we thought of Bagdad—from its resemblance to the Euphrates."

Mrs. Judge Pennoyer had come; but so had a strange young man whose name I found was Raoul. He devoted himself to Miss May with a simplicity of purpose amazing to a Northern ear. Hardly any one knew of the expedition at Knoxville, but when we arrived at Bagdad that spacious plain was peopled in a way to delight the speculator. "Who are they?" I asked of Coe, puzzled at his evident anxiety where I expected pride. "Who are they, O Caliph of Bagdad?"

"Who are they? The Mesopotamians. Dash it," he added, "they've come, with their wives and children, for the trip."

So, indeed, they had. Tim Healy met us as we alighted on the platform of the old railroad station—there was, indeed, a platform, but nothing more—and grasping Coe and me warmly by the hand said, rapidly, in the latter's ear, "had to invite a few of them, you know—prominent gen'lemen of the neighborhood—valuable political influence"—and then, aloud, "General McBride, gen'lemen. Mrs. McBride. Judge Hankinson, I think you know. Mr. Coe, I want you fo' to know Senator Langworthy; one of our most prominent citizens, gen'lemen, an' I had the grea-atest difficulty in persuading the senator fo' to come along. I told him, Mr. Coe, we could show him something of a railroad already—" Coe expressed his acknowledgments.

"Sir, it was a pleasure to study the developments of my country. It does not need to be a citizen of Bagdad to appreciate the advantages of your location," and the senator waved his hand in the direction of a rusty line of track I then first perceived winding across the prairie from the Tennessee. "Let me introduce to you Mrs. Langworthy." A pale lady, with bonnet strings untied and a baby at the breast, was indicated by the second gesture; she looked worn and world-weary, but I lived to learn she had an endurance of hardship Stanley might have envied, and a relish for fried cakes and bacon in the small hours of night that I am sure only an optimist could feel. "My partner, Mr. Hanks. My wife's sister, Miss McClung."

By this time we were ready to start. A brand-new locomotive decorated with flowers had backed down awkwardly from the new-laid track to the junction; and we entered what Coe with some pride informed me was the directors' car. It contained one long saloon, two state-rooms, a minute kitchen, and a glass gallery behind.

It was amazing how we all got into it; and when we had, I counted three babies, seven old women, and a dog, besides some twenty men. All had brought their luncheon-baskets, and the babies (except that appertaining unto Mrs. Senator Langworthy) were consoled with bottles. After a prodigious deal of whistling, we were off, and Bagdad resumed its quietude—at least, we thought so; but even then a distant shouting was heard, and Colonel Wilkinson, his wife, and two urchin boys were descried, hastening down the track from the direction of the Bagdad Hotel. Judge Hankinson pulled the bell-cord and then thrust his head out of a window and roared to the engineer. "Stop, driver, it's Colonel Wilkinson. How are you, Colonel?" he added to that gentleman, who had arrived, and was mopping himself with a red silk handkerchief, his wife and offspring still some laps behind. "Almost thought you'd be left."

"Great heavens, I wish he was," groaned Coe in my ear.

"Never mind, the judge hasn't brought Miss Julia," said Tim Healy; and this time we were really off.

I have neither time nor memory to describe that day; though it was very funny while it lasted, perhaps all the funnier that there was no one to share the humor of it. Everybody was great on the development of the country, and everybody made speeches. We stopped at least twenty times in the first fifteen miles to look at a seam of coal, or a field of iron, or a marble quarry (suitable for the Alhambra Palace or the new State capitol, sir), or, at least, one of the most wonderful mineral springs of the world—only waiting the completion of Colonel Coe's line of railroad to become another Saratoga. At all these places we got off

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the train, and went in a long, straggling, irregular file to inspect; Mrs. Senator Langworthy ruthlessly interrupting the repast of her youngest-born at such moments, and leaving him upon a car-seat in charge of the fireman. At the quarry or mineral spring the proprietor would take his turn in making a little stump speech, standing on the edge and gesticulating into the pool, while the rest of us stood grouped around the margin. Meantime Miss May Bruce and Raoul would go to walk in the woods; and we would hear the engine whistling wildly for us to return. It was a novel interruption to a flirtation, that railway-whistle; but everybody looked upon us amiably as we hurried down to the track; live and let live, and take your time for happiness; no schedule time, as at Salem.

By the hot noon we were above the river valley and winding up the folds of fir-forest that clothed the shaggy shoulders of the mountain. Engine No. 100 puffed and strained, and reeled up before us like a drunken man. We had had our dinner; the sexes began to separate, and even the Langworthy baby went to sleep. Raoul and May were riding on the engine. I left Miss Jeanie Bruce and joined the gentlemen who were sitting cross-legged and contented in the smoking end of the car, from the glass-housed platform of which we looked already back upon the great central plain from the rising Appalachians.

"Oh, it's a glorious country," said "Colonel" Coe; and, I think, winked at me.

"Why, Senator," said the judge, "I have seen a corner-lot sold at Bagdad six times in one day, 'n a thousan' dollars higher every time."

"General," said the senator, "do you know what the original purchase of the Bagdad Land and Investment Company aggregated—for the whole eighteen hundred acres?"

There was a silence. Everybody looked at me. It dawned upon me that I was the "general," and I wondered why I ranked poor Coe.

"I've no idea," I hastened to add; fearing the senator had followed Coe's wink.

"Thirty thousand dollars," answered General McBride, as if it were a game of "school-teacher." "And they sold three hundred acres for——"

"Fifteen hundred thousand dollars," resumed Judge Hankinson, with intense solemnity.

"Paper?" said Tim Healy.

"Cash, Captain Healy," said the judge, fiercely, "cash."

"I want to know!—Was that the lot you bought of widow Enraghty, Judge?"

A roar of laughter greeted Tim's answer. People tipped back their chairs, slapping their thighs; the Langworthy baby woke up and cried, and even the judge screwed up his whiskey-softened old face in vain.

"Tell us about it, Judge," said Raoul, who had come back from the engine and was peering over our shoulders. "I'm a young lawyer, and I want to know these tricks."

"Young man," said the judge, "I'll *tell* you, and let it be a warning to you when you're married, to be honest and say so" (Raoul blushed violently). "The fact was, I had been acquainted with the widow Enraghty more than fifty years—her husband had got killed in the forties, an' she was sixty-five if she was a day, and she owned that valuable corner lot opposite the new Court-house and by the building of the Board of Trade." ("Not built yet," whispered Coe to me.) "I'd been dickering with her for weeks; but I stood at four thousand, and she wanted five. Now I rode up that morning (it was a fine day; warm and spring-like, and I felt rather sanguine) and I said, 'What's your price, Mrs. Enraghty, to-day?' 'Six thousand,' said she. This raise made me kind o' nervous, an' I got rash. 'I'll give you three thousand,' said I, 'cash.' 'Here's your deed,' says widow Enraghty. And I declare she had it all ready. I looked at it carefully; it seemed all right, and I paid her the money. I kinder noticed there was a young fellow sittin' in the room. Well, sir!"

"Well, Judge?" The judge's manner grew impressive.

"Next week that young fellow—Bill Pepper he was, an' he was just twenty-one—he brought an ejectment against me. *She had married him that morning.* So Bill Pepper kep' the land, and Mrs. Pepper kep' the money."

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In the laughter that followed, I became conscious of Raoul pinching my arm mysteriously. "I want a word with you in private," said he. "Would you mind coming out upon the cow-catcher? It's been railed off on purpose for observation," he added, answering my look of amazement, "and it's a first-rate place to see the cobweb trestle from. It's something about the young ladies," he added, seeing that I still hesitated, "and there's really no other place."

I looked through the car, but perceived the ladies were sitting in earnest conclave. On the front platform Mrs. Langworthy and the baby were taking the air. In the cab of the engine were the two girls. I suppose I made a gesture of assent, for Raoul nodded to the engineer, who slowed to a halt that almost threw the Langworthy's domestic group into the bed of a brawling mountain stream some three hundred feet below.

"These gen'lemen want to ride on the pilot," shouted the engineer in explanation; and we took our way to that exalted perch, where, sitting cross-legged and with hands nervously gripping the rail, I listened to Raoul's story.

The Misses Bruce, he said, were wild not to go back that day with the railroad party; but to drive to the end of the location through the woods.

"Great Heavens!" said I, "but only Coe and I are going, with Captain Healy. There is nothing but tents——"

"The ladies are used to camping out."

"But it will be so rough—there are two thousand niggers in camp!"

"The ladies are not afraid."

I certainly was; for just then, with a preliminary corkscrew-like lurch, the engine began climbing the famous cobweb trestle; the earth suddenly vanished beneath us and we looked down through a lath-like tracery of wooden girders to the foaming stream, now four hundred feet below. I heard a cry behind, and looking timidly around, I saw the pale face of Jeanie at one engine window and of May Bruce at the other.

"But—but there is no chaperone," I gasped.

"Mrs. Judge Pennoyer has agreed to come," answered Mr. Raoul, sweetly.

(To be concluded in June.)

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

GOOD-NIGHT, Marie, I kiss thine eyes,
A tender touch on either lid;
They cover, as a cloud, the skies
Where like a star your soul lies hid.

My love is like a fire that flows,
This touch will leave a tiny scar,
I'll claim you by it for my rose,
My rose, my own, where'er you are.

And when you bind your hair, and when
You lie within your silken nest,
This kiss will visit you again,
You will not rest, my love, you will not rest.

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A SPECTRE OF FOLLY.

By Octave Thanet.

THE head waiter of the Algonquin placed half a dozen telegrams and a note before him, while he sat at breakfast.

"They have just come, Sir Cedric," said the waiter. There was a suppressed, respectful smile of congratulation on his face. He had read the addresses and knew that he would be the first to address the Canadian dignitary by his title.

To his amazement, Sir Cedric did not even notice his words.

Out of the heap of envelopes he selected, not any telegram (they were all congratulations), but the note.

It was a note written on immaculately correct paper, and addressed (in the fashionable English hand) to The Hon. Cedric F. L. Hamilton, The Algonquin, St. Andrews, N. B.

The whole contents lay plain to view, on the first half-sheet:

"I shall be at church to-morrow, I happen to know that your son will be there also. If I do not walk back to the hotel with you, I shall go with him.

"ANNE."

Sir Cedric read the note over twice. From where he sat at table he could look out on the piazza, and beyond on the swelling green fields, the fir-tree hedges, the steep roofs and spires of the village, a glittering bay, and the undulating blue line that is Nova Scotia.

Of all this Sir Cedric saw only a tall young man who paced up and down by the side of a slim, gentle-faced girl.

The sumptuous landscape was a blank to him when these figures vanished on the further side of the veranda; it became only a blurred background to them when they reappeared.

Young Cedric looked, to his father, at this moment, the ideal of an English gentleman. About him was that radiant atmosphere of health and high spirits and vigorous cleanliness that belongs to certain young Englishmen as much as a halo does to a saint.

"He *is* a fine fellow," thought the father, "and if he marries Mabel, I shall feel safe about his future."

But why should a cheerful reflection like that make Sir Cedric catch up his napkin to brush it over a grimace of pain?

"I was hoping we were beginning to understand each other better"—in these very words his thoughts ran—"I took no end of comfort talking over the rebellion with him. He was really losing his constraint with me. Now——"

It was insupportable to sit chained to that table; but he did not move, he compelled himself to swallow his coffee.

If the blow had fallen any other day! He felt a childish, weak longing that this one day, when the crowning honor of his long parliamentary career had come to him, might have been untarnished.

The day of his exaltation was his son's birthday, also, and had he known of it before his fancy would have dwelt on it

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with pleasure. He had prepared a gift for his boy—a magnificent gift, even for a man of his wealth. The young man would be virtually independent, able to marry at once. Well, early marriages were safest. His own marriage had been his salvation; nor could he have chosen a wife for his son more to his own liking than the girl of his son's choice.

He wished now that he had followed his first impulse, when he awoke that morning, to go to his son's room and give him the deed.

Instead, he planned to go to church with the boy and tell him on the way. He had never really told Rick how proud he felt of his conduct during the last campaign. He would talk seriously to him, let him know that he trusted him, that his former anxieties — Rick had given him anxiety enough during his first years in the army—were quite past.

He longed so for a nearer friendship with the boy.

Now, how would Rick take it? What kind of a figure would he cut in his son's fancy? How does it affect a son to be able to despise his father? One ignominious vision after another surged over his mind like waves of acid that corrode as they pass.

Nevertheless, so accustomed was the politician to carry on his mental processes under cover, that all this while he was opening his telegrams with the same placid mask of a face that Sir Cedric's world knew. There he sat, to all appearance, a handsome, scrupulously dressed, elderly man, the least bit in the world stern of aspect; but undeniably a man of the world and of distinction.

Many were the interested and amiable glances focused on that symmetrical iron-gray head that still owned enough hair to allow a close crop.

At another time, for he was not devoid of vanity, he might have thought to himself, with complacency, how large a figure he made in their thoughts, and might even have been an imaginary auditor to their talk:

"Yes, a very distinguished man; he has been in the thick of it for twenty-five years."

"No, not so popular as respected and admired. Rather a cold man, I judge. But beyond reproach every way. He is above all petty chicanery, even that esteemed lawful by most politicians. Really a remarkable man, a fine mind."

"He is a widower, you say? been a widower for twenty years. That is a long time."

"He was very devoted to his wife; she was a beautiful woman. He has one child, that young Captain Hamilton."

But to-day his vanity indulged in no such gambols; he was only conscious that people stared at him, and that he had a part to play.

Still playing it conscientiously, his pretence of breakfast over, he gathered up his telegrams with firm hands, and stopped in the hall long enough to receive the congratulations in waiting, before he went to his room. It was now time for service. He brushed his coat and fitted on his gloves carefully; he did not forget, either, to flick a speck off the gleaming polish of his hat.

"I wonder," said he, "am I going to give in to her? What a cowardly cur I am!"

Yet he was not used to consider himself a coward. He had not winced at tremendous responsibilities; once, for months, he had felt the black wings of that vulture, Assassination, flapping before his eyes, and the keenest observers could detect no change in his demeanor.

As he walked down the hall, a woman opened a door on one side and went on to the staircase, just ahead of him. She was in black silk, with a flutter of soft black draperies and a flicker of jet that rattled and sparkled with her movements.

From her garb one might infer that she was a widow just emerging out of the blackest period of woe—in clothes.

She knew how to walk, and her figure was superb. Looking at her shoulders, you would call her a woman of thirty; but when she turned a fine Roman profile to the light, there was visible that deepening of the facial lines, that sagging of the cheek curves, not to be hidden by the most brilliant of complexions. If it was a youthful figure, it was a middle-aged face.

But certainly, she did not look what she was, an elderly woman, five years older than Sir Cedric.

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He scowled at the graceful shape, breaking some ugly words between his teeth.

Yet never was there a demurer creature than the sombre but modish gentlewoman, prayer-book in hand, who walked down the staircase.

"Thorold says that her last scheme was a bank"—thus the man watching and hating her, imagined the situation—"the others were caught, but she slipped away. With a good portion of her gains, too. That was quite in character, oh, quite!" A sudden, poignant remembrance twisted his nerves like a galvanic shock, so that he ground his teeth and clenched his hands — alone there, in the empty hall.

"And now she is proposing to be respectable, is she? I dare say she thinks St. Andrews a very promising place for her *début* as a middle-aged widow of wealth and position. And when she found out that the Honorable Cedric Long Hamilton was the same Rick Long she stripped clean in San Francisco, she thought she had the game in her hands. Curse her!"

Even while he raged, however, he was smoothing his pale and shaken countenance; for the church bells were ringing.

A brother member of Parliament joined him at the hotel door, and discussed the McKinley bill all the way to church.

And all the way, before him, paced the slender, black-robed shape that had arisen like a spectre of folly from the ashes of his youth.

It is a pleasant path, the road from the hotel to the church; descending the hillside, past rolling fields and hills that are all shades of green, with oat-fields and turnip-leaves and dark woods of fir; until the hills climb into mountains and fade into blue with distance; thence, down through the wide streets, always bordered with a grassy strip, on either side, that the highway spares. The old houses have a gentle and self-respecting air of decay, scorning new paint, and, therefore, mellowed by summers and winters into grays soft as the hidden side of a dove's wing. Their clapboard lines and roof-trees waver with age, but not ungracefully; and their boarded windows have the touch of pathos belonging to all blinded creatures.

The town being a long peninsula, its ruined wharves and abandoned vessels are in view from any part of the hills. Those crooked masts with their ragged cordage, never to know danger again—they, too, have a pathetic side, mute reminders of the vanished glory of the port.

For all the decrepit warehouses and rotting wharves, the town is thrifty. It is marvellously neat; and not only are the gardens a jostle of hollyhocks and sweet peas and dahlias and splendid poppies, like an old-fashioned nosegay, the window-ledges also, and the tiny porches, are ablaze with geraniums.

It is a quaint, different, un-American town. Even the signs of the shops and the names at the windows are unlike their kind farther south.

Yet not once did the veiled head before Sir Cedric turn to right or left.

When she reached the little brown wooden church, she seated herself in a dark pew near the door, modestly repelling the courtesies of the usher, who would have seated so much apparent importance close to the chancel.

There she knelt.

He passed her, in this meek posture, quite aware, in spite of his squared shoulders and fixed gaze on the brass eagle of the lectern, that she was looking at him obliquely under her drooping lids; and that she smiled.

How he hated her! None the less he realized that she would take his presence at church for a flag of truce; an intimation that he was ready to treat with her.

In fact, it was as if a cyclone had struck his moral nature; all his principles were creaking and toppling. Compromise with this noisome wrecker who had despoiled his youth, offer her a safe-conduct into society as the price of her silence—was he ready to pay that kind of blackmail, he, the austere moralist, the inflexible citizen?

The hour was early, yet; the townspeople and the Canadian gentry who have summer cottages in St. Andrews, came singly, or in families, down the aisle, to settle themselves in their pews.

Scattered among them were the summer visitors from the States, easily distinguishable by their sallower faces and more vivid toilets.

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The Governor of the Province and his wife walked down the middle aisle, up to the official pew in front; both (for they were old friends of his) giving Sir Cedric little friendly half-glances of congratulation.

"She will expect me to introduce her to them," he thought, and he had a grim hankering to smile, in his dismay; for he was remembering their first meeting, when she danced a frantic Mexican dance on the table of a mining-camp saloon, and made an impromptu pair of castanets out of two beer bottles.

Back went his thoughts through all the crazy folly of his youth; from its first reckless, half-generous passion, to the squalid tragedy at the end.

What a ghastly face the fellow had!—and the blood puddling in the sawdust. Tush! didn't the beast get well and die of a drunken fever years afterward! No need to pity him, in any case; for it was hard telling which was the more fathomless villain, he or his pseudo-wife.

The man whom they had duped and plundered felt his cheek burning as he remembered just through what mire they had dragged him. That drunken brawl and pistol-shot were not the worst, there was one night over the gaming-table, when the poor fool, his own purse drained dry, had staked Thorold's money.

Yes, he had stolen Thorold's money. The spectre out of the past, in her shape, sneered at him: "Thief yourself! It wasn't your money, it was your friend's. I have your letters to him where you own it, and go blubbering on about your penitence. I don't mind owning it, I *stole* the letters. When I steal, I call it stealing. And your son will, too!"

So real was the torment of this imaginary thrust, that he needed to set the muscles of his face to keep them steady. Why, great heavens! he had paid Thorold back ages and ages ago; and put his foot on the ladder, besides. Thorold was his confidential friend, his warmest admirer and follower. Thorold would have him the next prime minister. He swore by his judgment; while, on the other side, Thorold was infinitely useful, of course, but with all that you please of affection and trust, he certainly didn't look up to his friend.

Yet in the letters how he grovelled! and very rightful grovelling it was, too. How nobly Thorold had rescued him out of those atrocities! He felt a rush of gratitude and shame. *He* to be taking on masterful airs with that noble, patient soul! He loathed his secret condescension. How base his Philistine glory of success looked to him now, how hypocritical the pride he had caressed in his political ideals, and the purity of his private life; how futile and contemptible the triumphs over temptations! He had presumed to judge other men because he had forgotten.

"And your son will, too!"

Ah, it was too vile, thus to make a son behold his father's shame!

Those very vices had been the theme of some scathing lectures to young Cedric. God knows he had not meant to be harsh to the lad; but there were scandals afloat about him, and he was scared, that was the real truth.

Oh, if his mother had only lived, he used to think; boys confided in their mothers.

But when his wife died Cedric was a mere child, and he himself had found his only distraction from grief in an absorbing public life. Thus, inevitably, it appeared to him (but did it appear so inevitable now?) the child had grown up at arm's length from his father.

A beautiful, frank, impetuous boy, with extraordinary talent in some directions, the masters told the boy's father, but of a temperament so keenly susceptible to the physical joys of life, as well as to the moral and intellectual side, that there were grave dangers for him.

So the poor father, bitterly conscious of his own aberrations, had done his blundering best. He had sternly repressed every hint of folly. He had been angry over Rick's extravagances. Ah, that piteous anger of fathers with their sons, when the heart flames and yearns at the same instant.

Boy, can't you see that the rage you are so frightened and so sullen over is but the flimsiest covering to anxiety and heart-breaking hopes? The man is furious because his heart is torn: if he loved the worthless youngster less he could be more forbearing. No one on

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earth, young sir, except the woman who bore you in torment and joy, will work for you and yearn over you and forgive you like that frowning man, who sends the chills down your spine when he opens the door on you, slinking down a dim hall at midnight, on your stocking soles!

Sir Cedric wished that he had been gentler with Rick. All those anxieties were over now. Rick was steadying himself, getting down to his work in the world. There were certain letters written during the Riel campaign, by the boy's superior officers, that the father could never read without a mist of joy and pride blurring his eyes. Bravery was well enough, but bravery was not to be compared to devotion to duty, fortitude under enormous odds, clear insight, prompt action, magnanimity to the conquered. Rick had the true English virtues, thought his father, fondly.

Why hadn't he let the boy see how moved he was? They might have drawn near enough together for Rick to understand. Now—he simply *could* not jeopard his son's affection.

Well, should he pay her her price?

His son sat a few seats in front of him, behind the young girl with whom he had walked that morning. Sir Cedric remembered how he used to sit in church—after he went to his uncle in Montreal; the past behind him, his very name changed by the new one that he had inherited, and he leading the simplest, purest, most laborious of lives as a young lawyer; and how the girl who was afterward his cherished and honored wife used to sit in front of him. Well, to be honest, he chose the seat that he had himself, simply in order to be able decorously to look at her during the service. He was no less a worshipper.

"Rick is safe, now," he breathed to himself, with an immense throb of emotion; "I may lose him, but he won't lose himself."

The service went on; Sir Cedric (whom half the congregation was watching and picturing as mentally patting himself on the back) rose and sat and knelt with the others.

The clergyman gave out the text. He was a tall man, a few years older than Sir Cedric, who knew him well. His hair was gray and his face strong but benignant.

Sir Cedric heard the words of the text with an acrid sense of their fitness to his mood.

"Take no heed, therefore, to your lives."

The preacher spoke plainly, with no smallest effort at oratory; yet with an unstudied felicity of diction and imagery, acquired, maybe, from his loving study of forgotten masters of the pulpit; and he spoke out of a long and close experience of mankind, and a gentle heart.

Of all the congregation no one heard less than Sir Cedric, and, nevertheless, no one was affected so tremendously as he.

Every simple, truthful phrase of the preacher repeated what he had once believed, and now would betray.

In front of him hung the faded blazonry that the staunch old Tory parson had brought with him when he forsook home and country and possessions for conscience sake.

"Mistaken or not, he was a *man*, and I am a cur," thought the most envied, most unhappy man in the congregation. Once he had fancied himself able to despise men who yielded their public ideals to any stress of self-interest. Here, to save his own affections, he was meditating how to introduce this social scourge into pure, honest homes. He made short work of her plea to him that she meant to live a decent life; he knew the woman was callous as an alligator.

"It is not our business," said the preacher's mild, solemn tones, "to foresee consequences. They rest with God. Our business is to do His will."

Sir Cedric bowed his head. In that instant a vision of life as much wider than his old aspirations as it was more merciful hushed his soul into awe. And it may be at that instant, he was nearer than ever before to the mysterious following that in the prayer-book we remember as the fellowship of saints.

He would not lie; he would not help hurt other souls by his consenting silence. No, though he should be bereaved of the son who was the light of his eyes, he would not do this thing.

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"And now——" the preacher lifted his arms; the service was ended.

The woman whom Sir Cedric dreaded waited at the door. He knew that she would be there. He saw the ready smile of recognition as she half advanced one hand, pushing her skirt aside with the other.

Somehow, so solemn had been his mental exercises during the last half-hour, that his violent emotions were all stilled; he looked at her with eyes that were strange to her; filled with calm and sadness, inexpressive, undemanding, like eyes of the dying.

Then he passed by, on the other side.

He would have joined his son; but an acquaintance and then another stopped him in the vestibule. He was obliged to stand bartering amenities while he saw his son walk away with his enemy.

When he was free to follow they were no longer in sight. He walked for a long time about the village and the fields by himself. It might have been two hours, it might have been three (for he did not mark the time) when he took the road up the hill. Half-way a gigantic willow-tree throws its ponderous shadows across the road. He sat down in the shade, exhausted and dizzy. A reaction of intense depression had succeeded his spiritual exaltation. Sitting thus, he saw his son approach.

The young man saw him, in turn, and hurried to him. Sir Cedric felt his boy's arm about him, and heard his voice: "Father, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said the elder man, with the primitive Anglo-Saxon instinct.

"Lean on me, sir."

He could not be mistaken; there was novel tenderness in the young fellow's tones; and the assistance that he offered was a half embrace. Sir Cedric glanced up at the face bending over him; it was pale and twitching, and the eyelids were red, as if Rick had been crying.

"Rick—did you see her?" said Sir Cedric.

"Yes, father," the young man answered, turning his head a little, and flushing; "she won't bother us again, I fancy. I gave her a dose." He added more, of a vehement and tropical nature, which, let us hope the recording angel treated as kindly as he did Uncle Toby's oath.

"She showed you my letters, I presume," said Sir Cedric.

Rick felt him tremble—his father, before *him;* it gave him the weirdest sensation. All at once his heart broke loose from the diffidence and constraint of years.

"Yes, sir, I did read them. I ought not to, you know; but I didn't know just what I was doing when I began, and afterward I was so—so awfully interested I couldn't stop. But I didn't read them all. And, father, I never had known you before. The way you felt, I used to feel that way. I felt so sorry for you. And you were such a tremendously good fellow in spite of it all! Of course I always was proud of you, but you seemed on a kind of a pedestal, and I couldn't climb up and get near enough—to—to love you, you know."

Rick choked. He could not describe, there were no words ready for him to tell how, during that hour over the letters, he had gone down into his father's heart, seen the youth so like his own, the temptations that were a mirror to his own struggles, beheld the very death-agony of turbulent passions and the birth of resolve; and found a lovableness in the human quality of his father's errors that he had missed in the unapproachable righteous man.

But what was out of reach of his speech the man who had sinned and suffered divined.

Father and son climbed the hillside together, along a road bathed in tranquil light.

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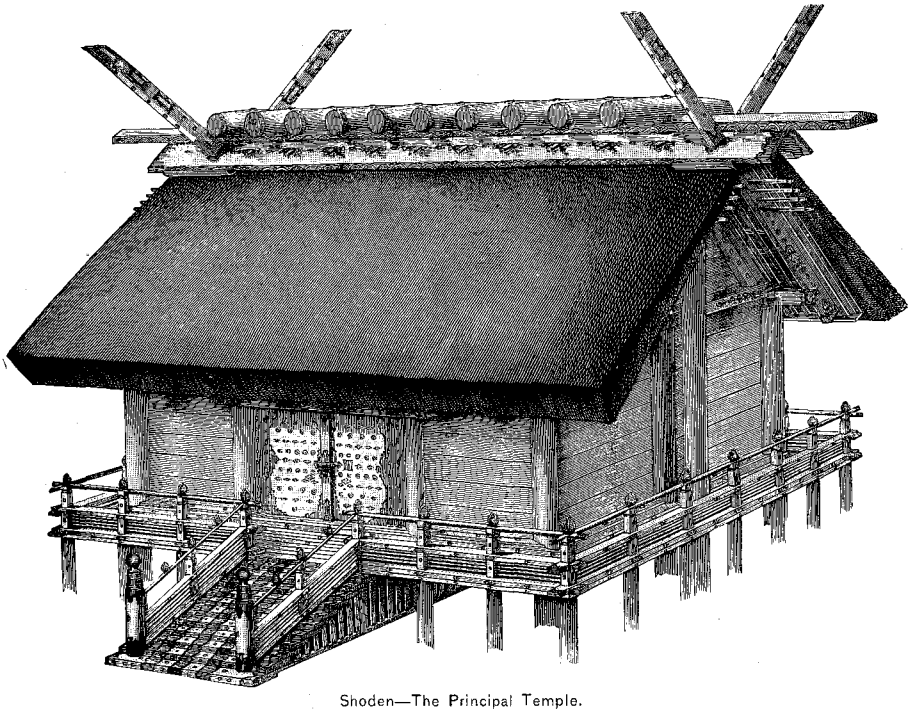

Shoden—The Principal Temple.

THE TRANSFER OF THE TEMPLES OF ISE.

By E. H. House.

AT a period when archæologists are seeking more diligently than ever before to restore the ruins of antiquity, and are painfully lamenting their inability to reproduce with exactitude the famous structures of Egypt and Assyria, it is interesting to know that in one Eastern country an opportunity is given of studying the modest architectural designs of remote ages without a question as to their genuineness and authenticity. The most renowned temples of Japan stand to-day among the groves of Ise, which were dedicated before the birth of Christ to the worship of the Goddess Tenshio Daijin, unchanged, to all appearance, from the original edifices, and virtually the same in form and substance. That they are not the actual fabrics reared two thousand years ago, no one who knows the perishable nature of Japanese materials needs to be told; but the methods adopted for preserving and repeating every detail of construction with religious fidelity have been so minutely followed, that the absolute similarity of the existing shrines to those first erected is believed to be beyond dispute. In dimensions, proportions, external and internal arrangement, workmanship, and simple decorations the modern temples of Ise are literal copies of the "Dai Jingu" consecrated by the early emperors. The woods and metals used are alike, even to the number of pieces, and the manner of joining them together is also unaltered. To guard against the slightest variation, and to insure the perpetual identity of the primitive type, an imperial decree was promulgated during the reign of Temmu, about 674 A.D., commanding that from that time forth the principal groups of buildings should be recreated every twenty years. Duplicate lots of contiguous land were held in reserve for alternate occupation, and the fac-similes were set up, at the expiration of each prescribed term, be-

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fore the discarded models were demolished or removed. This custom has been scrupulously observed since the seventh century of the Christian era. Previous to that date the intervals of reconstruction were less regular, though probably not less frequent, the greatest care being always taken to anticipate decay or the necessity of repair. The latest restoration was accomplished, with an elaborate and impressive revival of the ancient ceremonies, in the month of October, 1889.

Tenshio Daijin, Goddess of the Sun, whose wondrous deeds are commemorated and whose relics are guarded in the older of the Ise temples, is the most conspicuous figure in Japanese mythology. Among her marvellous exploits was the universal extinction of light, caused by her retirement in a fit of anger to an impenetrable cavern. Extraordinary methods were devised by the gods in council to draw her from this seclusion. One of their schemes required the instrumentality of a charmed mirror, which the pacified deity retained, and subsequently gave to her grandson, on the occasion of his descent to earth, as one of the indestructible insignia of his sovereignty over the islands of Japan. A second token was a sword which had been torn from the tail of a dragon by Tenshio Daijin's brother; and a third was a globe of matchless crystal, equally supernatural in origin. Of the numerous symbols of Japanese majesty these three have ever been the most precious and revered. Passing from the possession of the demi-gods they fell into the hands of Jinmu Tenno, the first ruler of whose mundane existence we have reasonably trustworthy guarantees, and were carried by him from his southern domain when he set forth to conquer the north and the east. Tradition affirms that at each stage of his progress he built for himself a dwelling similar to those of divine occupancy in the region of his youth, in one of the wings of which a place of honor was always assigned to the cherished bequests. During a period of nearly seven centuries they were deposited in various parts of the central province of Yamato, but the practice of keeping them in the sovereign's immediate neighborhood was gradually discontinued. Upon the accession of Suijin, the tenth emperor, they were removed to the village of Kasanui, their place within the precincts of the court being taken by carefully wrought imitations. In order to propitiate his divine ancestress, and to secure her protection against a devastating epidemic, this monarch confided to his eldest daughter the guardianship of the regalia. In the following reign, that of Suinin, it was decreed that a permanent site for the temple of Tenshio Daijin should be selected, and a younger daughter of the emperor, named Yamato, was directed to explore the surrounding country for this purpose. She chose a secluded valley in the province of Ise, encircled by evergreen hills, and commanding a beautiful view of the estuary now known as Owari Bay and its noble background of lofty mountains. Her decision having been announced and approved, she was furthermore charged with the duty of erecting the sacred edifice, of which she was appointed the chief priestess on its completion, in the tenth month of the fourth year before Christ.*

On this spot the fane of Tenshio Daijin, more commonly called the Naiku, has stood for close upon nineteen hundred years. Its treasures were for many centuries under the surveillance of imperial princesses, and were never suffered to be taken from their resting-places, except upon occasions of rigorous necessity. Strange stories of the uses to which they were put in the semi-fabulous era, and of their amazing properties, are told in the ancient legends. Among them it is narrated that a son of the twelfth emperor, Yamato-dake by name, was enabled to perform unparalleled deeds of prowess, during a war of subjugation conducted by him against the eastern aborigines, through the agency of the irresistible sword, which was lent to him for the expedition by his aunt, the custodian of that period. The romantic adventures in which this emblem and its two companions bore a prominent part have been so numerous

* Some histories state that the temple was founded in the third year B.C. The incidents of the reigns of Suijin and Suinin have been confused by the author of "The Mikado's Empire," in consequence of an erroneous supposition that the two emperors were the same personage.

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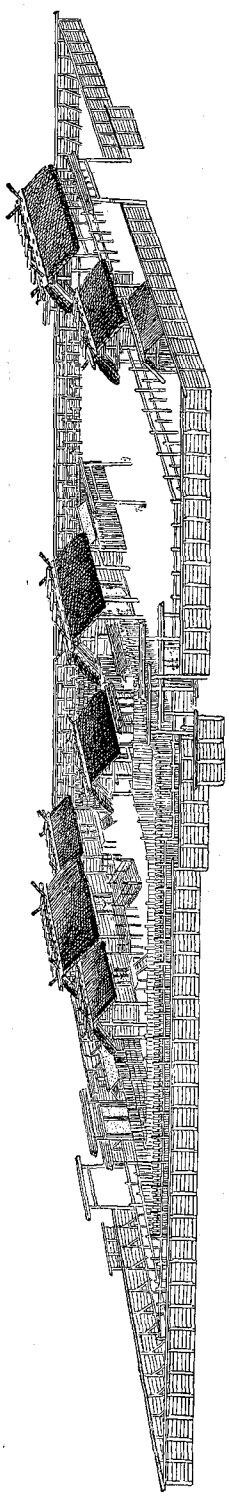

General View of the Naiku.

that the extreme antiquity of the talismans now preserved may be open to suspicion; but with respect to the foundation of their repository there is no good ground for scepticism. Students of Japanese history are well supplied with proof that the traveller who visits the sanctuary to-day looks upon the exact counterfeit presentment of the structure dedicated to her tutelary deity by the daughter of Suinin Tenno.

The second in rank of the Ise temples was built five centuries later, by order of the twenty-second emperor, Yuriaka, a ruler discreditably distinguished for the violence and ferocity of his temper. His exceptional act of piety may have been dictated by a troubled conscience, for he gave out that Tenshio Daijin had appeared to him in a dream, instructed him as to his duty, and enjoined upon him the necessity of establishing a house of worship in close proximity to the one over which her spirit presided. The order was executed in the ninth month of the Christian year 478, and the shrine was consecrated in the name of the Earth-goddess, Toyouke Daijin. It is popularly known as the Geiku, and as an object of reverence to the religious community is inferior only to its older companion, like which, it contains treasures of mystical endowment and memorials of the ages when the higher powers held intercourse with the elect of humanity. In the list of its somewhat less exalted possessions are also the attire and implements used by the mikados of old in performing the ceremony by which the dignity and importance of agriculture were attested—the straw hat, rain-coat, spade, etc. It is situated at a distance of about three miles from the Naiku, and the road connecting the two is now the active thoroughfare of a line of flourishing villages that have been called into existence by the multitudes of pilgrims resorting to the locality.

Extreme simplicity is the most marked characteristic of all Japanese temples in which the Shinto faith alone is recognized. The monuments to Buddha are often architectural master-works, and dazzlingly effective in the richness and abundance of their embellishment; but those which testify to the divine antecedents and spiritual supremacy of the imperial dynasty are modelled with rigorous plainness, and are almost totally destitute of fanciful ornamentation. They are built of the finest wood, chiefly cedar, the greater part of which is left bare and unprotected. No paint or varnish is ever used, but the ends of the beams are capped with gilded metal, strips and patches of which are also liberally applied for the purpose of adding strength and durability to the structure. The roofs are in most cases heavily thatched with rushes, so dexterously and compactly interwoven that no moisture can penetrate. In many parts of the country the Shinto cathedrals are of imposing magnitude, but the original patterns at Ise are as humble in dimensions as in design. The principal building, called Shoden, and devoted to memorial rites in honor of the Sun-goddess, is thirty-six feet and nine inches in length, eighteen feet deep, and nineteen feet and seven inches

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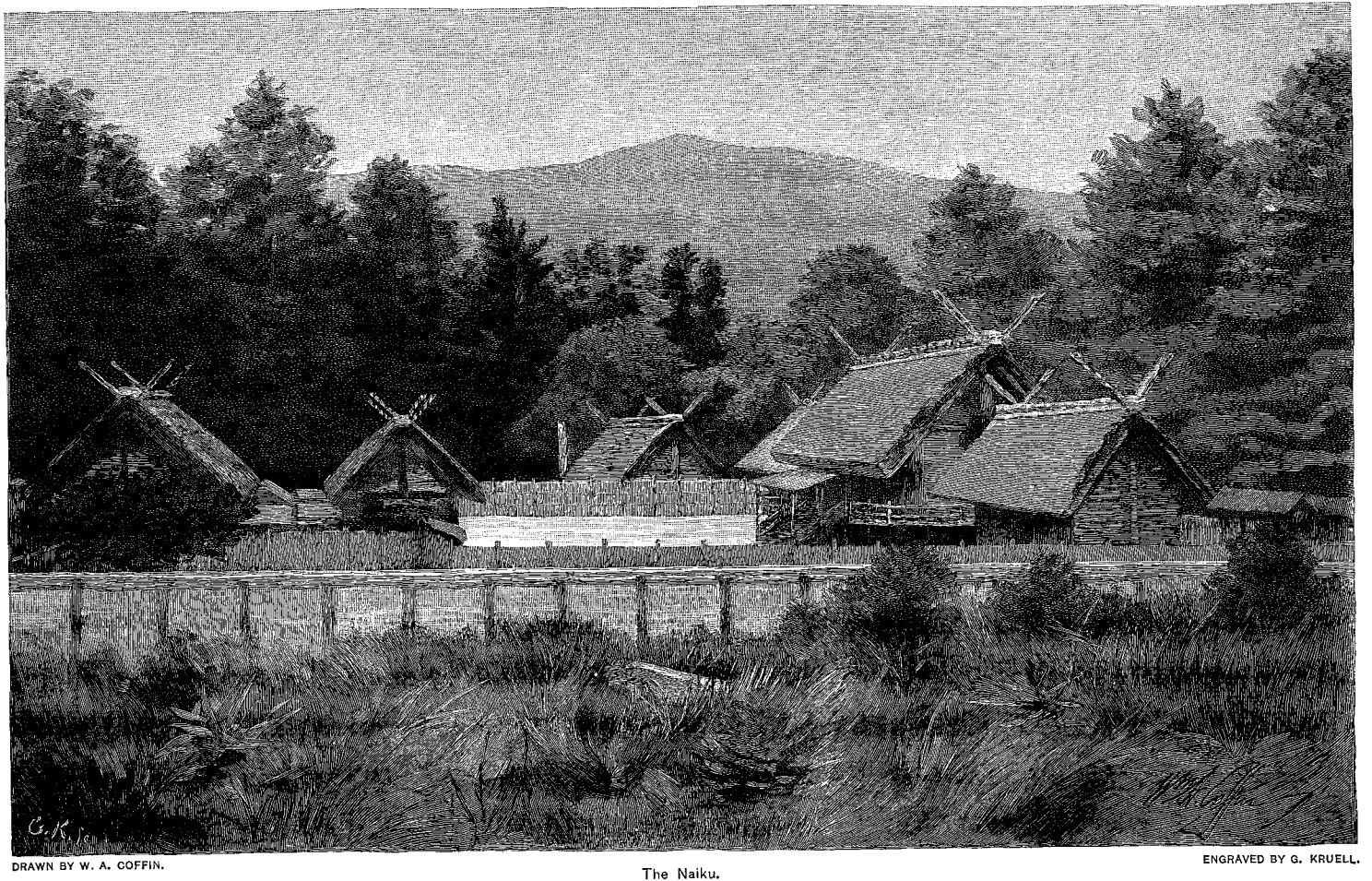

DRAWN BY W. A. COFFIN.

The Naiku.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

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high.* The two wings (hoden), in which the objects of veneration are stored, are each twenty-one feet long, fourteen feet deep, and thirteen feet and eight inches high; so that the combined frontage is seventy-eight feet and nine inches. These edifices are surrounded by an inner wooden inclosure five hundred and fifty-one feet and five inches long, and an outer fence, one thousand one hundred and eleven feet and one inch long, affords all the required seclusion for the few subordinate houses. The domiciles of the priests, and other mansions connected with the administration of the shrines, occupy contiguous positions, almost hidden from view in the density of the primeval groves.

Many circumstances contributed to make the recent celebration at Ise an occasion of far greater public interest than any of its vigesimal predecessors. The nation has recovered from the disorders of civil war, and the land is at peace. The old provincial barriers have been so broken down by the Government's unifying policy that the former disinclination of the several clans to cooperate in large popular festivals no longer exists. At no previous time have railroads and steamboats afforded such facilities as at present for the gathering together of vast multitudes. Above all, the past score of years has witnessed a general and active revival of reverence for the pure Shinto faith, and the opportunity for participating in its ancient solemnities was welcomed with universal eagerness and enthusiasm. The assemblage of spectators was quite beyond computation, yet—strange as it must appear to those who have not remarked the utter lack of sympathy on the part of foreign denizens with everything that appeals to the sentiment and emotions of the Japanese people—only one alien visitor was seen in the enormous throng. The ritual of the Sengyo, or "change of the temples," which is the culminating event in the long series of functions, was performed with an elaboration of pomp and dignity never before exhibited. Throughout the year the profusion and costliness of the preparations had given promise of unusual splendors to come.

* The Japanese foot (kane-jaku) is almost identical in length with ours, but is divided into only ten inches.

The preliminary observances began as early as the middle of March, with the exercises of the Richusai, or fixing of the first pillars. From this time until the date of the Kinetsukisai, or wedging of the main pillars, at the close of September, repeated formalities, ten in number, marked the regular and stately order of proceedings; and the chief ceremony of the transfer was immediately heralded by four additional services in the beginning of October.

At six o'clock in the evening of the second day of that month the entire body of officiating priests was summoned by the beating of a drum to the appointed place of convocation within the temple grounds. From this spot, led by two of the imperial princes—one of whom acted as supreme director of the festival, the other being the envoy and direct representative of the sovereign—they marched in slow procession to the old shrine, attended by the governor of the province and numerous delegates from the central board of rites, all clad in resplendent brocade garments of antique pattern, and bearing sprigs of the charmed sakaki-tree. As they started, the gathering darkness was partially dispelled by an illumination of pine torches, and the silence was broken by strains of solemn music drawn by specially trained devotees from instruments which have long ceased to be in common use. On passing into the hallowed inclosure, each individual in the column was purified by the sprinkling of salt from the hands of an acolyte. The great dignitaries deposited their sakaki branches near the inner gate, while their followers knelt in prayer. The superintending prince and his immediate companions advanced to the foot of the steps leading to the sanctuary, and the envoy delivered his master's message, that the hour for the periodical change had arrived. Then the doors were thrown open, and the chief priest with his deputies entered the several divisions of the sacred edifice, presently bringing forth the reliquaries in which the treasures are preserved. Meanwhile, new and untrodden mats of straw were laid, in two parallel lines, from the old to the new receptacle, and between them was

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stretched a strip of pure white linen, about three feet in width. The mats were for the bearers of the holy burdens, but on the linen carpet, spread in token of respect for the spirits that guard the symbols, human feet were forbidden to press. A roll of rich and spotless silk was next unfolded and hung upon bamboo rods, so as to form a hollow rectangle, twenty-one feet long and six feet wide, in the centre of which the warders of the most venerated relics took their stand—for it is decreed that neither they nor the caskets which they carry may be exposed to the general gaze. The elders chosen for this exalted duty had been sanctified by many days of seclusion and fasting, and their heads and hands were now wrapped in linen cloths, in order that the vessels intrusted to them might not be defiled by the touch or the breath of mortals.

Precisely at eight o'clock the signal was given that all was ready for departure. The superintending prince thrice proclaimed the hour of removal, the edges and corners of the curtain of silk were lifted by twenty white-robed disciples, and the phalanx took its measured course toward the vacant shrine. At the same moment a religious service, conducted by the Emperor, was opened in the chapel of his palace in the distant capital, and the highest officials of the court united with the ruler and his family in invoking the blessing of heaven upon the ceremony in progress. The final march to the newly dedicated temple was the most impressive of all the pageants which the public were permitted to behold, and its effect upon the kneeling and worshipping multitude is described as deeply thrilling and awe-inspiring. To the masses in Japan the divine legacies at Ise are invested with a reality and a spiritual glory which no intrusive doubt has yet impaired,* and the passage of the holiest of emblems—the mirror of the Sun-goddess—mysteriously veiled in the immaculate silken tabernacle, and accompanied, as many believed it to be, by the unseen presence of the guardian deity, evoked demonstrations of reverence and devotion as pure, sincere, and trustful as the heart of man could offer.

With the consignment of the objects of adoration to their allotted places, a little before midnight, the exercises of the Naiku Sengyo came to an end. The same routine was repeated, a few days later, for the transfer of the Geiku and its priceless contents, after which the throngs of devout and happy pilgrims began to disperse. Within the following week the vales of Ise had resumed the tranquillity in which they will rest undisturbed until the next recurrence of the nation's great religious jubilee. From what has been told of the origin and perpetuation of these rites the feeling with which they are regarded by all ranks of Japanese society may be easily comprehended. Even those who make no profession of piety are profoundly impressed by the conviction that the observances are coeval with the birth of their country's civilization, and from the earliest antiquity have typified the universal loyalty and confidence which constitute the chief support of the hierarchy. To the millions of patriotic subjects the Ise shrines are the most cherished symbols of faith and purity that the land contains. How they are viewed by zealots may be judged from the tragic fate of the incautious public officer who entered one of them, a year ago, without the customary forms of homage, and touched with irreverent hand the hangings behind which the sacred images reposed. He was tracked to his home in Tokio by a young neophyte—a fanatical upholder of the divine traditions, to whom the task of avenging the sacrilege seemed the loftiest of duties—and, after being watched and shadowed for months, was slain at the threshold of his own dwelling. The misguided priest was instantly put to death by the murdered man's attendants, but a significant indication of the sentiment which pervades the masses was shown in the tributes openly paid to the assassin. His burial-place was

*The single European spectator of the Sengyo was Major-General Palmer, R.E., whose report of the proceedings supplies details that could be obtained from no other source. It is fortunate that the privilege of witnessing these impressive ceremonies was enjoyed, under exceptionally favorable conditions, by a writer so thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, and so admirably qualified to produce a lasting memorial of the event. His vivid and eloquent description of the scenes which are here briefly outlined, will take its place among the most valued of Japanese historical records.

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visited by thousands of the lower orders, and thickly covered with wreaths and flowers. To this day it is a resort for humble enthusiasts, while the monument erected to the victim, who was one of the highest ministers of state, stands unhonored by the community.

It has been informally suggested to the government at Tokio that the Naiku which was dismantled last October be kept in preservation and sent to this country in 1892, as a conspicuous feature of the Japanese exhibit in the contemplated international exposition. The disused buildings are commonly broken up and cut into fragments, which are disposed of as amulets, but it is hoped that the temple in question has not yet been thus destroyed. No contribution of greater attractiveness could be offered from the Land of the Rising Sun. It would be an object of remarkable historical interest, and would illustrate both the connection and the contrast between the past and present of Japan with singular directness and force.

AS TO SPRING.

By Edward S. Martin.

I LOVE the Spring, it is so free
From ardor and activity.
It predisposes man to shirk
All but inexorable work
When grasses start and buds foretell
The blossoms by the way they swell;
When feathered things distract the air,
Getting their dwellings in repair;
When eggs and bugs and flowers and weeds
Are all a-hatching, Nature needs
All the spare force there is afloat
To make her enterprises mote.

For men it can't but foolish be
To strive with her for energy.
Give in to her: give over wishing
To overcome her. Go a-fishing!
Find a fit stream and duly try
If angle-worms will justify
Their title. For the time ignore
Remote results. Consider more
The vagrant impulse of the present,
And what it offers that is pleasant.

Brief is the season of transition—
The jog-trot summer has its mission.
In its fierce sun you dare not bask.
To shun its heat becomes a task
That lasts till Fall comes back again
And nature's work is finished. Then,
When growth at length in harvest ceases,
The energy that she releases
Comes back to man and holds his mind
Down to the work of humankind.
Spring is alone the time of choice,
Respect her, then, and heed her voice.

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JERRY.

PART THIRD (Concluded).

CHAPTER XV.

"And wicked eyes gleamed bright with hate—and crowds
Surged back and forth—and wild hands waved—
And curses fled from lip to lip, and up
On the mad wind to where God waited—silent!"

FORTY-EIGHT hours had come and gone, and Durden's was in a state of silent astonishment. For the first time in its life the *Banner* was cried up and down the one street of the town; the people came to their doors and windows as the shrill boy-voice broke the dead, frozen stillness—the news was told!

"Dividend declared—great fortunes made—All the world buying Durden's stock—All who had sold were sold!"

The son of the editor of the *Banner*, who had not sold, cried the news with vicious delight; absolutely jeering at Dan Burk as he handed him the paper.

"Mr. Wilkerson the richest man in America!" and the small tormentor danced on the frozen ground to keep his feet warm.

Greg heard it as he dressed and shouted like a boy at Christmas; Mr. Henshaw heard it as he waked—heard it with a struggle between his longing to have quadrupled his investment and his consciousness that there was somewhat in this almost bogus dividend that would not be authorized by one's duty to one's neighbor; Jerry heard it as he sat at breakfast, and could not speak nor move; his heart seemed to stop its beating, and Mrs. Milton's voice as she greeted the newsboy and paid him for his news seemed far away. Everything grew red and confused before his eyes, and strange rushing sounds came in his ears as if all the blood in his body had gone to his head. He did not know if he reeled or not, just for a moment, but he knew when Mrs. Milton put the paper into his hand saying:

"Youuns is the riches' man in Ameriky, Jerry Wilkerson;" then more slowly, "an' orl outer 'Lije Milton's mine thet killed him."

"It is all pure luck, Mrs. Milton," Jerry answered, huskily, and the sound of his voice seemed to restore his equilibrium. Mrs. Milton shook her head solemnly.

"Thar ain't no luck ner no chence in thet mine," she said; "too many sperrets walks roun' in thar fur luck or chence to live thar; it's God or the devil a-helpin' youuns."

Jerry rose from the table, he could sit still no longer.

"Wherever the help comes from," he said, "I am very thankful; but I do not think it is the devil, Mrs. Milton, for Paul Henley is his own child."

"Now you're shoutin'," the old woman cried; then Jerry walked away.

Was he safe? he could have cried aloud in his joy; he felt a foolish desire to mount some high place and shout and shout until he was breathless! All

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the sickening anxiety was over—his fortune was made—his enemy vanquished. Rapidly he strode up the frozen road toward his office; dismal and cold it looked, but he did not mind that—he had the fire to make, even if he were in Mrs. Milton's eyes the richest man in America! He laughed over the idea—a rich, ringing laugh that seemed to bubble over with joy; and he took Joe's old axe from the corner and went out to where the wood was piled.

Poor old Joe! surely this fortune was his, surely. He had dug it out of the earth through long years; had stored it away day by day for a poor waif he had picked up on the roadside; and there was no luck in it, the old woman had said, no luck; God or the devil had helped him!

Hard and vigorous his blows rang, and the chips flew right and left. So he had struck at life and fortune and so the gold would lie about him: and when he had enough would be as worthless as these chips. He remembered when he had said that at the Gregs' table that Fred had laughed; would Fred laugh now? and Isabel, did she know of his fortune? and lovely Edith Henley?

He gathered up his wood and went in; he must have the fire burning and his office in order before any one came; he must not look upset in the turn affairs had taken, nor surprised, not even to Greg. And he must make arrangements to put men to work on the stream below the dam; the mine must be made safe, now that he had time to be honest.

Quickly the fire blazed up; then he opened the windows, and swept and put things in order as old Joe had taught him to do—old Joe asleep up there on the mountain-side, while his fortune had grown colossal!

"Well!" and Greg came in brisk and beaming, though a little hesitating still, "I have come to congratulate you!"

"Thank you!" and Jerry shook his hand heartily, "it has been a very near thing."

"Very near, thanks to that blundering Henshaw," Greg answered, drawing a chair near the fire. "I think Henshaw must have been evoluted from a black beetle," laughing; "and if my dear old Dad had not been so prompt, he might have ruined us: but it is safe enough now."

"Or at least we have gained time enough to make it safe," and with the allowing of a doubt that he uttered more to steady his exuberant joy than because he held it Jerry felt a nameless fear creep over him.

"Why, man, it is certain!" and Greg slapped his leg emphatically; "your fortune is made, even if you have to spend half on this dividend; and who can hurt us now?"

Jerry laughed.

"I do not know," he said, the joy that he controlled in word and action ringing out in his voice, "but I am afraid to realize it all at once, so try to cool myself off with dismal possibilities."

The door opened and a boy came in.

"For you, Mr. Wilkerson," and he handed Jerry a telegram.

Things seemed to waver before Jerry's eyes as he tore open the envelope; was this a dismal possibility?

"To J. P. WILKERSON, Durden's:
from
J. C. GLENDALE, New York.
"Durden's up, await orders—three days the limit."

Jerry handed the message to Greg, then turned to the table and wrote:

"To J. C. GLENDALE, No. — Wall Street, New York:
from
J. P. WILKERSON, Durden's.
"*Wait.*"

And this was handed to Greg also. Greg read it over.

"Wise," he said, "try the temper of the people on the work first; but why do you sign your name before you send your message?"

Jerry laughed.

"It is one of Glendale's fads," he answered. "He said that as soon as he sees the name of his correspondent, his mind throws itself in position for the message; it does seem more simple."

"Like Glendale, the explanation is thin," and Greg laughed.

Then the paper was put into the boy's hand, the door was shut, and the footsteps of the messenger died away.

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"Father will telegraph me some time to-day," Greg went on, "I will bring it up."

"Thank you." Then Jerry paused in the extraordinary pen-and-ink sketches he was making on his blotting-paper. "I should like to feel Henley's pulse," he said.

The color flashed into Greg's face.

"I should like to punch his head!" he exclaimed, "the miserable sneak! a 'dear friend of my family,' and all the while trying to kill this scheme when he knows my father is in it——"

"Hush!" and Jerry went to the door.

"Hardy, Mr. Wilkerson!" and a body of miners came in; "we've come to shake han's, Mr. Wilkerson, an' to hooray for Durden's, you bet!" and they crowded about him enthusiastically.

"Come in, come in!" and Jerry's voice trembled audibly; "I am glad to welcome those who stood by me, very glad!"

"We brought up a little beer," one man went on modestly, "to warm up our money thet's a-comin'!"

Greg laughed.

"And the money will need warming," he said, "for a freeze brought it to us," taking two tin cups down from a shelf.

"They say that Mr. Henley's sick this mornin'," and the men looked at each other knowingly as the big cup passed from one to the other.

"Are you men the only ones who have held your shares?" and Jerry's voice seemed to settle the company.

"All," was answered.

"Ten men!" and Jerry seemed to be counting them over again to assure himself.

"Ten outside of Titcomb"—the editor of the paper—"Titcomb ain't sold out."

"Eleven men, ten working men," Jerry said. "Well, you must come and have supper with me to-night; we must consult about making the stream safe," and he spread a sheet of paper on the table; "I want you to give Mr. Greg your names."

"All right," and one after another the men gave in their names.

"Come to Mrs. Milton's this evening at seven," Jerry went on, "and we will drink a health to our fortunes."

"We'll sure come, Mr. Wilkerson, plum sure; and to the work too;" then the beer was finished, and the men went away.

"Only eleven men," Jerry said, when the little office was empty once more, "only eleven men to stand by us, Greg."

"Enough to share money with," Greg answered.

"Quite, but an awful minority when you remember all who went in with us.'

"Poor fools!" and Greg threw some more wood on the fire, "they are sold enough now."

"If only they will continue 'sold,'" Jerry answered, slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"I do not trust Henley," Jerry said; "he may hurt us yet: I am sure he will try."

Greg laughed.

"You are worn out, Wilkerson," he said, in a more familiar tone than he had used in a long time. "Henley must see that we have won, and will have sense enough to give up the fight."

Jerry shook his head doubtfully.

"I hope so," he said.

Slowly but surely the crowd gathered in the lunch-room in Eureka—a glum, silent crowd. There was no laughter, no greeting of each other, no jokes; a sullen, morose crowd, but a crowd. And the seats seemed to have been prepared for them, and also the drink that was distributed free of charge.

All through the cold, slow-falling afternoon men, women, and children were drinking; drinking as if they wanted something to do—as if they wanted the excitement—drinking themselves mad.

As the night fell a dim illumination became visible; "*Free Supper;*" a dim illumination, but an old woman, hovering on the outskirts of the crowd, read it and drew nearer.

It meant something, this gathering, something against Durden's; for all the people she could recognize were people who had sold their shares long ago. Then on the frozen ground was heard the sound of wheels, and through the darkness a wagon rolled down the road; nearer and nearer, then a stop in front of the illuminated sign, and Paul Henley, followed by Dan Burk and Dave Morris, entered the lighted shop. There

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arose a little murmur from the crowd, a sound that deepened as Paul raised his glass to drink their health, a sound like the turning of the tide.

Then slowly in and out of the crowd Dan Burk and Dave Morris passed, talking first to one and then to another; and the woman out in the darkness drew nearer.

The talk and hum of voices grew louder and louder, until a voice from the back of the building called:

"Three cheers for Mr. Henley, the poor man's friend!" and a disorganized shout followed that dragged along unevenly until Burk cried out:

"Three cheers for Durden's Mine!"

There was a moment's silence, then a howl arose that swept over the assembly like the cry of wild beasts; and a hubbub of voices followed where nothing was distinguishable save the anger that sounded dangerous; a hubbub of voices that was not stilled until Burk sprang on the counter, calling out:

"Listen to me!" and the crowd turned in his direction. "I am as mad as you!" he cried; "I've been plum fooled 'cause I b'lieved Jerry Wilkerson was an honest man!" then he paused for the applause that came madly from the half-intoxicated mob. "He's lived in Durden's man an' boy; all his money come outer Durden's Mine; I knows it, an' none better," pausing again and looking over the crowd that was now intensely still. "Joe Gilliam was my partner; an' nobody knows how Joe Gilliam died; an' nobody knows how Jerry Wilkerson got so much money down East; an' nobody knew thet Jerry Wilkerson hed bought most all Durden's Mine; an' nobody knew thet a dividend was a-comin' when Jerry Wilkerson says—says 'ee," —pausing for greater effect, "'Dan Burk,' says 'ee, 'you kin git back double your money if you'll sell now,' says 'ee; an' Dan Burk trusted him, an' Dan Burk was the fust to sell out!"

"Thet's so—thet's so!" came eagerly from the crowd.

"An' Mr. Henley sold; an' Mr. Henshaw sold; an' everyone to Mr. Glendale in New York, for—Jerry Wilkerson!" pausing while a groan went up from his listeners. "An' when our children an' ole folks were a-dyin' from cold, Jerry Wilkerson cussed us into fixin' thet dam!"

There was a dead silence, an unexpected silence that caused Dan to pause for a moment and look at Paul with some doubt.

"You are weary," Paul said, kindly, handing him a glass of whiskey; "it is hard work talking of the money you have lost."

Burk swallowed the dram eagerly, then again turned to his task.

"Fifty men stood in the water a-freezin', and a-savin' thet damned mine, an' now!" scornfully, "'leven men gits all the money! Dan Burk fooled you all inter sellin', but Jerry Wilkerson fooled Dan Burk; an' when the freeze come thet would hold the water, an' when all the people have sold out, Jerry Wilkerson orders a dividend; makes the engineer order a dividend—orders it to run up the stock; an' in two days he'll sell out an' stand free an' rich! yes, an' he'll laugh at us pore folks that has been fooled, an' are as pore as ever! An' the water'll come over the dam all the same, an' all thet buys Jerry Wilkerson's stock 'll be fooled, an' be ruined like we have been; an' all because we fixed the dam!" He ceased, and came down from the counter amid a storm of applause and angry oaths that were silenced by Dave Morris, who stood up and asked that the crowd would drink to Mr. Henley. There was an eager rush to the bar where Paul Henley stood thanking the people for their good wishes.

And Mrs. Burk handed out the liquor; strong, crude whiskey that burned like fire—that crazed and maddened the people into brute beasts.

"To the health of the dam!" Burk cried out at last.

"Damn it!" was answered by a dozen voices.

"I'd pull it down," Mrs. Burk suggested to one bloated creature whose cup she was filling; and voices all about her took up the words——

"Pull it down—pull it down!"

"One more drink, boys," Dave Morris called, "an' we'll be fit to pull down hell!"

Then through the darkness a woman sped away—an old woman with white hair that, escaping from its fastenings,

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streamed out on the wind; and her little eyes, set deep in beds of yellow wrinkles, glowed like fire as she ran; and her breath came short and fast, and curses with each breath! On and on, and yet she seemed to go so slowly! on and on over the hard, slippery ground; how often she fell! how often she seemed to slip back! how far Durden's was from Eureka! On and on, worn and almost breathless; panting, while in her ears the wind sounded like the howling of the mob.

Were they coming? Would not she be in time to warn them?

On and on; at last lights gleamed in front of her; they seemed near, but now every step was up-hill! Would she live to reach those lights?

At last!

Almost she fell against the door; the weary old woman, panting and breathless, worn and without strength she stood before the thirteen men who were laughing and talking over their quiet supper, secure and at peace.

"Git yer guns!" she cried, hoarsely, "an' go to the dam!"

Every man rose to his feet and Jerry sprang to her side. "Mrs. Milton, who told you this?" he cried.

"I hearn 'em a-sayin' it," she panted, laboriously, "over in Henley's eatin' house," drinking eagerly some brandy and water which Greg handed her. "I knowed thar were mischief a-cookin' in Henley's free supper, an' the whole crowd is wild alonger whiskey, an' is agoin' now to pull down the dam afore any of youuns kin sell out; git yer guns an' go!" then she sank back exhausted, "I runned orl the way," she whispered, seized with an awful shuddering that made Jerry give quick, sharp orders to the servant-girl; then to the men:

"Get what arms and ammunition you can," he said, "and meet me at the dam as quickly as possible." Then he added: "We are few, but we are sober," and almost instantly the room was emptied.

Terribly dark, and the men collected slowly; bitterly cold, and no fire could be made, as it would betray them. Thirteen men crouching on the broad top of the dam, which elevation gave them a murderous descending fire that must destroy whoever approached; and far below them, down the straggling village street, a few lights shone where the women waited and listened.

All was silent save the muffled cry of the stream as it writhed under its fetters of ice—a level sheet of ice from the dam out to where the broadened stream stopped against the cliffs. Still as death, with fingers stiffening about their guns, with the breath freezing on their lips and beards, the time passed slowly. Had the old woman made a mistake?

Jerry stood a little apart, thrilling with a terrible exultation; this night he would meet his enemy face to face—an open, free fight for fortune. If his enemy conquered, if his enemy ruined him—he gripped his gun tighter—what an exquisite joy of revenge, the stream that ruined him would ruin Paul! And ruin—what did ruin mean? freedom—aye, freedom from the tension and the misery of his present life, his life that almost had crazed him! Almost?—he drew himself together—was not he crazy now?

A murmur arose among the men; and the boys who had come with extra arms and ammunition were sent home on account of the awful coldness.

The lights were fewer in the street, and the sullen roar of the stream seemed to grow louder.

At last, far off, there came a hum like the hum of swarming bees, and from the Eureka side a few waving lights were seen. On they came, and the waiting men drew closer together; no sound, only far off the flickering lights like stars; suddenly they paused, then vanished.

"There are some sober men in the party," Jerry said, "and we must be most careful; repulse them once, and they cannot reassemble." Calm enough his voice sounded, but his heart seemed to beat in his ears, and the blood surged and tingled in his veins.

Suddenly Greg stood beside him breathless, and caught his arm in a hard grasp.

"Whichever of us is first freed from this crowd," he whispered, "must send the message for both, and the message must be 'Sell.'"

The practical words seemed to calm Jerry, and a wild regret came into his

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mind that he had not sent the message —he uttered a low oath.

"I have been waiting at the office," Greg went on, "trying to send the message, but the man was absent, and I had to come."

"If any disaster threatens, one of us must get there to send it," and Jerry cocked and uncocked his rifle viciously.

"One of us will," Greg answered, then a silence fell between them.

Suppose he should send a message now to Paul about the stream—Paul would not believe it; it could not be proved except by experiment? And of course they could repulse a drunken mob!

"They're jest a-crawlin' by the town," a man whispered to Jerry.

"And perfectly silent," Greg said, looking keenly at the black mass that now could be seen by the wan, dead light of the moon that had risen behind the gray clouds; "the leaders are not drunk."

"Mr. Henley never gits drunk," the man answered, "nor Dan Burk."

"That is true," Jerry commented, and again he cocked and uncocked his rifle; the sound brought him solace; it was better so to win success or death!

Sixteen good cartridges he had, sixteen chances against failure; would Paul fight—would he fasten his longing hands on him this night?

Nearer and nearer; the black mass came; they could hear their footsteps ringing on the ice now, and cracking through the frozen crust of the snow.

"Every man pick out his man," Jerry whispered, "take careful aim, and when I give the word fire as one man," and the order was whispered along the line.

Of course one volley would demoralize the mob completely.

Nearer and nearer; and the thirteen watchers trembled with excitement in the tense, strained silence that seemed to throb and roar in their ears!

Nearer and nearer; so that the lowered voices could be heard, and a little smothered chuckling; then Dan Burk's voice a little raised:

"Whar's the picks?" There was a pause and a little clatter as of tools being passed from hand to hand, then a voice said:

"Steady now, and move on quickly!"

A shiver ran over Jerry, an irresistible shudder like a death struggle—the voice was Paul's!

Nearer and nearer they came; making a little more noise now, feeling safe; nearer and nearer—close under the dam.

"Fire!" One low word, and a belt of light sprang along the dam—a deafening report, and wild cries and confusion!

Then a voice rang clear and high:

"Make for the dam—there are only thirteen men there!"

And the answer came:

"Fire!"

But only four shots answered—there were only four repeating rifles in the party!

Fourteen good bullets left still; and Jerry stood up to his task.

"Fire as fast you can load!" he cried, taking deliberate aim as a white face gleamed more prominently from the black mass; "every shot must tell."

More than a hundred men were attacking them; a dense, black mass of maddened, reckless brutes that the unexpected fire had not demoralized; and with everything in his favor he could kill only sixteen! His pistols! Aye, twelve more shots there; and every shot must kill a fellow-creature; every shot must send an unprepared soul to judgment—and all to save his fortune!

The thought made his hand waver for one shot. Did it miss?

The other side were firing now; and Titcomb, kneeling beside Jerry, fell back on the ice, crashing through with a wild cry!

Again Jerry fired, steadily, calmly. He could have cut every throat in that howling mob, wild and mad with drink.

Greg stood close beside him now.

"Four men have been knocked over," he said.

"Make every shot tell," was Jerry's answer in a voice that was supernaturally calm, "and if you can escape, send a telegram."

"Yes," and they fired simultaneously.

Wilder the confusion grew; cries, mad curses, groans and shrieks from friends and foes; dying sighs going up through the wan, dead light.

They were rushing up on the dam now, and only five men left to hold it!

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Calmly Jerry waited, his pistols in his hands; twelve more men must die before his fortune should be wrenched from him—twelve men or he must die.

Steadily his shots told, and Greg, separated from him now, fought desperately.

"Only three men left!" he heard Paul cry out above the din; "and there stands Wilkerson!"

A howl went up from the mob, and Jerry fell on one knee. He was shot!

One moment his senses seemed to leave him; one wild, whirling moment, then he steadied himself; he could crawl away and send a telegram, he could save himself yet!

If Greg were dead, he did not know; if he were fighting yet and depending on him, he did not know; there was but one thought in his mind—the telegram that would save him!

He was out in the darkness now where the flash of the firing could not reveal him; out in the darkness below the dam, crawling over the dead and wounded; if he hurt them, if they groaned or pleaded for help, he could not stop; it was a long way and his leg was dragging.

Cold—oh, God, how cold it was! and these wounded creatures, some of them crawling away too, clutched him as he passed—clutched his weary arms and broken leg! He cried aloud in agony. Was that his voice? and was it his knife that he stuck deep in the man's warm flesh? Aye, and now he had let him go.

How far—how slow—how cold! An hour ago he could have run, could have saved every dollar.

A high, wild cry rent the air, and sharp, ringing blows as of iron on rock.

They were breaking away the dam.

A shudder ran over him, and for a second he stopped; he was in the old bed of the stream and would be swept away. What frantic haste he made; the rocks and the jagged ice tore his hands, and his own blood leaked out now, warm and trickling slowly; and the other man's blood had frozen on him.

How hard they were working, and all the town seemed alive, with lights flashing here and there, and women's voices shrieking and crying aloud!

They were running by him now, and he turned away from the main road. And did they not know that soon the stream would be loosed, and sweep them away? But he would not tell them, they might stop him; they might hold him from his task—and he had killed their husbands and sons. Let them be swept away.

Ah, ha! There in front of him he could see the light; the man was in the office!

Another shout.

Was the dam giving way? would he be too late? He listened; there was no rush of water yet, only the foolish cries of the women, who had nothing to lose now.

Another shout; a long, wild shout, then a roar as if the floods of heaven were let loose!

For one instant he lay on his face, powerless.

Nearer and nearer the rushing came, and wild, flying feet; the women were running. He started up; maybe Paul would remember to send a telegram before he could reach the office!

How long the way was; only now his leg seemed dead—perhaps it was dead. On he crawled, every moment nearer to his goal; if only the mad crowd flying from the stream would not run over him.

How the water rushed; was it in the mine yet? was it pouring down that black abyss, kissing the rocks it had known so long ago—sweeping away the crumbled white bones of the man who had turned its course? How it would laugh, and sing, and clap its hands down there in its old haunts! Ah, ha! and flow out in Eureka—ha, ha! No one knew that secret but he!

Nearer and nearer; only the road between him and the open door of the office from which the yellow lamp-light shone, and the operator silhouetted black in the square door-way.

Only the street to cross.

Was that noise the people coming back—that wild shouting and firing: the mad, drunken mob, and the people afraid of them? And up and down the street the quick closing of windows and doors. Would the operator close the door on him.

Great God, he was moving back!

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One last supreme effort—his hand was on the sill; the door must crush his fingers if it closed!

His face blanched to a ghastly white; his eyes, strained and burning, fixed the man with astonishment; a stranger in Durden's, he yet knew this spectre to be Jerry Wilkerson!

"A thousand dollars if you send a message!" and the wounded man dragged himself half in the doorway —"a thousand dollars!"

"All right," and the operator stepped to the instrument.

"And no other message to-night."

"All right."

"To J. C. Glendale——" panting heavily.

"J. C. Glendale," the man repeated, while the instrument clicked busily.

"Number ——."

"Number ——."

"Wall Street."

"Wall Street"— steadily, although the shouts and shots of the crazy mob were very near.

"New York."

"New York"—the man repeated it after a second's pause, for the shouts rang all about them, and the wild shots were hitting the house!

Jerry's words seemed to come so slowly —his breath seemed thick.

"From J. P. Wilkerson, Durden's," he gasped.

"J. P. Wilkerson, Durden's," the man said.

"Sell!" Jerry shrieked.

The instrument stopped—there was one shrill cry, and the operator fell dead across the wounded man.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

"He aint no better, an' kent never git no better," Mrs. Milton said, in a voice that was harsh and bitter with anger and grief, and she looked suspiciously at Greg, who, with his arm in a sling and his head bandaged, looked almost as worn and thin as Jerry lying on the bed between them.

Jerry lying still and helpless, with drawn white face and vacant eyes—vacant eyes that made Greg remember his father's warning.

"He's allers a-countin' them chips," Mrs. Milton went on, pointing to a pile of dry chips that lay under the sick man's hand, "or he's a-talkin' to this little passel," drawing from under Jerry's pillow a small package wrapped in old newspaper.

The sick man held out his hands, so white and tremulous, while a wistful look came into his eyes.

"It's Mammy's," he said, "Mammy's."

Greg looked up in surprise; Mrs. Milton shook her head, catching a sob in her throat.

"He's been a-talkin' thet away ever sence he were brunged har," she said; "he's done gone backer orl his'n larnin', an' orl his'n trouble, to his'n mammy," and she gave Jerry the little bundle.

"It ain't wuth nothin'," he said, looking up at Greg wistfully, "it's nothin' as'll do youuns no good—it's Mammy's —Mammy's," his voice falling fainter.

Greg turned away. Was it only that he was weakened by wounds and the awful loss and ruin that he had endured that he leaned against the mantelpiece sobbing so pitifully?

"The new doctor says thet he kent las' out the night," Mrs. Milton went on, "an' thar aint nary soul to pray alonger him ceppen youuns, Mr. Greg."

Greg shook his head.

"I cannot," he whispered, huskily, "I do not know how."

A tired sigh came from the sick man, causing both watchers to turn.

"I cannot count them," he said, wearily, in the voice and language that Greg was accustomed to hear from his lips. "But what is the use," he went on, "of counting gold that is as common as chips; as chips that I can throw into the water. Ah, the water! how it boils and surges—how it laughs and sings as it goes back to its old home—and it will flash into the sunlight again at Eureka —Eureka!"

Mrs. Milton went hastily to the bedside.

"He'll git wild in a minute," she said, "an' thet'll kill 'im," and again she drew the poor little bundle from under the pillow where he had hidden it. "This allers makes him quiet."

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"It's Mammy's," and again the weak hand clasped the bundle, "an' mebbe Dad'll forgit them rails, mebbe he'll furgit," the voice sinking gradually, then the tired eyes closed and he seemed asleep.

Greg came back to the bedside now, and the young physician from the railway camp joined him there; he seemed excited.

"They have caught Henley," he whispered, "but the people must not know it—they would kill him."

Greg's eyes flashed, and he drew a sharp breath between his clenched teeth. Then aloud the physician said:

"Wilkerson cannot possibly live," and his hand was on the fluttering pulse, "and it is most fortunate; for his fortune is gone, and his debts are enormous, and he could never recover his mind; it is most fortunate."

"Git away!" and Mrs. Milton pushed the astonished stranger aside roughly—"if Jerry Wilkerson wuz as big a fool as youuns," she said, "Mandy Milton'd be proud to tuck keer of him fur ever—jest youuns 'member thet; an' pay orl he owes, an' glad to do it too—an' Mr. Greg knows it."

"I beg pardon," and the young man stepped back, "I meant no harm."

"Mebbe not," sharply, raising Jerry's head on her shoulder that the labored breathing might be a little easier—"an' if youuns kent do nothin' fur him ceppen to be thankful he's a dyin', jest go 'long; me an' Mr. Greg kin 'ten' to him."

The doctor took up his hat, when suddenly a hand clutched his shoulder, and the old woman drew him to her, looking in his face with burning eyes.

"Kin youuns pray?" she whispered hoarsely.

He shook his head, and the hold on his shoulder relaxed.

"Notter soul to pray fur him," she muttered, smoothing back from the sick man's brow the hair that had grown so white—"notter soul—but God'll know!"

The sick man's eyes opened.

"Mammy's gone to God," he whispered, "the doctor tole me thet."

"Yes, honey," the old woman answered, soothing him as gently as a mother would her little child; then all was still save the fire that whispered and sighed.

The doctor lingered near the door; Greg leaned against the mantelpiece with his hand over his eyes; the old woman stood as if cut in stone, holding in her arms the dying man; the clock told off relentlessly the flying moments, and the solemn hours gathered full and fell.

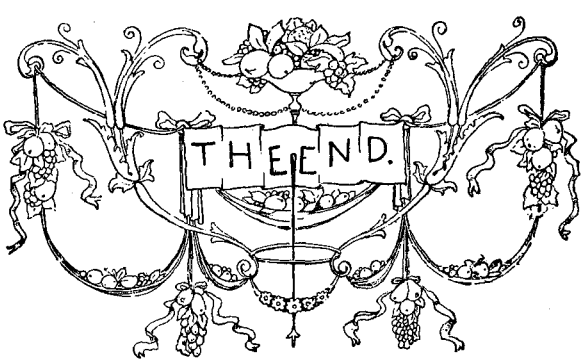
Slower and slower the breath came; the heart struggled in its beating; the poor hands held close with pitiful faithfulness the little bundle wrapped up so long ago.

He could not last much longer.

The doctor held the failing pulse; Greg drew a little nearer; Mrs. Milton bent a little under the growing weight in her arms.

Slower and slower the pulse-beats came; the eyelids quivered—there was a little sigh, and the tired eyes looked up—wistful, pleading, pitiful!

"I never knowed, Mammy, I never knowed," he said, and the journey begun so long ago among the Southern hills was ended.



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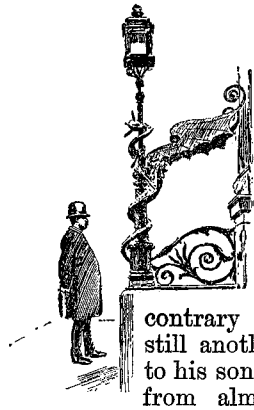
BROADWAY.

By Richard Harding Davis.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.



BROADWAY means so many different things to so many different people.

The business man has his own idea of it, and it suggests something quite the contrary to his wife, and still another point of view to his son; in this it differs from almost every other great thoroughfare of the world. When one reads of the Appian Way, one thinks only of magnificent distances and marble. The Rue St. Antoine brings up a picture of barricades and gutters splashed with blood; and the Boulevards are reminiscent of kiosks and round marble-top tables under striped awnings. But all Broadway is divided into three parts, and which is the greatest of these, it would be difficult to say. There is the business portion of Broadway, and the shopping district, and still farther uptown the Broadway where New Yorkers and their country cousins once used to walk to look at the passers-by, and where now only those walk who wish to be looked at. And yet Broadway has, from the Battery to 159th Street, where the cobble-stones break up into a dusty country road, its own dear individuality. It may take on the color of its surroundings from point to point, just as the same column of mercury passes through zero and freezing-point to fever heat; the clerks who board the surface cars at the Equitable Building make room for the shoppers at Union Square, and they, in turn, empty the car to give place to those who live still farther uptown; but it is the same familiar yellow car which carries each of them, and which runs on all the way.

The business man knows Broadway as a street blocked with moving drays and wagons, with pavements which move with unbroken lines of men, and that are shut in on either side by the tallest of tall buildings. It is a place where no one strolls, and where a man can as easily swing his cane as a woman could wear a train. Pedestrians do not walk steadily forward here, or in a straight line, but dodge in and out like runners on a foot-ball field. They all seem to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before three o'clock. The man who stops to speak to a friend, or to gaze into a shop window, is jostled and pushed and shouldered to one side; everyone seems to be trying to catch up to the man just in front of him; and everyone has something to do and something on his mind to think of, too, if his face tells anything.

So intent are they on their errands that they would not recognize their own wives if they passed them by. This is the spot on Broadway where the thermometer marks fever heat. It is the great fighting ground of the city, where the battle of business goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, at which time the work flags a little and grows less and less hurried until five, when the armies declare an armistice for the day and march off uptown to plan a fresh campaign for the morrow. The armies begin to arrive before eight, and gather from every point of the compass. The ferry-boats land them by thousands, and hurry back across the river for thousands more, the elevated roads marshal them from far uptown, gathering them by companies at each station, where they are unloaded and scattered over the business districts in regiments. They come over the Brooklyn Bridge by tens of thousands, in one long, endless procession, and cross the City Hall Park at a quick step. It is one of the most impressive sights the city has to offer.

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The gathering of the clans was less impressive and less momentous. They do not all meet on Broadway at once, but before the business day is over they will have passed up or down it, and will have contributed at one time to the hurrying crowds on its two pavements. Where they all find work is a wonder

The Sandwich Man.

to the dilettante from upper Broadway, where money is spent, not made. But he will understand when he notices that every building along the street is divided and subdivided like a beehive, and every room holds it own president and board of trustees. It would take an idle man half an hour to read the signs on the front of one block of lower Broadway, and the face of each building is a small directory.

There was a great trade parade in the city two years ago, and it gave New Yorkers a pleasing idea of their prosperity; but its theatrical display and bands of music were but a pageant to the grim reality of the great trade parade which forces its way up and down Broadway every morning in the year. There is a narrow turn in Cheapside, of which Londoners boast that the traffic is so great as to block the street for half an hour at a time; but on Broadway, for a mile, there are over four long lines of drays and wagons, with the tongue of the one behind touching the back-board of the one in front. That is the trade parade with which New Yorkers are too familiar to fully appreciate. It represents, in its loads and burdens, every industry and product of the world. Carts loaded with boxes of unmade clothing lockwheels with drays carrying unmade food, and the express wagons, with their precious loads of silver bullion, are crowded by drays carrying great haunches of raw meat to the transatlantic steamers lying off the Battery. These are the ammunition trains of the great army of workers.

The business men of lower Broadway go down town every morning, and walk back every afternoon in good weather and in bad weather, in sickness and in health, until they grow rich. Then they employ other men to work for them, but they still go down town, through force of habit, perhaps, or because they have accumulated everything except the knowledge of how to rest, and how to spend a holiday. For eight hours of every day they are imprisoned in the business district, chained before roller-top desks, or bound down in the arms of swivel-chairs, or over ledgers which are always marked "to be continued," and which have no *finis*. At six o'clock, after they have given the best part of their day's strength and brain and energy to business, they are set at liberty and are allowed to run up town overnight, on their promise to return again, and are given three hours in which to become acquainted with their children. And some of them keep this up until they are gray-haired, feeble old men. They begin when they are quite young; when they are of the age to think that it is something important and desirable to work down town, and as office boys earning three dollars a week in their father's office, look down upon their elder brother at college, and patronize the family at dinner, and talk of "our firm," and what "we" intend to do if wheat should drop much further. As clerks, their horizon is bounded by a future raise in salary, and their life is filled with hopes that the man just above them will die, and allow them to step into his place; as partners in the firm they speak, after hours, of every other subject but that of business, and

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declare bitterly that, whatever pursuit their sons may enter into, it shall not be the same as their's, of that they are quite certain. And at last, when they grow rich enough to retire, they do nothing of the sort, but still haunt their place of business, and delight in telling struggling young men how they once used to sweep out the office of which they are now the owners. That is the atmosphere of lower Broadway. A place where half the men do what they are told to do, like accomplished machines, for so much a week, and ever with the conviction that so much is not enough ; and where the other half are for so many hours a day heads with superfluous bodies, with brains working one against the other, and with the same effect in the end as when cog-wheels of a watch work one against the other, they make the watch go.

Broadway proper begins at Bowling Green. This is the open breathing-place where the street rests before it narrows down and meets the fierce turmoil of the business portion just above. It is a very cosmopolitan Broadway at this point, and every house facing it seems to welcome and bid for the arriving immigrants. The offices of the foreign consuls are here, and the immigrants' boarding-houses, with their signs in almost every strange language, and the shops where shillings and francs and guelders can be changed into dollars. Men in sabots and spangled with silver buttons, and women with Neapolitan head-dresses, are too common about Bowling Green for anyone to look twice at them, and sailors, and ship-stewards on shore for fresh provisions, and petty officers with a few hours' leave in which to get rid of their money, give this end of Broadway a distinctly salty and foreign air. This is where you are stopped at every second step by too familiar young men of Hebraic features, who act as runners for the great transatlantic lines, who aggrieve your *amour propre* by offering you a steerage passage to the old country for twenty dollars, and who are as persistent as those who have rendered the ready-made clothing stores of Baxter Street notorious.

The lodging-house "shark" and the bunco steerer lie in wait about here for the immigrant, and the more daring rogue who, dressed like an immigrant, tells you how he has been robbed on his arrival, and who wishes to sell you his watch, an old family heirloom made in Munich ; and who is not the least abashed when you pry open the case and read "Toledo, O." on the back.

These are the weeds and parasites that grow in Castle Garden.

It is only a few steps farther up town from this, and you are in the rush of the business district, and are dodging past men who are talking per cents and discounts on their way to luncheon. The cross-streets are traps and pitfalls here, and you have to watch your chances to cross, and to measure your distances as carefully and as quickly as a rider does a water-jump. This part of Broadway is a valley of great buildings, and from a boat on the North River one can trace the march of the street by these mountains of brick and iron and plate-

Hot Roasted Chestnuts.

glass. They rise up above the rest of the city like shot-towers, and you see nothing up town to equal them, save the white points of the Cathedral, and the slim, graceful spire of Grace Church half-way between.

The rush is greatest about the base of one of the tallest of these—the Equit-

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able Building, that great gray pile which every good stranger must visit on his first day in New York, and from the dome of which the signal flags flutter out their proclamation of cold, clear weather, in haughty defiance of the fact that the bunting itself is heavy with moist, unending rain.

Just below this, only a block to the south, is one of those strange contrasts which seem as if they could not have been accidental. This is where old Trinity Church, with its graveyard, blocks the way of Wall Street. There is no stronger contrast than this in the whole city of New York. Whether you look up Wall Street's short length to the church, or from the church steps down Wall Street to where the pillars of the Custom-House seem to shut off its other end, the effect is the same. There is something so solemnly incongruous in the mournful peace of the graveyard, with the roar of the street in front of it, in the cherubs' heads and the gaunt skull and cross-bones of the monuments, in the implements of war and of naval battles that date from the seventeen hundreds up to the days of Captain Paul Jones. The tower of the church throws its shadow directly into Wall Street, the street that seems to run with gold, and every hour its chimes ring out above the noise of the tickers, and every minute of the day its doors are open, as if to leave no excuse for those who do not snatch a moment to step beyond them.

"Every square foot of that graveyard," philosophized a young broker, so tradition says, "could be sold for more than half the men on the Street are worth, and yet the tenants are not getting any use of their money. It doesn't seem right, does it?" But it does seem right to the old-fashioned nobody who sees something more than accident in this waste of valuable building ground; who fancies that this quiet acre of land is meant to teach a lesson which those who run after the great dollar might read, if they only have the time; but they haven't the time—banking hours are so few. I never pass Wall Street but I am filled with wonder that it should be such a narrow, insignificant street. One would think it would need more room for all that goes on there, and it is almost a surprise that there is no visible sign of the fortunes rising and falling, and of the great manœuvres and attacks which emanate in that two hundred yards, and which are felt from Turkey to Oregon. But it seems just like any other street, except for the wires which almost roof it over, and that the men one meets in it are different in mien and manner from those one meets in upper Broadway; they wear a sharp, nervous look, and they stoop, as if they had grown so from bending so often and so intently over the momentous strips of paper tape. It is rather interesting to think that the man who brushed past you may have been but a few years back one of the uniformed boys who run with cable despatches to the floor of the Exchange, and that he may in a few weeks time be looking for a clerkship in one of the banks which he did not succeed in breaking. The broad statue of Washington, with its shining knees and dusty coat, always seems to be in the most incongruous position here. Unless it is that he is guarding the Sub-Treasury behind him, and that his uplifted hand is meant to say to the bulls and bears: so far can you go, and no farther. It is a most suggestive place, is Wall Street, and one feels more easy when one gets out of it into Broadway again, where mobs of men have not swept up and down howling and with white faces, and where Black Fridays make no visible sign. And after you get out of Wall Street, it is worth while to step across into Trinity Church and note how far away the street seems, and how calmly grand the church is, with its high pillars meeting the great arches, and with the sun stealing through the gorgeous window at the west. It is almost like the cathedral of some sunny, sleepy, English town, and you are not brought home again until another sight-seer like yourself opens the screen doors, and you can hear the shrill whistle of the car-driver just outside, and his ejaculations on the head of the gentleman on the box-seat of the ice-cart, who will not give him the track. The business man comes in here occasionally to show the interior to his customer from out of town. He

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Broadway at the Bowling Green.
The haunt of immigrants.

wears the preoccupied and slightly bored air of the amateur guide who has seen it before, and as he is going out again immediately, he does not throw away his cigar, but keeps it decorously hidden inside his hat. From Trinity Church he will go to the Equitable Building, to show off the marbles and elevators, and from there to all the other show-places in the city, from Cleopatra's Needle in the afternoon, to the Spanish dancer at night. Trinity Church has a mob of its own about it once a year, but it is a somewhat different mob from the feverish gatherings of Wall Street. This is on the last night of the old year, when the citizens gather, as they have gathered since the days of Aaron Burr, to hear the chimes welcome the coming, and toll for the king who is dead, and sound a "Long live the king!" to his successor.

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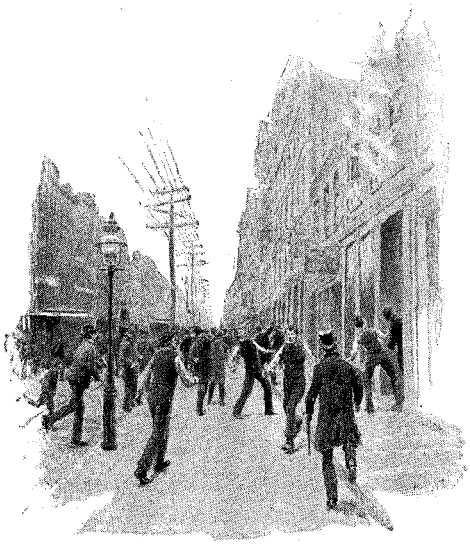
Broadway widens in front of the Astor House, and gives the cars from all over the city a little room in which to turn before they start off uptown again. The Post-Office shuts it off at one side, and receives half the pedestrians from the street through its swinging doors, to shoot them out once more after it has swallowed up the contributions they have made to one of its hungry maws. It is not an impressive-looking building, in spite of its great, clumsy, barn-like bulk, and it looks still more utilitarian from the other side, where the City Hall faces it over the trees of the Park. The City Hall is perhaps as correct, or one of the most correct, pieces of architecture in the city of New York; it is simple, direct, and graceful, with the quiet dignity, in the balance of its two wings, of a Colonial mansion. Every known, and hitherto unknown, order of architecture surrounds it on the border of the Park, and not one of these many specimens robs it of its place in the centre of the stage, which it has held since those days when its southern extension was backed with brown stone because no one, so it was expected, would ever live south of it, and it would never be seen.



"Fire!"

The City Hall Park makes a pleasant break in Broadway. It opens it up on one side and lets in a breath of fresh air where it breaks one of the long, high barriers of business houses. The people who haunt and who inhabit the Park have nothing in common with the wage-earners and money-makers who rush through it and about its four sides. They are the real leisure class of New York, and their only duty and pastime is to sit under the trees on the circle of benches and read three days' old newspapers, which were once wrapped round the luncheons of the despised wage-earner. You will see the same men on the same benches day after day, and month after month. Their garments grow more dirty and their chins more dark, until one day they disappear altogether—the police court and the coroner only can tell where. They are tramps, with the mud of country roads still heavy on their boots; strangers stranded in the streets, without money and without hope, and young toughs from the cheap lodging-houses on the Bowery, waiting to pick up a new tool in some recent arrival from the farms of New Jersey and Connecticut. They will find him a trifle dazed by the rush and noise, resting here because there are trees about, before he starts in on that disheartening occupation known as "looking for work." He sits with his valise tightly squeezed between his knees, and with one hand touching the small roll of money sewed up in the pocket of his waistcoat. In a few days he will make his first entrance into a pawnshop on the Bowery, and the home-made clothes will go, and his silver watch, and finally the empty valise itself, and he will leave the shop for the last time with a hopelessly lost feeling, and no impediments but the clothes he stands in. Then, when he returns to the City Hall Park, he is ripe to listen to the hints of the hard-looking young man on the bench next him, and before evening he will be one of a crowd which "hold up" a drunken sailor for his money, and an officer will have his hand on his shoulder, while his friends of the morning scamper off, dodging the light of the lamp-posts, until they disappear finally in the darkness of the side-streets.

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The Park is the rendezvous for many of the "Andies" and "Barneys" of local politics, with the inevitable cigar and the habit of emphasizing their remarks with the end of the right finger, and the interrogative "see." They are waiting to buttonhole this or that employe in one of the city departments who has a "pull;" and there are numerous Italian wedding parties who find it more distinguished and much more cheap to be married by the Mayor, and who are gay in purple and green ribbons, and are happily unconscious of how evident is the purpose of their visit.

But it is at night that the Park is at its best. When the windows of the Post-Office are blazing with light, and the mail wagons rattle up over the empty streets with a great to do and unload their freight of trouble and good news where it may be scattered broadcast over the world. On warm nights the marble steps of the City Hall are black with people from the slums, and every bench holds four drowsy figures; there is hardly room for the compositors and pressmen who have run across from Newspaper Row for a breath of air between shifts, and the Park policeman is kept constantly busy rapping the feet of the sleepers in the city's free lodging-place.

Near the Post-office—Early Morning.

Newspaper Row bounds the eastern

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side of the square with the workshops of the great dailies. They rise, one above the other, in the humorous hope that the public will believe the length of their subscription-lists is in proportion to the height of their towers. They are aggressively active and wide-awake in the silence of the night about them. The lights from the hundreds of windows glow like furnaces, and the quick and impatient beating of the groaning presses sounds like the roar of the sea. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers on every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys enter into the statesmen's cabinet." But the ambassadors she sends to the courts today are a very different sort of ambassadors from those of whom Mr. Warrington spoke, and they are probably not quite so useful.

From the City Hall on up Broadway to Tenth Street the complexion of the street is utterly changed, and there is nothing but wholesale business houses, almost all with strange foreign names. This is where Broadway nods a little. There is none of the rush of lower Broadway, and none of its earnestness. The big houses deal only with firms, and not with individuals. Their windows show straw bonnets when the retail stores up town are filled with Christmas presents, and in summer their stock in trade points out what the fall overcoat will be like, and how furs will be fashioned. The proprietors stand in the doorways, or gaze out of the windows, with their customers from the country at their elbows, watching the passing crowd. Three sales a day is good business in one of these houses, and means thousands of dollars. Broadway takes a dip, geographically, from the City Hall to Canal Street, where those tiresome individuals who knew New York when Union Square was a forest, fished in the stream that gave the street its name, or say they did. It rises again until it reaches Tenth Street, where it turns sharply west. From the City Hall one can see the tops of all the horse-cars as they go down and rise again, and the street itself looks as though it stopped altogether at Tenth Street, blocked by Grace Church. There were, no doubt, excellent reasons for placing Grace Church just where it is; but if it had been placed at the joint of Broadway for no other than the architectural effect, there would have been reason enough. There is no place where it could have been seen so well. It seems to join the two angles of the street and put a punctuation mark to the business quarter. From its corner in the angle of the L it is conspicuous from either approach, and it silently educates and teaches everyone who passes, something of what is best in architecture.

The shopping district begins about Tenth Street, and is bounded on the north by the latitude of Twenty-third, where the promenade begins and continues on up indefinitely to Forty-second Street. One is as likely to see a man here as at an afternoon tea, and if one should dare to venture in, it is only for one of two reasons: either he is the husband or brother of some wife or sister in the suburbs, who has asked him to run uptown at luncheon-time and match something for her, or he is there because the women are there, and he has come to look at them. In the first place he is entitled to your pity, and in the second place as well, for his occupation, though individually satisfactory, is not profitable. The business district is very grim and very real, the shopping district is all color, and movement, and variety. It is not the individual woman one sees here, but woman in the plural. You may have a glance of a beautiful face, or of a brilliant or an outrageously inappropriate gown, but it is only a glimpse, and the face is lost in a composite photograph of faces, the expression of which seems to be one of decided anxiety. For it is apparently a very serious business, this shopping. The shoppers do not seem to be altogether happy, for they have heard, perhaps, of a place where you can get that same lace flounce for two cents a yard less than at the other place, where you got the last lot, and they are pressing on before it is all gone. They are as keen over their bargains in trimmings and gloves as their husbands down town are over the rise and fall in oil, and they certainly do not look as if they were on

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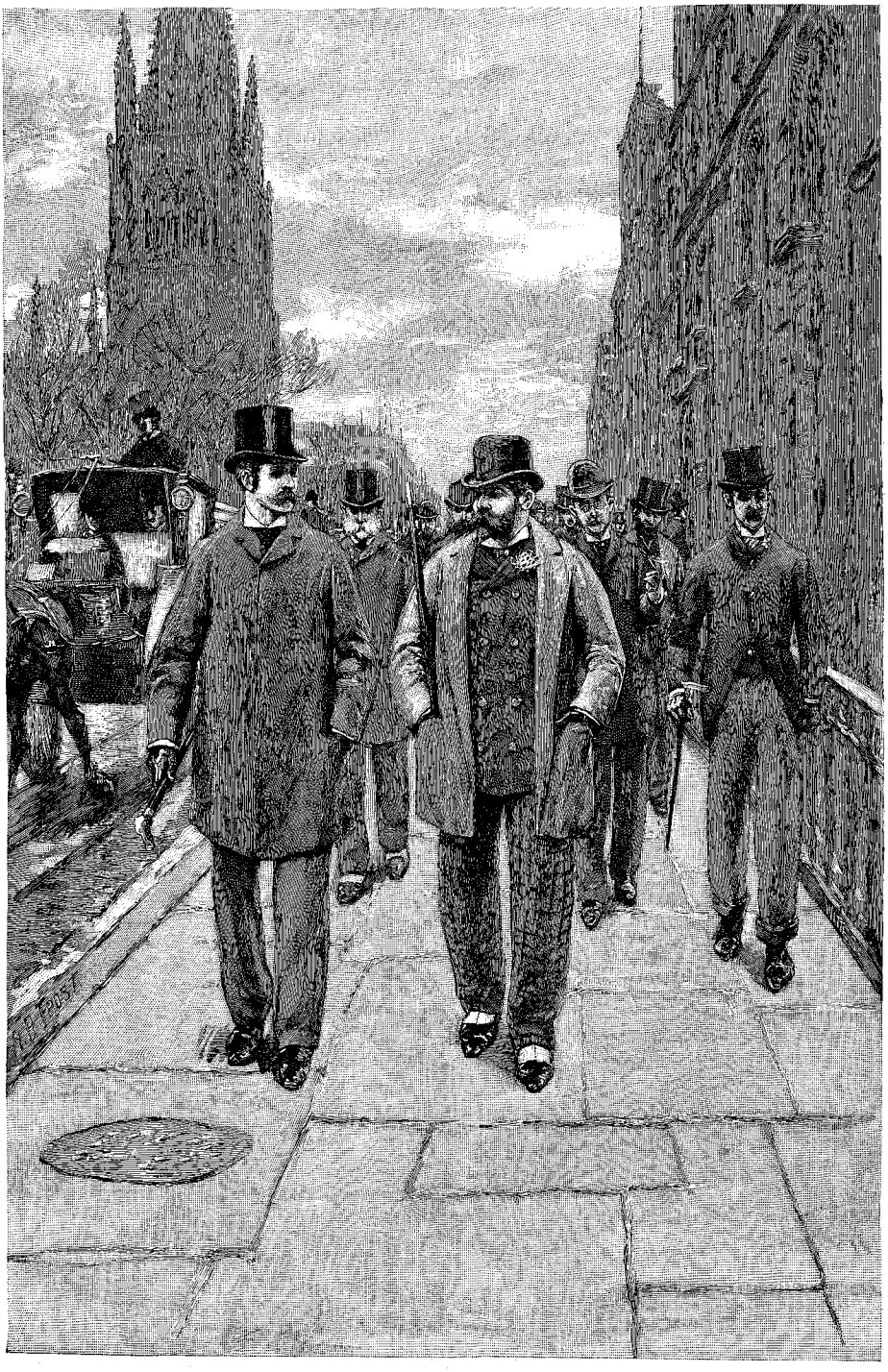

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Below Trinity Church—9.45 A.M.

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pleasure bent. On the contrary, they seem to have much upon their minds. On a sunny, bright morning, when it is possible for them to wear their best bravery without fear of rain, Broadway holds, apparently, every woman of means in the city. Who stays at home to take care of the baby, and who looks after the flat? is a question. I use the word flat advisedly, because all the women who shop below Union Square and along Fourteenth Street live in flats. Above Union Square they occupy apartments. It is a very fine distinction. The ladies who live in flats generally come down town in the "elevated," and dress a great deal; they make an event of it, and take their luncheons, which consist of a meringue and an ice, down town. They think nothing of walking three hours at a time over hard floors, or remaining on their feet before long counters, but it would weary them, you would find, to walk the children to the Park and back again—besides, that would be so unprofitable. There is an object in going down town to shop; the object sometimes costs as much as fifty cents, and you get a fan with it, or a balloon, or a little paste-board box to carry it in. It is a remarkably dressed procession, and noticeable in the youthfulness of the attire of those who are somewhat too elderly to stand artificial violets in their bonnets, and those who are much too young to wear their hair up. There is much jewelry, and doubtful jewelry at that, below Union Square, and a tendency to many silver bangles, and shoulder-capes, and jingling chatelaines.

Recreation.

Union Square makes a second break in Broadway, and is a very different lounging-place indeed from City Hall Park. It is much more popular, as one can see by the multitude of nurse-maids and children, and in the number and cared-for beauty of the plants and flowers, and in the general air of easy geniality of the park policemen, who wear white cotton gloves. They have to get along without gloves about the City Hall. Horace Greeley and Benjamin Franklin are the appropriate guardians of that busy lower park, while the graceful Lafayette and the stately equestrian figure of Washington are the presiding figures of this gayer and more metropolitan pleasure-ground. Union Square is bounded on the south by that famous strip of pavement known to New Yorkers who read the papers as the Rialto. This is the promenade of actors, but a very different class indeed from the polished gentlemen who brighten upper Broadway. They are just as aggressively conspicuous, but less beautiful, and they are engaged in waiting for something to turn up. They have just returned from a tour which opened and closed at Yonkers, and they cannot tell why. They have come back "to reorganize," as they express it, and to start afresh next week with another manager, and greater hopes. They live chiefly on hope. It is said it is possible to cast, in one morning, any one of Shakespeare's plays, to equip any number of farce companies, and to "organize" three Uncle Tom's Cabin combinations, with even more than the usual number of Marks the lawyer, from this melancholy market of talent that ranges about the theatrical agencies and costumers' shops and bar-rooms of lower Union Square. The Broadway side of Union Square is its richest and most picturesque. The great jewelry and silver-shops begin here, and private carriages line the curb in quadruple

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Looking up Broadway—near Grace Church.

lines, and the pavement is impressively studded with white-breeched grooms. Long-haired violinists and bespectacled young women in loose gowns, with rolls of music in their hands, become conspicuous just above this—the music-shops are responsible for them. And from this on up Broadway from Union Square the richer and more fashionable element shows itself, and predominates altogether. These shoppers come in carriages, and hold long lists between

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gloved fingers, and spend less time at the bargain counters. The crowd is not so great, and the dressing is much richer, and as well worth looking at as that of any city in the world. These shoppers are not so hurried, either, they walk more leisurely, and stop at every candy store; and windows filled with photographs of American duchesses and English burlesque actresses are like barriers in their path. They are able to observe in passing how every other woman is dressed, and at the same time to approve their own

The Pleasures of Shopping.

perfection in any plate-glass window with a sufficiently dark background to throw a reflection.

This is the part of Broadway where one should walk just before the Christmas holidays, if one wants to see it at its very best; when the windows offer richer and costlier bids to those of better taste than at any other season; and when the women whom one passes have a thoroughbred air of comfort and home about them, and do not look as though they were altogether dependent on the street and shops for their entertainment. Those you meet further up look as though they regarded Broadway not as a straight line between two points, not as a thoroughfare, but as a promenade. But in the lower part there are groups of distinguished-looking women and beautiful girls with bunches of flowers at their waists, and a certain affectation of manishness in their dress that only makes their faces more feminine by contrast. "They carry themselves well," would be the first criticism of a stranger, and they have a frank look of interest in what is going on about them which could even be mistaken for boldness, but which really tends to show how certain of themselves they are.

At Twenty-third Street the more business-like Broadway takes on the leisurely air of the avenue, which it crosses, and in which it is merged for a block or two. The rush is greatest here, and hansoms and democratic street-cars and lumbering busses with their roof-gardens of pretty girls, and victorias, in which the owners look down upon the pedestrians as if a bit conscious of their high estate, are forced into each other's company as closely as are the carts and drays farther down town. This is where quiet home-bodies of the lower half of the avenue, and the other daughters of the few hundred from above, make a dash across the forbidden ground of Broadway and pass on to the more secure footing of the avenue, as calmly unconscious of the Broadway habitué who begins to prowl just here, as though he were one of the hotel pillars against which he poses. This is the most interesting spot in the city to the stranger within our gates, and it is, after all, the Broadway that we all know and like the best. It is so cosmopolitan, so alive, and so rich in color and movement, and so generous in its array of celebrities. One could wear a turban here, or a pith helmet, or a sealskin ulster down to his heels, and his passing would cause no comment. For everyone who visits New York, whether he be a Japanese prince, or a political exile from Erin, or the latest imported London pickpocket, finds his way sooner or later to this promenade of the tenderloin district of Broadway. Here you will

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meet face to face in their proper persons the young women whose photographs smile upon them in somewhat erratic attire from the shop-windows, which one would think might prove embarrassing; and the leading juveniles of the stock companies, well gloved and groomed, and with a conscious effort to look unconscious; and the staid British tourist, with the determined air of one who wishes it understood that though he is in the parade he is not of it; and richly dressed, well-fed sporting men, with cheeks tanned by the wind and sun of the race-tracks; and white-faced gamblers, with expressionless eyes, which tell of late hours and gas-light and close air, and which seem to blink in the sun as if it hurt them. There are soubrettes, with short curly hair, given to loud and unexpected explosions of mirth. Very

"Something the Matter."
Near the Lincoln Statue, Union Square.

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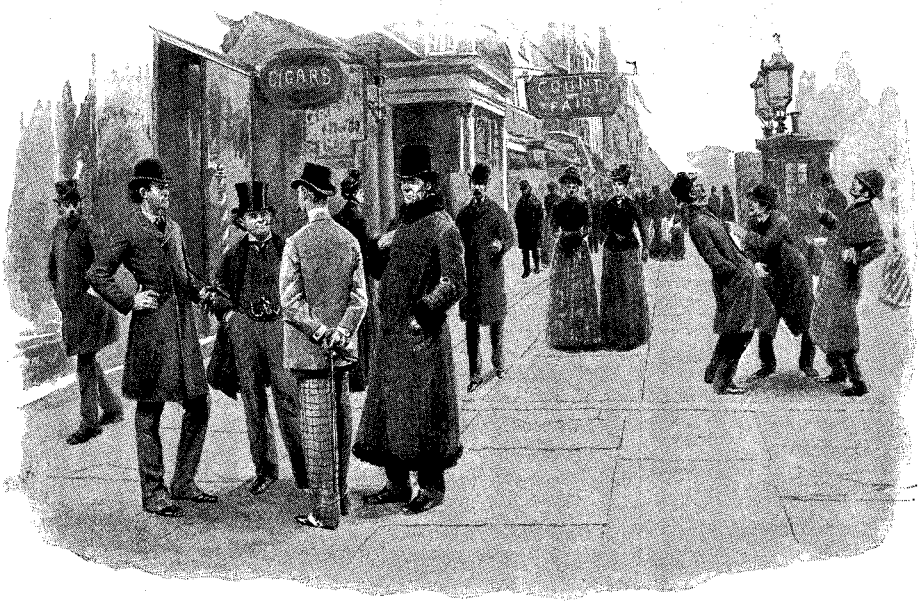
handsome young women, with a showy, fair-weather look about them, which makes one think they would certainly have postponed their walk if it had rained, and who carry long silver-handled parasols which were never meant to be unrolled. Local politicians, celebrities whose faces the comic papers have helped to make familiar, and play-writers, and book-makers of both sorts, and many other men and women too, to whom this promenade is part of their daily advertisement. They are there to look and be looked at; and to have the passing stranger nudge his companion and whisper, "That is So-and-so, who is playing at Such-and-such a theatre" is, as Mr. Vincent Crummles declared it to be, fame, and like breath to their nostrils. They have their reward. There are some who will tell you that Broadway at this point should be as a howling wilderness to respectable men and women; but they are those who know the true character of the pedestrians more thoroughly than is altogether profitable, illustrating that too much knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is not essential that you should know that the smooth-faced, white-haired man who touched your shoulder as he brushed past, keeps a gambling-house at Saratoga during the summer months, or that the woman at his side is not his wife. They do you no harm, and you are not on Broadway to enlarge your visiting list, but only to enjoy the procession, of which, for the time being, you are a part. You need not take it from the point of view of the young man on the corner, with his hat knowingly slanted and his cane in his side-pocket, nor of the gaping visitor in the hotel window, with the soles of his shoes showing against the pane; but if you are a student of your fellow-men you will find enough bright faces in the crowd to send you home an optimist, and so many wrecks and failures and fallen favorites of fortune, as to make you wish you had selected to walk on the avenue instead. It is even more gayly alive at night, when all the shop-fronts are lighted, and the entrances to the theatres blaze out on the sidewalk like open fireplaces, and when every street-car goes jumping past loaded down to the railings with well-dressed theatre-goers, and when the tran-



"The Rialto."
Broadway and Fourteenth Street.

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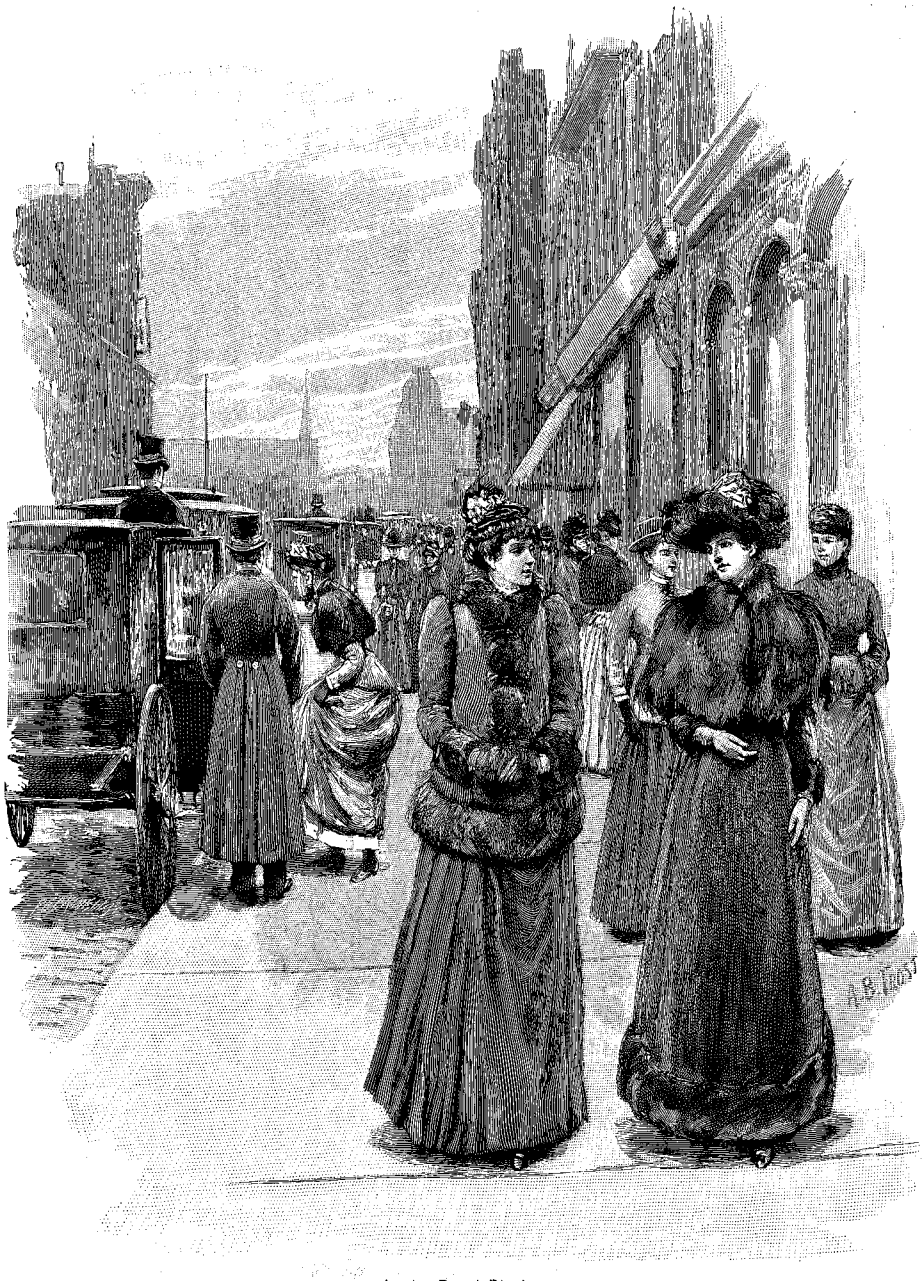

In the Retail District.

Broadway, between Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets.

sient strangers stand in the doorways of the big hotels, or venture out on little sorties to the corner and back again. It is at this hour that the clerk appears, dressed in his other suit, the one which he keeps for the evening, and the girl bachelor, who is either a saleslady or a working-girl, as she better chooses to call herself, and who can and does walk alone in New York at night unmolested, if she so wishes it, which is something she could not do in any other

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city in the world. She has found her hall bedroom cold and lonely after the long working-day behind a counter or at a loom, and the loneliness tends to homesickness and to make one think, which, as everybody knows, is a very dangerous occupation; so she puts on her hat and slips down a side-street and loses herself in the unending procession on Broadway, where, though she knows no one, and no one wants to know her, there is light and color, and she is at least not alone. Of course it is a dangerous place for her, as other young women who call themselves non-workers appreciate for her, and for her institute reading-rooms and working-girls' clubs and associations, of which one hears so little and which accomplish such great and immeasurable good. But she may read how great her danger is in the face of the young woman who passes her with alert, insolent eyes, and who a year before was what she is now, and who sees nothing in the lighted shop window before which she stops but the reflection of the man who has dropped out of step with the procession and is hovering at her side.

There is a diagonal street crossing over Broadway just below Twenty-sixth Street, which leads pleasantly to that great institution of upper Broadway, which never changes, whether it be under the *régime* of the first or the third generation. The broad white window-shades and the tropical plants in the iron urns in front of the great restaurant, which some one called the largest club of the world, never seem to need renewing, and there is always a glimpse from Broadway of an array of high-top hats, and curling rings of smoke, and moving waiters. You may go continent-

"Evening Papers."
The delivery wagon near Madison Square.

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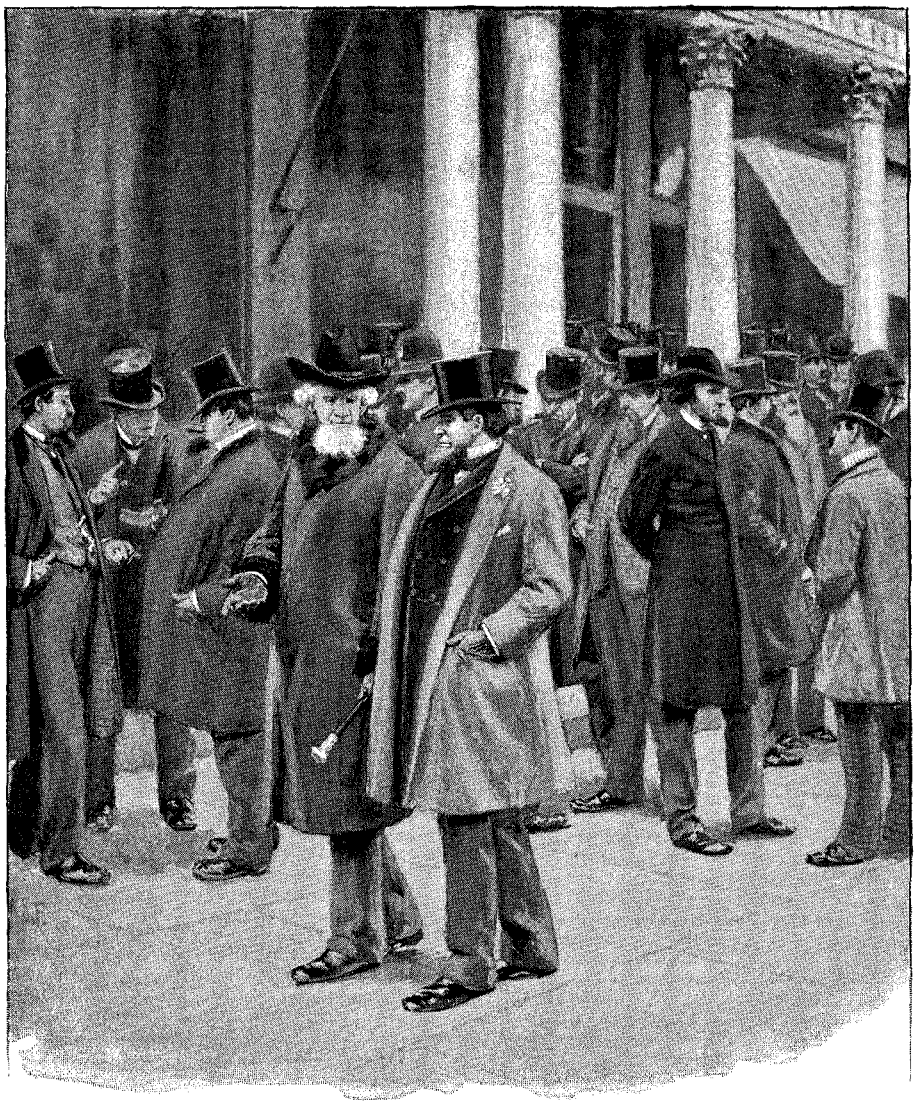

"Visiting Statesmen."
In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, during a political convention.

trotting all over Europe, you may lose yourself fighting tigers in the jungles of India, or in carrying a transit over the alkali plain of Montana, or on a cattle-ranch in Texas, and you may return to find snow and winter where you left dust and summer, and to find strangers where you bade farewell to friends, but the big club of Broadway will be just as you left it, with as many beautifully dressed women in the dining-room, and the same solemn-looking youths in the café, and the same waiter, who never grows old, to pull out your chair for you at your old place at the window which looks out upon Broadway.

The promenade is best worth looking at around Madison Square, either in the summer, when the twilight lasts until late and the trees are heavy with leaves, and the gas-jets look like monster fire-flies; or in winter, when the Square is covered with snow, like frosting on a great wedding-cake, when it has settled even on Admiral Farragut's epaulets, and the electric lights shine blue and

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clear through the black, bare branches, and the lamps of the many broughams dance past continually to opera or ball, and give a glimpse through the frosty pane of a woman's figure muffled in furs and swan's-down. There is something exhilarating about this corner of Broadway, where the theatres at every turn are bright with colored illuminations telling of runs of one hundred nights, and where the restaurants and hotels are brilliantly aglow and desperately busy. It is at this corner that on the nights of the presidential election the people gather most closely, trampling down the grass in the Square, and blocking the street-cars and omnibuses with barricades of flesh and blood at fever heat. One man tells how, on such a night, he spent one hour in forcing his way from Twenty-third Street to the Hoffman House, when the crowd of patient watchers was so great that men could not raise their hands to applaud the messages from all over the continent, but had to content themselves with shouting their disgust or pleasure at the sky. These are the nights when Broadway cannot hold the crowd, and it is forced into the avenue and cross-streets until the stereopticon throws the last fatal writing on the billowing wall of canvas, and the people learn that a government has changed and that they have put a new president into office, and the mob melts noisily away, and in the morning there is nothing left of the struggle that has brought so great a change over a whole country but the down-trodden grass in the Square and a few burnt-out Roman candles in the middle of the street.

In the summer, when everybody is out of town, Madison Square draws many of Broadway's pedestrians over to itself, and finds seats for them under the trees in the changing glare of the electric lamps, which turn the grass and leaves into such a theatrical and unwholesomely greenish tint. This is the people's roof-garden, it is their summer watering-place, their seashore and mountains, and when supper is over they come to the Square to forget the cares of the working day and the heat of the third-floor back, and the routine that must begin again on the morrow. Old men creep out here from the close, hot streets of the East Side, and mumble together on the benches; mothers from the same tenement gossip about the rent, and the boy who is doing so well down town, or the girl who has gone wrong and who is "away" on the Island. And you will see lovers everywhere. You will see a young girl and a young man come hurrying toward each other down different paths, and you will notice that they begin to smile while they are still many yards apart, and that they clasp hands when they meet as though they never intended to let go. And then they will pick out a bench by itself in the shadow and laugh and whisper together as though they were afraid the birds would tell all the foolishly fond things they overhear them say. It is not as aristocratic an occupation as "rocking," it lacks the picturesque surroundings which enhance and excuse that institution at Bar Harbor and Narragansett, there is no sea and no moon, only an electric lamp that hisses and sputters and goes out at frequent intervals, but the spirit of the thing seems to be very much the same. And there are young married people with a baby carriage trimmed with richer lace than the mother herself can afford to wear, and which the young father pushes proudly before him, while the woman runs ahead and looks back to see if the baby is gaining a little sleep before its return to the stifling, stuffy air of the flat.

And sometimes—how very often, only a brief line in the daily paper tells—you will see the young man who sits by himself away from the crowd on a bench, and who is trying to work out a problem on the asphalt with the point of his cane. It is a very old problem, and some one once crystallized it by asking in a book if life is worth the living. The young man never read the book, but he is trying to answer the question by and for himself, and he has stepped from the street and has come out here into the Square to think it over for the hundredth time. He has placed a great many ambitions against very few accomplished facts, and nothing matters, nothing is of any consequence, not even success, and what is still worse, not even failure. And the girl in the case is honestly not worth all this pother—if he could only get to

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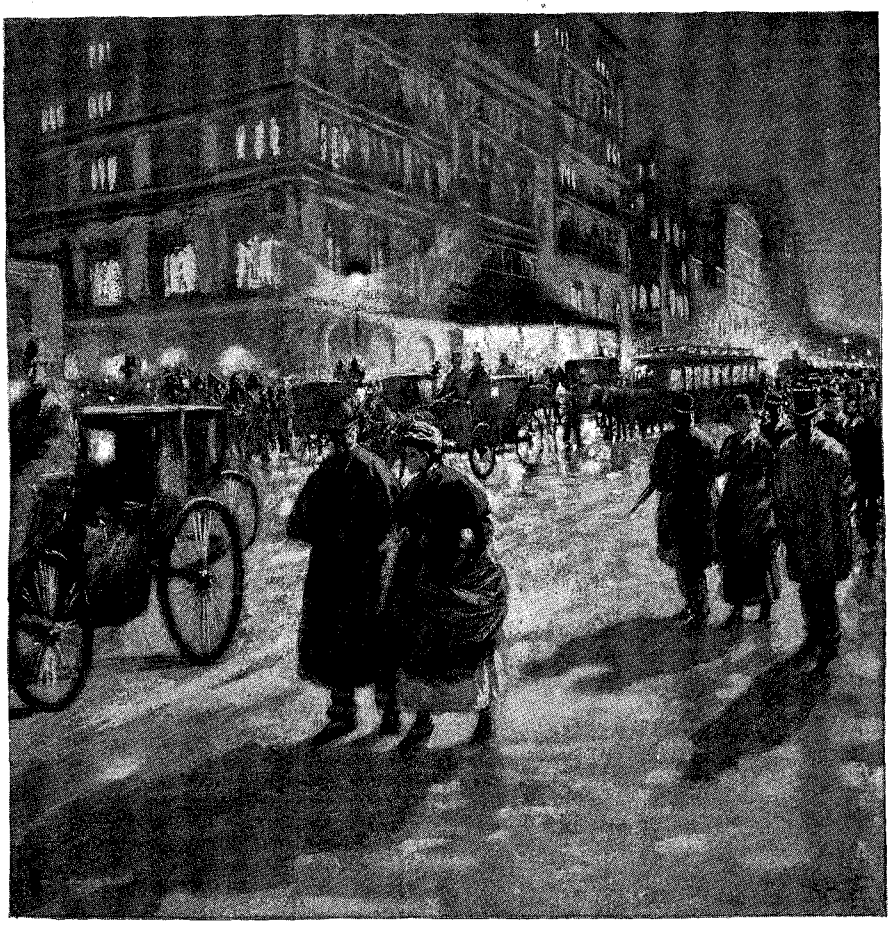
see it; but he cannot see it, and starts restlessly and rubs out the markings on the asphalt with the sole of his shoe. He is terribly in earnest is this young



The Metropolitan Opera House at Night.
Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street.

man, and he will not pose when he has decided and the time has come to act; he will read over the letters in his pocket for the last time very steadily, the letters from home and the letters from her, and tear them up in small pieces and throw them away with the cards that bear his name, with every other scrap of paper that might tell the world, which cares so very little after all, who he was. When it gets darker and the electric lights throw long, black shadows on the empty sidewalks, and the old gentlemen get up stiffly and hobble away to bed, and leave only the lovers on the benches, the young man will bite a hole in his handkerchief where his name was written in by one of his people at home, and will step back into the shadow of the tree behind the bench and answer the problem in the negative. And the selfish lovers on the bench a hundred yards away will jump to their feet when they hear the report, startled and frightened, but still holding each other's hands. And the park policeman will rap for the officer on Broadway, who will ring for the ambulance, and the crowd of loungers who have no homes to go to, and waiters from the restaurants just getting away from work, and cab-drivers from the stand on Broadway will cross over and form a circle, while the boy ambulance surgeon kneels in

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the wet grass and runs his fingers over the young man's chest. And he will rise and shake his head and say, "This is no case for me," for the young man will have settled the question, as far as he is individually concerned, forever.

Broadway, for so great a thoroughfare, gets its people to bed at night at a very proper season. It allows them a scant hour in which to eat their late suppers after the theatre, and then it grows rapidly and decorously quiet. The night watchmen turn out the lights in the big shops and leave only as many burning as will serve to show the cases covered with linen, and the safe, defiantly conspicuous, in the rear; the cars begin to jog along more easily and at less frequent intervals, prowling nighthawks take the place of the smarter hansoms of the day, and the street-cleaners make drowsy attacks on the dirt and mud. There are no all-night restaurants to disturb the unbroken row of business fronts, and the footsteps of the patrolman and the rattle of the locks as he tries the outer fastenings of the shops echo sharply, and the voices of belated citizens bidding each other good-night, as they separate at the street corners, have a strangely loud and hollow sound. By midnight the street is as quiet and desolate-looking as a summer resort in midwinter, when the hotel and cottage windows are barred up and the band-stand is covered an inch deep with snow. It is almost as deserted as Broadway is on any Sunday morning, when the boys who sell the morning papers are apparently the only New Yorkers awake. It deserves a little rest and refurbishing after having been ground down all day by the weight of so many thousand passing feet and heavy wheels, but it gets very little of either, for as soon as the watering-cart and the broom of the street-cleaners disappear into the darker night of the side-streets, milk-carts and truck gardeners' wagons begin to roll and rumble from the ferries to the early market, piled high with fresh-smelling vegetables, and with the farmer's boy sleeping on top of the load of cabbages while the father dozes on the driver's seat; and then mail-carts and heavy trucks and drays begin to bump noisily over the cobbles, and lights to glow in the basements of the hotels, and those who are condemned to open and sweep out the offices down town turn out into the darkness, still half-awake, and with heavy half-closed eyes, and, then comes the bluish-gray light and the first fresh breath of the morning, and the policemen shiver slightly and yawn and shrug their shoulders, and the gas-lights grow old and tawdry-looking, as down each cross-street comes the warm red rays of the sun, rising grandly out of the East River, and Broadway, rested and swept and garnished, takes up the burden of another day.

Coachmen.

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A FRAGMENT OF A PLAY:

WITH A CHORUS.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

THE sun had gone down in a red ball, like an angry moon, leaving the west glowing with fiery, transparent rose. The quiet sea gleamed with stripes of delicate azure and faintest amber, and, outlined sharply against it in miniature capes and bays, the wet beach spread out in an even expanse of dark, metallic blue, a color resembling that of tarnished steel, with neither lights nor shadow. In the east enormous trails of cloud reached from the hills high into the sky, bending and curling like great plumes, reflecting in pink the deeper rose of the sunset.

But of all this four people on the shore were apparently quite unconscious. The two younger absorbed in each other were sitting on the rocks, talking earnestly, while the two older, resting after tea on their own verandah, were compelled by circumstances and the rights of property to take a passive share in the conversation going on below; and yet but one voice came up to them—the woman's, for the man, who was slightly deaf, spoke softly, almost beneath his breath.

With the air of one signing a cartel the man on the verandah drew a match along the railing:

"I have warned, I have reproved; I have reminded Sordello over and over again that if he will persist in carrying on his little affairs under our noses he must expect to be overheard. And now," lighting his pipe, defiantly, "I mean to stay where I am and enjoy my smoke in peace."

"I should think he might see how absurd it is!" said his wife, impatiently.

"As far as seeing goes he is all right, this time," said the master of the house, judicially, "for that is a very pretty girl, quite the best of the assortment. And if she enjoys speaking in tones that are distinctly audible at a distance of forty feet, let her alone. Beauty has its privileges."

"It is frightfully dishonorable to listen!"

"Great heavens!" said he, irritably, "how can we help listening? Does she expect us to sit in the kitchen? She must know that there is a house in this direction. Hear that now!"

"If I had thought that you would begin all this over again," said the girl, in a clear, slow voice, "I should not have come."

The man threw his head back and made some fractious reply, at which she laughed.

"Well, then, if I thought you were going on with it I should not have come. —— Yes!" —— responding to some query accompanied by an impatient gesture. "Of course I knew that you were here. But it by no means follows that because I came you are at liberty to reopen a subject that long since had been——"

He interrupted her, and spoke at some length, while the girl sat looking out over the water. The color was changing in the sky and the sea was beginning to fade into gray; her profile against it was like that of a head on a Roman coin, the hair knotted low at the back of the neck, and waving in tight, curly waves from the forehead.

"Sordello is in earnest—I firmly believe," said the master of the house.

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The mistress nodded and answered, "Hush!"

"To how many girls have you said the very same thing already this summer?" asked the young lady, with tranquil sarcasm.

The master of the house began to laugh.

"It is evident that she knows him well," said his wife.

"Oh, yes! I am convinced that I am different," returned the girl, "quite convinced. So were they! Now, really, Harold, we might as well go back to the hotel. There is no wisdom in beginning this over again, or in 'going on with it'—anything you choose to call it."

"She calls him Harold," said the master of the house.

"It must be his cousin Grace—the one that is on the stage."

"That accounts for her indifference to an audience!" he remarked, moving his chair nearer the railing.

"Don't make such a noise," she cautioned impatiently.

"Come now," said he. "I think we ought to make a noise. It is really outrageous for us to sit up here and never let them know. Some one ought to cough."

"Well, then, cough."

He did so, weakly.

"Bah!" said she.

The girl on the rocks looked up magnificently, and went on with her conversation.

"It is just possible," she was saying, "that my own profession may hold out to me as many attractions as yours seems to have for you!"

The young man made an eager gesture of denial.

"And yet you are asking me to give it up," the girl continued. "It amounts, practically, to that. If you can't work in the city, and I can't follow my profession out of it, in case we marry there is nothing left for me to do but to go off the stage, and I am just beginning to make it successful. Why should I throw away all my training any more than you?"

"She is right," said the mistress.

"Nonsense!" said the master. "Women who love don't reason. She doesn't care a pin for him."

"Oh, you need not fear!" went on the girl's voice. "I shall not break down. I am strong, and young, and healthy, and I like it——all! even the hardships. Why, Harold, I make twice as much a year as you do!"

The man leaped to his feet and ran a short distance down the rocks; gathering a handful of pebbles, he returned, and standing near her began to skim them out over the water, jerking forth a curt remark as he did so.

"You do not make enough for two," she asserted positively, "at least not the kind of enough that I like."

He leaned forward and looked down into her eyes.

"No," she said. "We shouldn't be one at all, at least if you mean that one to be the half of two. If we had my money and yours together we might do it. But that is out of the question. Still—Harold—don't you think you could risk a little, and try to live in the city during the winter?"

"Now, isn't that just like a woman?" began the master of the house. "She knows he can't get on without his position in that country school at Essex."

"If he cared anything about her at all he would go back to the practice of medicine," answered his wife.

"I tell you it would be the ruin of him."

"Nonsense. He is fonder a good deal of his art than of his lady-love."

"As far as I can see, she is fonder of her ease than he is of his art. What is to prevent her going and living quietly and modestly at Essex?"

"Ease! Do you call it ease to slave day and night on the stage to amuse other people?"

"Do be quiet," he answered, impatiently. "I can't hear a word she's saying."

The western sky had turned a deep orange, and glowed far up toward the zenith; but the east had darkened and

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the water was streaked with lines of shadow.

"No," said the girl, in clear, gentle tones. "No; I could not let you return to the practice of medicine for my sake. It is too much of a sacrifice, in spite of everything you can say to the contrary. We should not have let this come up again. The whole thing was settled——"

He had remained standing, and now, resting one hand on his right knee, he bent toward her, talking long and eagerly. The glow in the heavens died completely away, and their figures began to blend with the gray around them; in the seclusion of the twilight the girl spoke with greater freedom.

"But I do care for you," she said. "I care too much to allow you to sacrifice all your best prospects of success. I could never make up to you what you had resigned."

There was something like an angry growl in return.

"But I couldn't! I should be only a burden and a worry. I couldn't manage. I couldn't do anything."

Again he argued earnestly; but the girl shook her head.

"I know it is a simple life; but I don't like simplicity; it doesn't agree with me! Let me alone, Harold. I have been all through the struggle once, and I cannot go over it. It is better for us both that I cannot."

For a few moments there was silence and the twilight deepened rapidly. Then one of the gray figures rose and ran down the side of the rocks toward the shore; it was Sordello.

"Harold!" she called softly; but he did not heed. "Harold!" a little louder. He turned his head: she beckoned him to return, but he slowly walked along the beach, and was soon lost to view.

"Well!" said the master of the house, "that girl deserves a whipping. Of all the selfish, artful——"

"Hush-sh!"

The girl was slowly climbing the steep path that ran by the house. It was now very nearly dark, and as she passed the verandah and turned into the road, they heard a little sob.

"Poor child, I knew she cared for him," sighed the mistress, sympathetically.

"She cares for herself," said the master, hardening his heart.

It chanced a few days later that the master and mistress of the house were sitting together in the Pine Woods, where he was making a sketch of a convenient sunny rock that lay on the hillside some distance below them. Suddenly the mistress looked up from her novel in dismay. A clear voice sounded on the other side of the boulder against which she was leaning.

"You are not fair to me," it said. "It is because I care too much for you, not because I do not care enough."

"This is unendurable," said the master, indignantly. "I am going to walk around this rock and let Sordello know that I do not intend to be made the victim of his misplaced affections twice in one week."

"If you interfere with them now," whispered his wife, "you will ruin their last chance of happiness."

"Nonsense!" he said, rudely. "There are chances of happiness lying around loose by the hundred all over the place! Why can't they row out on the bay, or go over to the Lighthouse Rocks? And there are the Sand Hills, and the Little Pine Woods——"

"Very well," said his wife, tranquilly, "do as you please; it is nothing to me. She is sorry for her last Tuesday's decision; but give her another three days to review the situation, and she will begin to realize what she has escaped."

"So much the better!"

"For her you mean? Yes; but how about Sordello? Let her once think the matter over, and she will be very cautious as to allowing her regrets to get the better of her judgment a second time."

"That was the case with you?"

"Unfortunately—no."

There was just then no opportunity for further speech, as Sordello and his cousin were rapidly approaching.

"Now, if that isn't impudence!" said the master of the house, softly, as the

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two appeared further down the hill and seated themselves on the very rock that he was sketching.

"They must have seen us."

"Sordello didn't; he was looking at her."

"She did, for she turned and stared directly in our faces. One would think we were dust or stones!" said the mistress, indignantly.

"Well, when you consider the insignificance of the larger and the hard-heartedness of the smaller, she is not far wrong," said the master, philosophically. "However, as a balm to your wounded pride, I don't mind letting you know that she is short-sighted. Sordello told me. What a gorgeous red head!"

And he resumed his painting with sudden enthusiasm. The girl had taken off her large hat and was using it as a fan; the sun-flecks falling through the thin pine foliage shone like spots of burnished copper on the coils of her waving hair.

"As for 'anxiety' and 'suspense,'" she announced, distinctly, "you must confess that however painful your sufferings may have seemed to you, they have been admirably disguised. You have spent three evenings in succession down on those rocks with a different girl every time."

Sordello had been looking intently down the hill where the straight trunks of the pine-trees extended in a long vista of pinkish columns, and now as she spoke he made a telescope of his hands, and replied apparently at random.

"Ye—es," said his cousin, with a little show of offence, "I suppose it is. Perhaps you would like to go back and get your colors now."

He let himself slide down on the soft bed of pine-needles at her feet, and leaning back looked up at her, smiling mischievously.

"I wish he wouldn't make her move her head!" muttered the master of the house, not looking up from his work. The mistress rose and glanced over his shoulder.

"You are not going to sketch her in!" she whispered, disapprovingly.

"Yes, I am! going to do that very thing," he defiantly answered. "I haven't seen hair like that in the last ten years, and if she does not want to be sketched she can move on."

"Why, we are talking in whispers!" said the mistress, taking care, however, not to raise her voice. "Disgraceful! I will not be a party to anything so flagrant."

"Hadn't you better cough?" suggested the master, with malicious memories of a former occasion.

She coughed—discreetly.

"What is the use of coughing in a whisper?" he asked.

"Do hush," said his wife.

"Did you ever know me to be jealous? Me?" the girl was saying, indignantly. "Of what should I be jealous?" and the mistress saw the mischievous smile on Sordello's face deepen, while the nature of his reply was far from soothing.

"I really believe," retorted the girl, "that you have sufficient self-complacency to think that what you are saying is true!"

Poking with his stick among the needles at his feet Sordello made another short inquiry.

"No!" she cried, inconsistently. "It isn't true, and you know it. No one is jealous nowadays. People may be hurt, or displeased, or surprised, or disgusted even, but there is no such a thing as jealousy."

Sordello looked up at her inquiringly, and boldly ventured another remark.

"I may act it well, and I may not," she answered, indifferently. "No one can tell: I do it by tradition. The glaring, tearing emotions of the old plays are a thing of the past."

"It is a relief," said the master of the house, "to think of jealousy as a passion entirely obsolete. Does this apply generally, among painters and musicians, or is its decadence restricted to lovers alone?"

"Don't talk," said his wife. "I want to listen."

"But you ought not to want to listen. I wonder now which she is? Hurt, or disgusted, or surprised? Disgusted, I suppose, judging by that ugly girl he

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had down on the rocks last night. I didn't give Sordello credit for so much ingenuity."

"It seems to me that he was even more 'ingenious'"—with a spiteful little stress on the word—"before she came."

"Oh, well, this is no time for discussion. How women love to rake up things! What if he was? He is in earnest now."

"Sordello?" elevating her eyebrows.

"Sordello," with severe certainty.

"She's in earnest, I'll grant you."

"She?" elevating his eyebrows.

"She—but this is no time for discussion!"

Sordello, in the meantime, was resting both his arms on the rock and explaining something seriously. His cousin leaned toward him and listened: there was evident apprehension in the earnestness of her attitude.

"Harold! You have not! How could you? Such a terrible sacrifice!" she cried at last. "And you know how I abominate a doctor."

Sordello removed his arms, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, half turned his back, making some retort with the sullen air of a man who on doing his best to please finds it a failure.

"There is no other career but art," answered the girl, passionately; "at least there is not for you. And you sit there and sulk because I am not radiant with delight at seeing you persist in making yourself unendurable."

"For rank ingratitude and absolute deficiency of heart," began the master of the house—and was suppressed.

"I said *un-en-durable,* and I mean it. When you were studying at the medical college you were a cross, tiresome, pessimistic prig!"

Sordello took his hands from his pockets and reaching forward picked up a small cone which he placed carefully on his thumb-nail held in the hollow of his bent forefinger; taking an accurate aim he shot it at a little tree near, and as it hit the mark he shrugged his shoulders, saying something without turning his head.

"I may have thought I was fond of you then, Harold; but now that I look back at it I am quite sure I could not have been. You have no idea how different you are; for the last five years you have been quite another man, so gay and so happy, and even—in a certain feeble way—witty and agreeable—not a bit like yourself!"

He turned his face to look up at her, laughing softly.

"Sordello is handsome," said the mistress of the house.

"He knows it," said the master.

"When such knowledge has a justifiable foundation, it is not to be condemned. Now, there are men——"

"Listen!" said he, impatiently. "What are they saying now?"

"There is but one thing to do, Harold; send immediately and say that you have reconsidered. Nothing more will be necessary. They cannot afford to lose you at that Essex school, and you might as well keep the place until you are able to do without it. It will not be long—and—and until then——" She stopped, looked carefully into the trimming of her hat for a moment, and then went on: "Harold, I wrote a letter to my manager this morning, declining to sign a new engagement for next winter."

Sordello sprang to his feet, and standing before her, apparently poured out a torrent of objections.

"I know that I shall miss it," she said, listening dejectedly to his further protests.

"Yes. I never was so happy as I have been since they let me go into it: and I suppose—as you gratefully intimate—that I am good for nothing else." She spoke sadly, mournfully even, but Sordello was not to be appeased; genuine dismay was printed on his every feature, and he spoke with an amount of energy that almost made itself audible.

"You needn't take the responsibility of it," said his cousin, a little impatiently. "I have taken it myself, although I confess to some consternation at your reception of the announcement. Still—it is not like your case. I never cared for you when you were a doctor. I can't endure doctors! It is since you have become an artist that I have liked you.

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You have no right to ask me to marry anything else."

Sordello threw himself moodily on the ground again.

"You are very unjust as usual," she went on. "If I cared for the artist more than for the man, I should marry Pinxit. He is certainly a better artist than you are!"

"Had him there!" said the master, impartially.

"It is a mean, ungenerous thing of her to say," said the mistress, hotly. "Pinxit is not by any means——"

"Do stop where you are! If you once get to running on Pinxit——" He did not finish his sentence, for the girl was again speaking.

"It is not the same thing! In renouncing my own career I do you no injustice. You have been fond of me ever since I was three feet high. Off the stage, or on—it made no difference to you. You begged and implored me to marry you, and give it all up as much as six years ago, and you were going to cut your throat when I would not consent."

She waited as Sordello answered her, his back still turned.

"I am not disappointed because you didn't do it then, and as for doing it now, you might just as well have cut your throat as send such a letter as you sent this morning!"

He gave her one swift glance over his shoulder.

"A—ah!" said the mistress of the house, softly, "she would do well to consider. If he can look like that now——"

"These things work by contraries," said the master of the house; "at least that has been my experience!"

"True," she answered, with composure.

"My dear," remonstrated the master of the house, painting diligently all the time, "how often have I tried to show you that *tu quoque* is not wit?"

But the mistress of the house was not paying attention.

"What has Sordello done now?" she murmured.

"I am not as bad as you are!" his cousin was saying, angrily. "I never in my life was guilty of anything so hasty and ill-considered. Here, immediately following our Tuesday evening's talk, you go and straightway give up a position that means everything to you, without ever consulting anybody or——"

Sordello interrupted her with what seemed to be a pertinent question.

"The cases are entirely different," she cried, hotly. "Of course I did not consult *you*. With me there is no alternative. If you had given up the Essex position for the sake of taking a studio in the city——"

He made a gesture of impatient repudiation.

"You could do it, if you wished," she answered, "and as for this, it is simply another of the head-over-heels performances by which you usually have decided the momentous questions of your life."

The young man had risen slowly, as she was speaking, and stood looking down at her.

"Nonsense!" she returned, in answer to what he now said. "I defy you to mention a single occasion when you have given yourself an opportunity for second thought."

A startled smile lit Sordello's face like a flash and was gone; then with an odd mixture of triumph and indecision, he put his hand inside of his coat and drew out a flat Russia leather pocket-book; selecting from it an oblong yellow envelope he threw it on the rock beside her.

"A letter?" She lifted it very close to her eyes to read the address, but suddenly dropped it on the rock again. "Your resignation? And you have not sent it!"

"He has played an ace!" said the master of the house, sitting up straight on his camp-stool, and swelling with satisfaction.

"I told you he wasn't in earnest," said his wife.

"He looks as if he were not!" said the master, ironically. "What a pity that the more furious he gets the more softly he talks."

For Sordello, self-convicted of temporizing, was trying apparently to re-

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store the balance of disparagement by a little recrimination.

"No real faith in you! No affection!" cried the girl, at last. "Harold, have I not set aside my ambition, thrown away years of preparation, and an almost absolute certainty of success, for your sake? What better proof of faith and affection could you have? Am I not willing to go and live in *Essex?*"

His answer was manifestly satisfactory to himself alone, for his cousin continued, defensively:

"I know you don't ask me to go there. Neither do you wish me, as you say, to give up my profession. But you certainly must see that as matters are you leave me no choice."

Sordello answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"And why should I defer to your judgment?" replied she, with increasing impatience. "Has it ever proved to be so much superior to my own? Look at your opposition to my studying for the stage."

Sordello remonstrated energetically.

"To be sure you came around," she said, scornfully. "But who doesn't come around when success is before him to justify it? You make as much of that as if you had stood by me when everything looked ugly and uncertain. Did I wait for you to succeed before giving you a word of encouragement? Am I not willing to sacrifice everything to your advancement?"

Sordello's handsome face was beginning to look sulky.

"I wish you wouldn't bring money into the discussion!" she replied, wearily, in answer to some short and manifestly practical suggestions. "It is not a question of money."

"She knows very well that it is a question of money," said the master of the house. "If he goes back to the practice of medicine and is once reconciled with that artist-hating old father of his, matters will be smooth enough."

Sordello had himself, probably, said something of the same kind, for his cousin answered:

"But I tell you there is no need for you to go back to medicine. You can either come and live with mamma and me in the city——"

With a gesture of patient despair, Sordello commenced what seemed to be another labored exposition.

"That is the way you look at things," said the girl. "But as far as money goes, you have as good a right to what I earn as I have. Didn't your father pay the expenses of all my preparations for the stage?"

He smiled but did not seem convinced.

"Very well, then," she said, "let mamma and me come to Essex."

Again he shook his head, and counting off the fingers of his left hand with the forefinger of his right, began a reckoning in detail.

"But I can do without those things," said the girl, almost pleadingly. "Where did you ever see people who lived in greater simplicity than did mamma and I while I was studying? And we were cheerful and gay; there was never a happier house than ours."

Sordello looked puzzled; so did the master of the house.

"I thought simplicity did not agree with her," he whispered. "I do not understand."

"Men never do!" returned his wife.

"Oh, but there are different kinds of simplicity," said the girl, ingenuously. "Now an artistic simplicity is one thing, but a medical simplicity"—she shuddered—"is quite another! Don't send the letter!"

Sordello turned away and walked a short distance down the hill, as if searching for a spot wherein to think his own thoughts impartially, uninfluenced by her presence. Then, with renewed decision of manner, he returned and said his say without interruption.

"It amounts to this, then—" she replied, at last—"that you utterly refuse to recognize any third course, and insist upon reducing matters to a situation in which you leave me no alternative between either unnecessarily ruining your artistic career, or sacrificing my own. Of course I have nothing to do but accept the latter. I made this clear to you the other day."

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"A pretty way to make sacrifices," growled the master of the house. "If she is going to do it, why doesn't she do it pleasantly?"

The mistress made no verbal reply, but taking out a small note-book labelled *Sauce for the Goose*, she entered this speech with the date, and then turned her attention elsewhere.

"You might as well acknowledge," the girl was saying, "that the person who lacks faith in you is neither more nor less than yourself. As long as there is firm ground beneath your feet, you swim beautifully, but you will never venture a stroke beyond your depth. It is just as it used to be when we were children. I could always 'stump' you, Harold."

Sordello threw up his head, and spoke from a haughty distance.

"I never used to do foolhardy things one minute and have to back out of them the next," she answered. "Never!" but there was in this "never" a perceptible tremor of uncertainty.

Sordello answered, looking at her keenly.

"I do not regard marrying you in the same way I should playing the game of 'follow my leader,'" she said. "For one thing, you never were the leader; for another——"

Again Sordello interrupted her, the boyish pride in his expression hardening into resentment.

"I have not made a frivolous, hasty decision," returned she, passionately. "I have been thinking of doing this for weeks. And as for the mortification of retracting it, and begging to be taken back again, I am happy in being able to show you that no such retraction will be needful!" She drew an envelope from her pocket and threw it down, a square of white, on top of the long yellow one that Sordello had left lying upon the stone.

"She has trumped that ace!" exclaimed the mistress of the house, triumphantly.

"Bah! You might have known it," said the master.

Sordello and his cousin seemed to be dumfounded; they looked at the letters and then at each other, a long incredulous gaze. Their little storm of ill-temper and resentment had cleared the atmosphere. The girl began to laugh. It rippled out at first in an irrepressible little gush, followed by another and then another. Everything awoke with it, and the sleepy noon-day woods were suddenly filled with the jocund gurgle of birds and the joyous tinkle of clear brown streamlets. The contagion of laughter overcame them all, the master and mistress joining discreetly from a distance, while Sordello, ruefully at first, apologetically afterward, finally gave way to it with pure boyish abandon. Seizing his cousin about the waist, he whirled her from her seat, and hand in hand together they raced down the hill, the peals of their mirth returning more and more faintly to the astonished spectators, who, caught in the vortex of irresistible merriment, now found themselves stranded, wiping their eyes.

"Well—but—" hesitated the master of the house. "How did it end?"

His wife looked at him in dismay.

"I'm sure I don't know," she faltered.

"I've got her sketched in, anyhow," he said, complacently.

"You will be in honor bound to give it to them for a wedding present."

"Hum!" said the master, who strongly objected to giving away his sketches, "I am very uncertain as to its ever being called for. Marriage is by no means an inevitable conclusion."

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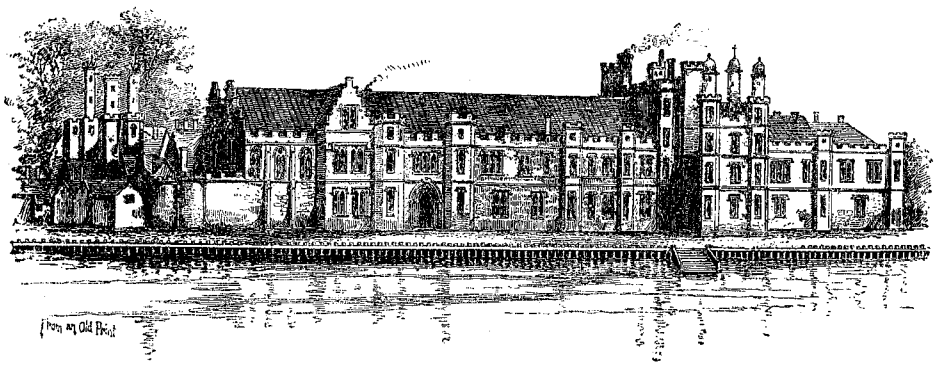
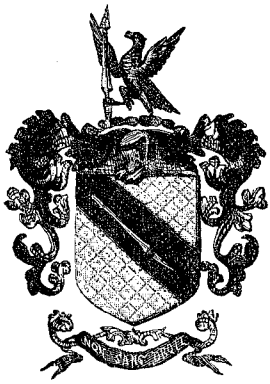


Greenwich Palace, where Shakespeare Acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1594.
(From an engraving by Basire, published in 1767.)

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR.

By Alexander Cargill.



Shakespeare's Arms.

HOW rarely do we think of Shakespeare as an actor! And yet, contemplating the theme from a purely biographical point of view, by the aid of assured data, quite as much is known of the facts of Shakespeare's career as a wearer of the sock and buskin as of his colossal work of authorship. In Sonnet CX., Shakespeare, referring, as some astute critics imagine, to his histrionic experiences, is supposed thus to lament of himself:

> Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view."

Whether the regretful reference be rightly or wrongly interpreted, is it too much to say that the profoundly interesting questions connected with Shakespeare's stage life have had too little attention from the generations of students of his works?

In his twenty-second year, as all accounts agree, Shakespeare began the serious business of life, and that in one of the most menial and unlikely capacities. If, hitherto, he had been foolish enough to entertain, as young fanciful fellows sometimes do, any notion of attaching himself to a theatre in the capacity of actor so soon as he arrived in London, then he must have been wofully, rudely disappointed. The very doors of the place were, so to speak, shut against him at first; and so he had for a time to pick up a livelihood as a horse-holder outside. And yet, how well and admirably he acquitted himself in the circumstances!

In a manuscript note preserved in the University Library, Edinburgh, and written, according to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, about the year 1748, there is the following reference to young Shakespeare's first employment on coming to London:

> Sir William Davenant, who has been called a natural son of our author, used to tell the following whimsical story of him: Shakespeare, when he first came from the country to the playhouse, was not admitted to act; but as it was then the custom for the people of fashion to come on horseback to entertainments of all kinds, it was Shakespeare's employment for a time, with several other poor boys belonging to the company, to hold the horses and take care of them during the representation. By his dexterity and care he soon got a great deal of business in this way, and was personally known to most of the quality that frequented the house; insomuch that, being obliged, before he was taken into a higher and more honorable employment within doors, to train up boys to assist him, it became long afterward a usual way among them to recommend themselves by saying that they were Shakespeare's boys.

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In another account, traceable to the same authority, but which has the additional value of having the endorsement of Betterton the actor, it is stated of Shakespeare's first connection with the theatre that:

When he came to London he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespeare, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play. He became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his skill and diligence in it: he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under

Inside of the Red Bull Playhouse, said to have been the theatre where Shakespeare held gentlemen's horses.
(Reproduced by permission from the collection of Henry Irving, Esq.)

him, who were known by the name of Shakespeare's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute and master of so fine a conversation that, struck therewith, they recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not remain long so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer.

If Shakespeare began his theatrical career in these somewhat depressing circumstances, it would seem, however, according to these well-approved versions of its beginning, that he made the very best of his lot, leading as the effort did to great and glorious consequences. From the very outset of his remarkable London life, that shrewd good-sense which is not infrequently allied to the loftiest genius was a pre-eminent quality of Shakespeare's character. Whatever faults he may have committed at Stratford-on-Avon he now began to cancel, so far as that could be done, by assiduous industry and exemplary conduct, which, in the peculiar circumstances, do him no little credit.

It is not definitely known at what London theatre Shakespeare began his legitimate connection with the stage. At all events, there is no authentic record of the fact extant. Tradition has, however, assigned the honor of this rare distinction to the Red Bull Playhouse, which stood on a plot of ground, formerly called the Red Bull Yard, near the upper end of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell. But the probability is that it was at the Curtain Theatre "in the Moorefieldes" where he first began his histrionic career. This place of entertainment and "the Theatre," as Burbadge's place was distinctively named, were the only two theatres in the city proper when young Shakespeare first arrived in London, and were both situated on the north side of the Thames. It was against these two theatres especially that the Puritanical writers of the day hurled their bolts of denunciation. They were both the prominent objects of their wrath and invective, and suffered, so far as language could afflict them, copious floods of furious abuse.* It was to

*Such passages are found in Northbrooke's Treatise (1577–78) in a dialogue between Youth and Age; and in a letter addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and dated January 15, 1586 (Harleian MSS. No. 286), the writer (name unknown) dwells on the great number of actors at that time performing in the city of London, and deplores the fact that they not only played every day in the week, but also on Sundays. He says:—

"The daylie abuse of Stage Playes is such an offence to the godlie, and so great a hindrance to the gospell, as the

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an institution thus anathematized that young Shakespeare found himself admitted. But whether it was actually on (or behind) the stage of the Curtain Theatre, or of the Red Bull Playhouse, that he made his first acquaintance with the appurtenances of the actor's calling, to which he now aspired, no direct evidence is known to exist.

If we are to credit the testimony (considered, it may be said, of no great value by the eminent Shakespearian biographer and critic, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) of a writer in the London *Chronicle* of 1769, then Shakespeare's right of admission to the boards of the theatre rested, at first, on no exceptional, personal recommendation. This writer says: "His first admission into the playhouse was suitable to his appearance; a stranger, and ignorant of the art, he was glad to be taken into the company in a very mean rank; nor did his performance recommend him to any distinguished notice." In a different tone Aubrey writes of him: "This Wm. being inclined naturally to poetry and *acting* came to London, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. . . . He began early to make essayes at dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes took well. He was a handsome and well-shap'd man, very good company," etc., etc. The "very mean rank" referred to in the former quotation would, however, be probably suggestive of the tradition which assigns to Shakespeare the humble, but—to him—very useful, part of prompter's assistant as his first direct connection with the stage; while Aubrey's compliment as to his acting "exceedingly well" referred evidently to a later period of the dramatist's career.

A Puritan of Shakespeare's Time (William Prynne).

But whatever claims on purely personal grounds Shakespeare may have had, by virtue of which he sought, in any capacity, an admission to the stage, there is no doubt that, having once secured his footing, his progress was marvellously rapid. And although for nearly five years—between 1587 and 1592—his London life presents almost a blank to us, yielding not a particle of trustworthy fact as to his doings, in the latter year we find him rising on the horizon, attracting considerable notice, at least as a popular dramatist. It is a most suggestive question, How was young Shakespeare employed in the interval of those years? The remarkable evidence of his fellow-dramatist, Robert Greene, is conclusive, at least with regard to one point. Shakespeare certainly could not have eaten the bread of idleness: How was "an absolute Johannes Factotum" able to do that? According to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "this interval must have been the chief period of Shakespeare's literary education. Removed prematurely from school; residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighborhood; thrown into the midst

papists do exceedinglie rejoyce at the bleamish thereof, and not without cause: for every day in the weake the Players billes are sett up in sondry places of the citie, some in the name of her Majesties menne, some the Earl of Leicester; some the E. of Oxford, the Lo. Admyralles and divers others: so that when the Belles tole to the Lectorer, the trumpets sound to the Stages, whereat the wicked Faction of Rome laugheth for joye, while the godlie weep for sorrow—Woe is me! the Playe houses are pestered when the churches are naked: at the one it is not possible to gett a place, at the other voyd seates are plentie. The profaning of the Sabbath is redressed, but as badde a custom retayned, and yet still our long sufferyng God forbayreth to punish. It is a wofull sight to see two hundred proud Players gitt in their silkes, where five hundred poore people sterve in the streets. But yf needs this mischief must be tollerated whereat, no doubt, the highest frowneth, yet for God's sake, Sir, lett every stage in London pay a weakely pention to the pore, that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum:* but it were raythor to be wished that Players might be used as Apollo did his laughing—*semel in anno* * * * * * *. Nowe mee thinkes, I see your Honour smyle and saye to yourself, these things are fitter for the pulpitt than a Souldier's penne; but God who searcheth the hart and reynes, knoweth that I write not hypocritically, but from the wearie sorrow of my soul."

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of occupations adverse to scholastic progress—it is difficult to believe that, when he first left Stratford, he was not all but destitute of polished accomplishments. . . . After he had once, however, gained a footing in London, he would have been placed under different conditions." And we may be well assured that he made the most of such conditions. In addition to the literary advantages of his new associations, it may be supposed that, while fulfilling his other engagements, whether as a clever playwright or as an actor who was now acquiring a social if not a professional distinction, Shakespeare must have been carefully schooling himself to acquire proficiency in the latter capacity. For, as yet, in so brief an interval, he could scarcely have discovered of himself that he was to earn such a degree of fame and fortune as a dramatist as to warrant him to forego almost wholly his dependence on the actor's avocation.

The extraordinary testimony to the personal character of the rising author-actor left on record in Robert Greene's rancorous pamphlet, "A Groat's Worth of Wit," bears so directly on this period of his career, and is of itself so valuable, that it is impossible to omit, in a sketch like the present, the well-known reference and the singular sequel to it. Besides, it is an especially important testimony, as in the pamphlet in question not only is the earliest authentic notice of Shakespeare's London career to be found, but likewise the first discovered quotation from the works which he had already written. The date of "A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance" is 1592, and it was written by Greene almost immediately before his death. This third-rate dramatist and first-rate profligate, broken down prematurely by a life of wantonness, would seem to have penned this death-bed tract as a warning to others, specially singling out those who had been his boon associates, among whom were Peele, Marlowe, and Lodge. With the horror of death in view, the wretched author, bewailing his own pitiful career, urges his friends to profit by his example and relinquish the thankless labor of catering for the theatre. After describing the players as puppets speaking from the mouths of the dramatists, he goes on to say:

> Is it not strange that I, to whome they all have beene beholding, is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapped in a Player's hide* ["O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!"—see third part of "Henry the Sixth"] supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a countie.

The libellous reference to Shakespeare in this passage is unmistakable. The sequel to it possesses scarcely less important personal interest. Henrie Chettle, the publisher of Greene's scurrilous pamphlet, writes, three months after the death of the latter, to the following effect:

> About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booke sellers hands, among other his Groatsworth of Wit, in which a letter, written to divers playmakers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfullie forge in their conceites a living author; and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindered the bitter inveying against schollars, it hath been very well knowne; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently proove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my owne discretion (especially in such a case), the author beeing dead, that I did not I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, *because my self have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his art.**

Thus, in a few lines, the whole history, or what is likely ever to be known of it, of this early period of Shakespeare's connection with the stage is curiously summarized. His very name is bemocked and travestied. But although

* The Preface to "Kind-Hart's Dreame. Conteining fiue Apparitions, with their Inuectives against abuses raigning. Deliuered by seuerall Ghosts unto him to be publisht, after Piers Penilesse Post had refused the carriage.—Inuita Inuidiæ.—by H. C. Imprinted at London for William Wright." [This interesting work is undated, but it was entered at Stationers' Hall on December 8, 1592.]

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Queen Elizabeth.

Greene's spiteful reference to it would seem, on the face of it, to have been prompted by a fit of sour, feeble-minded jealousy, and that, too, by a writer who must have seen a good deal in the new author's work and conduct to contrast markedly with his own, it, nevertheless, is most noteworthy and valuable as indicating that Shakespeare was now thoroughly approving himself in that double capacity of player and dramatist, to meet whose demands he would now, in all human probability, put forth the best vigor belonging to this period of his early manhood.

But at length Shakespeare comes to the front with the sterling stamp of genius denoting his power and worth in all his undertaken work. As a dramatist he had, by December, 1594, and ere he was yet thirty-two years of age, written no fewer than twelve original plays, in addition, probably, to much writing in the way of collaborating or remodelling pieces for the stage for such playwrights as Peele, Nash, and others. To what extent he assisted the latter will likely never be known. As a poet he had won signal distinction with his "Venus and Adonis" and his "Rape of Lucrece," the dedication of the former to the young Earl of Southampton winning him the strong personal regard of that nobleman, and also, probably, the favorable notice of many of the highest in the land. His name now became well and widely known; his work increased rapidly in all those ways which lead to success and renown, and the man himself as author, and probably as an actor likewise, was now favorably recommended to the court. And in the last connection we meet with an extraordinary fact. *The earliest definite notice of Shakespeare's appearance on any stage* is, according to the high authority of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "one in which he is recorded as having been a player in two comedies before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace in December, 1594." This fact is established by the following entry in the manuscript accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber:

> to William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbadge, servantes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles Warrant dated at Whitehall xv to Marcij 1594, for two several comedies or enterludes shewed by them before

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her Majestie in Christmas time laste paste, viz. upon S[t] Stephens days and Innocentes days xiii. *li.* vj. *s.* viij. *d.*, and by waye of her Majesties rewarde vj. *li.* xiij. *s.* viij. *d.*, in all xx *li.* [The court was then at Whitehall.] For making ready at Grenewich for the Qu. Majestie against her Highness coming thether, by the space of viij dayes mense Decembr., 1594, as appeareth by a bill signed by the Lord Chamberleyne viij. *li.* xiii. *s.* iiij *d.* (MS. Ibid.). To Tho: Sheffielde, under-Keaper of her Majesties House at Grenewich for thallowaunce of viij labourers there three severall nightes, at xij *d.* the man, by reason it was night-woorke, for making cleane the greate chamber, the Presence, the galleries and clossettes, mense Decembr 1594 xxiiij *s.* (MS. Ibid.).

In view of such an important piece of evidence as this document supplies, it would seem, from the mere fact that Shakespeare was selected along with others, including such excellent exponents of the art as Kempe and Burbadge, that he had, previous to this noteworthy engagement to play before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace, distinguished himself as an actor. It is quite possible that her majesty might have desired to see for herself something of the qualities of one of her subjects who, she was probably well aware, had already acquired considerable reputation, and who, she may have reflected, was destined by the exercise of his surpassing powers, of which he had given substantial evidence, to add undying lustre to the period of her reign. But it is most unlikely that so shrewd a man of the world as Shakespeare was withal would have jeopardized his character by appearing in sock and buskin before the royal presence, without being well assured and confident of his perfect ability to do so creditably. Thus it may be reasonably supposed that now, when he was to receive so signal a mark of his queen's favor, he had passed from the ranks of the mere dilettanti, had won his spurs as an actor, and, in fact, was considered to be in that capacity of little less consequence than Kempe or Burbadge, who were at the head of the large body of actors then playing in the metropolis. From the foregoing record of his engagement as an actor, it is deeply interesting, therefore, to discover Shakespeare, in the first genuine glimpse we get of his career, moving in these courtly environments. Unfortunately there is nothing to show what part or parts he undertook in the "two several comedies or enterludes" that were played before Queen Elizabeth on this historic occasion.

So little is known of Shakespeare's personality that it were absurd to hazard any opinion with respect to, at least, his physical fitness for a histrionic career. That he was of a fair presence, and possessed of an abundance of natural vigor, is a not unreasonable assumption, especially when his likeness, as represented in the Droeshout copy, is studied for a little. Such a picture of the poet, as he is supposed to have appeared in his twenty-ninth year, suggests a physiognomy which is happily in keeping with the idea as to what the appearance of a great original writer should be. Extraordinary force, mental and physical, strikes one as being the prominent feature of the man Shakespeare, indicated by the Droeshout likeness; and thus, the authenticity of his portrait being admitted, the popular ideal with regard to the personal appearance of the great dramatist is in no danger of ever being destroyed. But it may be taken for granted that his fitness, so far as physique was concerned, was in every respect adequate to the circumstances of the actor's profession. The tradition that he was lame would, indeed, preclude the possibility of his sustaining, with such an infirmity, almost any character on the stage. In the character of *Old Adam*, however, the faithful and tried servant of *Sir Rowland de Bois* and, latterly, of his cruel and unscrupulous son *Oliver*, in the sylvan play "As You Like It," it is but fair to admit that such a part would naturally submit itself for performance more readily by a lame actor. A frail and halting gait would have, in a measure, to be assumed by any player essaying the part of the old, weakly servant. Might it not have been from this very circumstance that the tradition as to Shakespeare's lameness originated? The drama of "As You Like It" became at once, on its appearance in 1599, a favorite with the frequenters of the Globe Theatre, who, seeing Shakespeare in the pathetic part of *Old Adam*, limping faithfully along after his new-found master, *Orlando*—since *Oliver* had discarded him—might somehow have got the impression that the player

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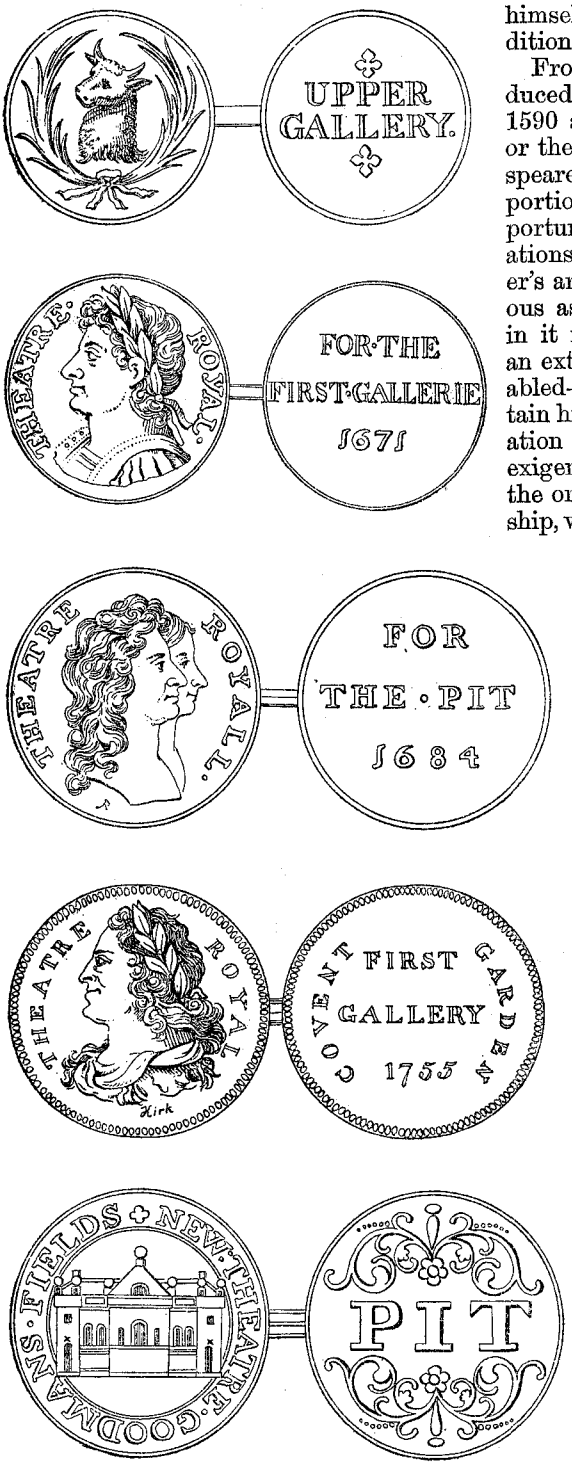

Fac-simile of Check Tickets Used in the Old Theatres—the first at the Globe.

himself was lame, and hence the tradition.*

From the number of works produced by his marvellous pen between 1590 and 1604–5, some fifteen years or thereby, it might be said of Shakespeare that, during at least the greater portion of the time involved, his opportunities, not to speak of his inclinations, to advance himself in the player's art could not have been so numerous as his proficiency and excellence in it might seem to indicate. What an extraordinary man, truly, to be enabled—mechanically even—to maintain his powers under such a combination of labor which, in the exacting exigencies of the actor's calling and the original work of dramatic authorship, was demanded of him during these years! Moreover, he was not exempt, while thus employed, from those cares which fell to his lot as a parent to bear in the loss of his only son, Hamnet, in 1596; and we know, too, with much certainty, that, like a wise and happily constituted man, he did not neglect

* A valuable and interesting piece of evidence relative to the part of *Old Adam* in "As You Like It," which Shakespeare is supposed to have essayed, is that left on record by Oldys, whose account is as follows:

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of Charles the Second, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother &c, they justly held him in the highest veneration; and it may be well believed, as there was, besides, a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years and possibly his memory so weakened by infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could but give them little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected of his brother Will in that station, was the faint, general and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

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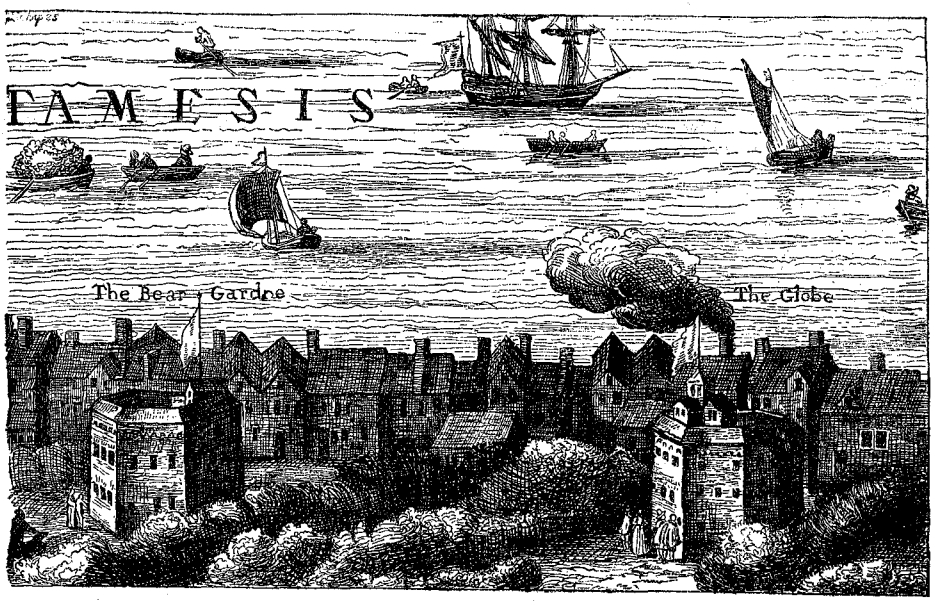
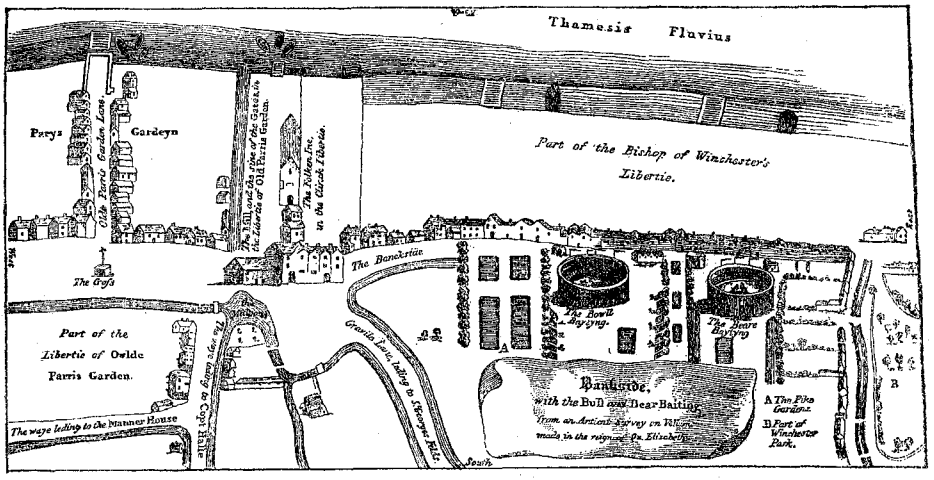


The Bear Garden, Globe Theatre, and Surroundings.
(From Visscher's view, about 1625.)

his more immediate personal interests while concerning himself with his glorious life-work. Yet, fortunately for mankind, there were influences—personal considerations at least—which combined to prevent Shakespeare's genius expressing itself through the medium of himself as a great actor. The influences spoken of as having probably had something to do in bringing about this result are, nevertheless, very ordinary, every-day considerations. For one thing, his work of dramatic authorship proved to be a more lucrative occupation than the actor's calling. There was evidently a greater demand for William Shakespeare the dramatist and poet than for that same individual who was pretty well known as belonging to a certain company of players. And if Shakespeare himself did not advertise his quality and worth in the former character, then there was one


Thamesis Fluvius
Part of the Bishop of Winchester's Libertie.
Part of the Libertie of Owlde Farris Garden.
The Bankside
Bankside,
with the Bull and Bear Baiting.
A The Pike Garden.
B Part of Winchester Park.

An Old Plan of Bankside.
(From Mr. Irving's collection.)

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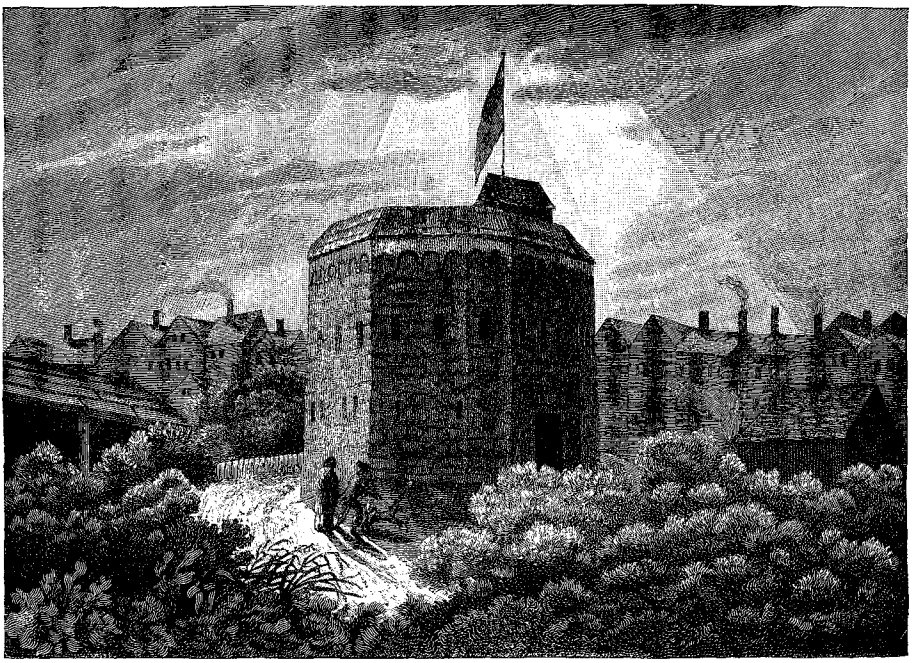
man, at least, who did that, and chose to make money by it, too! Do we not owe



The Bear Garden near which Shakespeare lived; enlarged from the "Antwerp View" of London.
(From Mr. Irving's collection.)

a modicum of gratitude—however sparingly we might yield it—to Philip Henslowe, theatrical manager and *entrepreneur*, for his share in the great Shakespearian undertakings of these days? A "grasping manager" that person may have been, but in the present instance his "grasping" was to some purpose, inasmuch as he found in the rising author a mine of inestimable wealth, containing the kind of precious metal that was wanted, and induced him, for certain considerations that, we may rest assured, were reasonable, and worth the possessing even by a poet, to yield something of his treasures.

It does seem a suggestive accident that the first really reliable record of Shakespeare's engagements as an actor should introduce him to us as playing before his sovereign. But that was not by any means the last occasion on which he was thus honored, from which fact it might well be inferred that Shakespeare in buskin had worthily acquitted himself to begin with, and that the good opinion her majesty Elizabeth had formed of his art was confirmed by what she subsequently witnessed of his further appearances. Of these, or, at any rate, of certain of them, positive evidence exists to show that they were neither infrequent nor exclusively associated with the royal retirement at Greenwich, but were made from time to time before the court in London. Although two years now elapsed ere we again find Shakespeare and his company playing together at the court of Elizabeth, it is by no means unlikely that in the interval they had performed several times before her majesty, who was a strong prop and patron of the stage. In the summer of 1596 the company to which Shakespeare belonged became, on the death of the Lord Chamberlain, the servants of that nobleman's eldest son, Lord Hunsdon. One of the earliest dramas selected for their representation was "Romeo and Juliet," which had been written by Shakespeare in the interim (probably early in 1596), and sold

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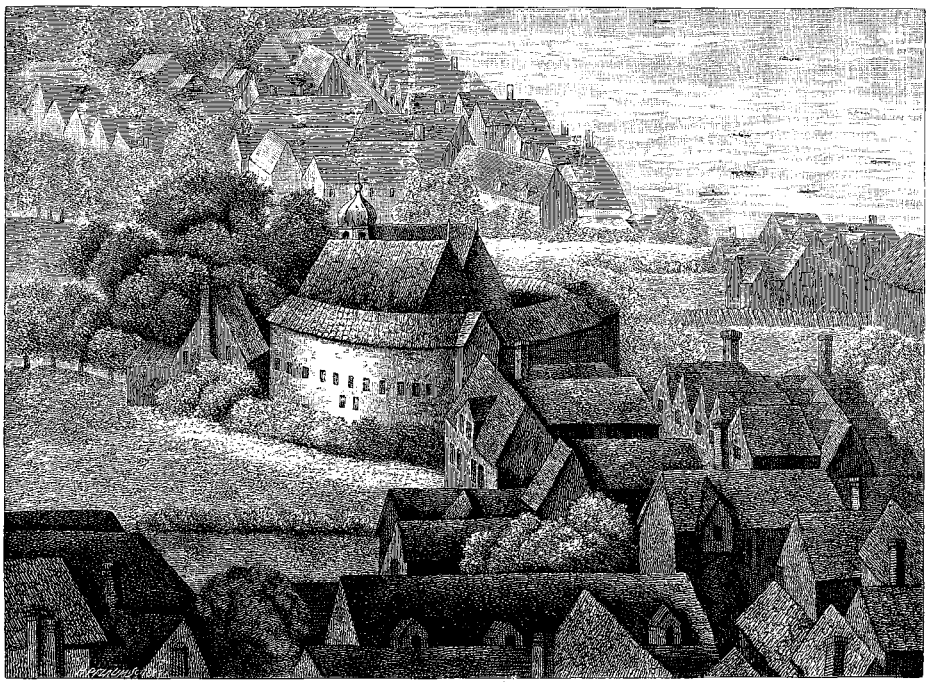

The Bear Garden, from a view of London in 1647.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

to Henslowe, the manager of the Curtain Theatre, where it was produced with great success. Besides that romantic tragedy, the dramatist-actor had also written "Love's Labor's Lost," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Taming of the Shrew." So that, including what he had written previous to his first appearance before the queen, he was now the author of at least fourteen plays, besides the poems "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." The popularity of the new tragedy was, therefore, hardly to be wondered at, in view of the rapidly increasing fame of the writer, who probably essayed, though the fact is not mentioned anywhere, one of the characters of the piece. According to Marston, in his account of the "Scourge of Villanie" (1598), as also in his "Malcontent" (1604), and likewise according to the assertion of Danter, who issued an edition of the tragedy in the year following its production, "Romeo and Juliet" would seem to have taken the city of playgoers by storm, and enjoyed what must have been considered, in these primitive days of the drama, a prolonged and successful "run." *

In these times of his rising popularity and increasing wealth, Shakespeare was residing in lodgings near the Bear Garden at Southwark. Here, doubtlessly, the popular artist would be frequently seen —a well-known figure. For, although his wife and surviving children still resided at Stratford, where were also other strong domestic attachments, London was now the scene of the greater part †

* That Queen Elizabeth witnessed the representation of "Romeo and Juliet" during its first extraordinary run may be pretty shrewdly surmised. The romantic character of the tragedy, apart altogether from the signal success it is said to have enjoyed for so long a period as an entire London season, as then measured, would be certain to excite the interest of the maiden queen, and secure for the play, sometime during its prolonged run, her generous and august patronage.

† While most of Shakespeare's time was spent in the metropolis during these busy years, it is well to remember that, besides paying frequent visits to his home at Stratford, he was often on a tour in the provinces with the company of players to which he belonged, and of which he was now a very important member. The indefatigable researches of that genius of biographers, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, to whose "Outlines of Shakespeare" I owe much in preparing this article, have lately unearthed a number of curious but valuable facts referring to those provincial tours. So far as is known, the following is the more important of the list: Shakespeare's company played at Barnstaple in 1605; Bath, 1596-1597, and again in 1603; Bristol, September, 1597; Coventry, 1603, 1608, 1613, 1614; Dover, 1597, 1606, 1610; Faversham, 1597; Folkestone and

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South View of the Falcon Tavern on the Bankside, where Shakespeare and his dramatic companions resorted; as it appeared in 1805.

(Mr. Irving's collection.)

of his advancement as an actor, and of his triumphs of authorship. There is no doubt that in this locality, too, resided most of his actor-associates. For at this time the Bear Garden, which was situated on the south bank of the Thames, from Winchester Palace to Paris Garden—a locality which abounded with circuses and theatres of various denominations—was specially set apart for "the keeping of bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited, and also mastives in their several kennels were there nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts were kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe."

A favorite resort of Shakespeare and his professional associates of this period was the famous Falcon Tavern on the Bankside. Here it was that the great poet *foregathered* with such players and wits as Richard Burbadge, Augustine Philips, John Heminge, William Kempt (or Kempe), Henry Condell, William Sly, John Lowin, Robert Armin, Michael Drayton, and last, though not least, Ben Jonson.

The mention of the last-named writer brings to mind a pleasing trait in Shakespeare's character, and, moreover, suggests something of his rising influence in matters directly connected with the company to which he belonged, and the important position in it he had by this time acquired. Ben Jonson, hitherto (1592) almost unknown as an author, had submitted to Shakespeare's company a new comedy he had written, with a view to its production by them. According to the testimony of Rowe, the comedy, which was the famous "Every Man in his Humor," was about to suffer rejection, when Shakespeare interposed, having probably had a reading of the manuscript, and used his influence in its

Hythe, 1612; Leicester, 1606; Maidstone, 1605; Oxford, 1597; Shrewsbury, 1603, 1609, 1610, 1612. How far Shakespeare took part in these provincial tours up to the year 1610 or 1612, when it is pretty certain he finally left the stage as an actor, cannot be said. That he travelled considerably with his company up to that date may readily be conjectured, for he was professionally an indispensable member of it, and was one of the most interested shareholders in the concern; and for these reasons, if for no other, it is most unlikely that the members could always play together lacking the assistance of Shakespeare. Besides, there is the internal evidence of his plays, which abound in provincial references both to places and people, the facts of which Shakespeare unquestionably obtained on the spot.

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(From an engraving prefixed to a copy of the works of Ben Jonson, published in London in 1716, now in the possession of the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library.)

favor. Very likely Henslowe was the chief objector to the purchase of the comedy, in which, like enough, he did not see the same elements of success which characterized the approved work of Shakespeare. Be that as it may, not only did Shakespeare succeed in getting the new play accepted and produced, but he undertook himself one of the leading parts in it. The original cast of "Every Man in his Humor" was as follows, the names of the players being spelled as given by Ben Jonson in the 1616 edition of his works:

"Kno'well"	Will. Shakespeare.
"Braqueworm"	Aug. Phillipps.
"Cap. Bobadill"	Hen. Condell.
"Mr. Stephen"	Will. Kempe.
"Kitely"	Ric. Burbadge.
"Downe-right"	Joh. Hemings.
"Just. Clement"	Tho. Pope.
"Mr. Matthew"	Will. Slye.
"Dame Kitely"	Chr. Beeton.
"Til"	Joh. Duke.

How the play was received on its first production, and—what interests us most to know at present—how the part of *Kno'well* was acted by Shakespeare, history sayeth not, and even tradition is silent on the subject. It is also known that Shakespeare played in another of Ben Jonson's plays, "Sejanus." Whether this was undertaken in fulfilment of mere professional engagements, or out of personal compliment to his friend,

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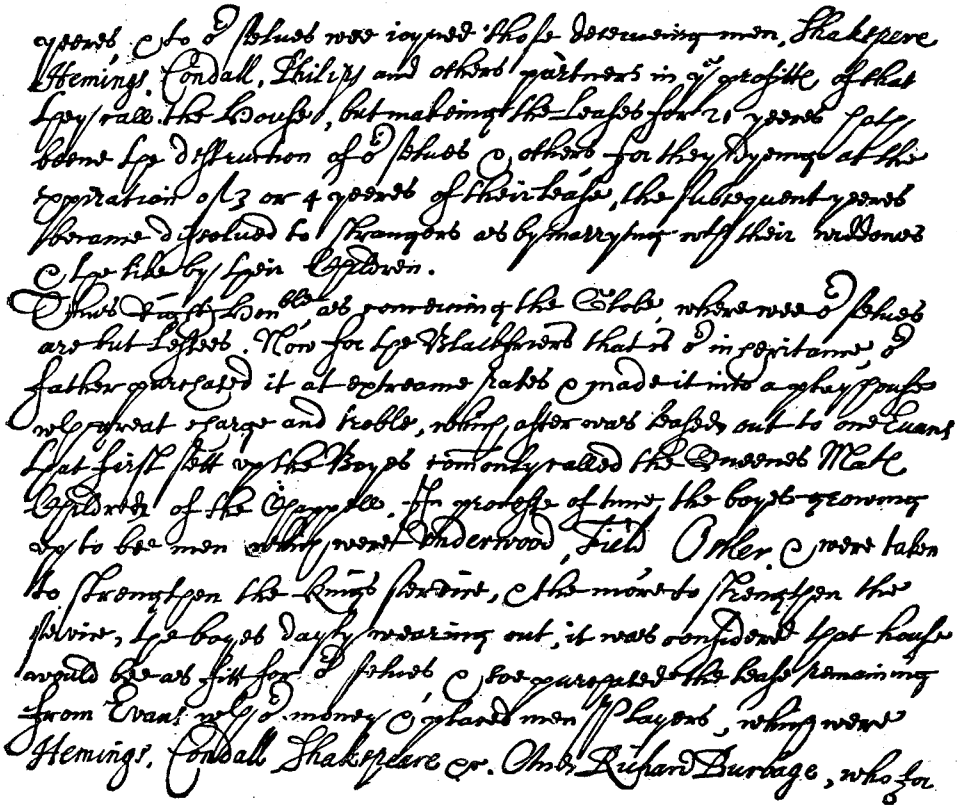
the author of the play, there is, also, not a scrap of proof to show.

Of the numerous fellow-players and dramatists who were more or less intimately associated with Shakespeare, and whose names will never be forgotten because of that good-fortune, very few were men of so outstanding parts as to warrant their being designated as personally famous and worthy of remembrance. One or two of them, however, were really splendid actors, notably Richard Burbadge and William Kempt, or Kempe; and the present sketch would not be complete without giving some brief account of at least those two intimate friends of the poet. Burbadge would seem to have been by far the more excellent actor of the two, while for other and very interesting reasons—viz., his having probably been a native of Shakespeare's county, and his having been remembered by the poet in his will—he deserves a somewhat closer regard. The precise date of his birth is not known; but it is supposed to have been about 1565 or 1566, so that he was Shakespeare's junior by a year or two. His father was James Burbadge, who will probably live long in theatrical annals from the fact that it was he who built the first theatre, the original Blackfriars, ever erected in England. In the petition presented by his sons, Cuthbert and Richard, "to the Right Honorable Philip Earle of Peembroke and Montgomery, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesties household," setting forth their proprietary right to continue the Blackfriars Theatre, against which a great public outcry had lately been made, the following curious references, including an allusion to Shakespeare, are made to the elder Burbadge:

> The father of us Cutbert and Richard Burbadge, was the first builder of playhouses and was himself in his younger yeeres a player. The Theatre hee built with many hundred pounds



Fac-simile of a Theatrical Document in which the Burbadges mention Shakespeare.

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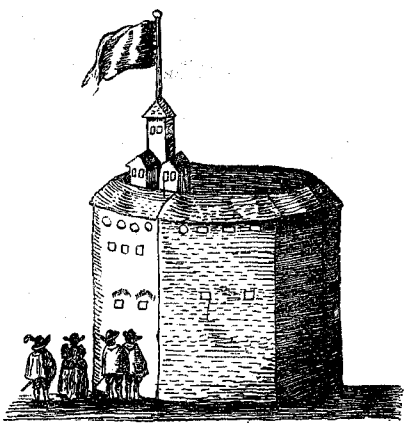
taken up at interest. . . . Hee built this house upon leased ground, by which meanes the landlord and he had a great suit in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sonnes; we then thought us of altering from thence, and at like expense built the 'Globe,' with more summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres; and to ourselves we joyned those deserving men, Shakespere, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and others, partners in the profittes of what they call the House, etc., etc., etc. [A fac-simile of part of this document is seen on p. 625.]

The earliest mention of Richard Burbadge as an actor proves that he must

The GLOBE on the Banke Side, where Shakspere acted.
From the long Antwerp view of London in the Pepysian Library.



With the drawing from which this Cut was made I was favoured by the Reverend Mr. Henley STEEVENS.

have begun his career at an unusually early age, and so well acquitted himself that he filled a prominent place in the company he was then connected with. It is on evidence that he played the prominent part of *King Gorboduc* in the "Seven Deadly Sins" of Richard Tarleton, the famous comedian, who was supposed to be his godfather; and for so young an actor to be entrusted with such a part would seem to point to the very rapid development of his histrionic capacity. It will also be remembered that in company with Shakespeare and Kempe, Burbadge had the honor of being summoned to play before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace in 1594. But now, with the rapid production of the great and glorious works of his friend and associate, a rare opportunity was afforded Burbadge for the display of his dramatic talent; while, at the same time, in Burbadge Shakespeare would seem to have found an exponent of character after his own heart. The following lines, supposed to have been written shortly after his death, on the story of the tragedy of "Othello," in which Burbadge is known to have played the part of the *Moor*, would seem to be suggestive of this probability:

Dick Burbadge, that most famous man,
That actor without peer:
With this same part his course began
And kept it many a year:
Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow
That such an actor had:
If we but had his equal now
For one, I should be glad.

To what extent Shakespeare and Burbadge were thus reciprocally indebted—the dramatist to the skill and force of the player, and the player to the creative genius of the dramatist—is perhaps only a matter for conjecture. The combination of their respective talents was, at any rate, mutually advantageous. But there can be no question that it was by the histrionic excellence of Burbadge that Shakespeare was influenced and encouraged in the writing of more than one of his great plays. A glance at the list of the parts—all of them of the first importance—which Burbadge is known to have undertaken in the plays of his friend indicates the decided value at which the dramatist had estimated the gifts and genius of the player as worthy of his efforts:

Shylock.....acted in	1593
Richard III.....	1594
Prince Henry.....	1595
Romeo.....	1596
Henry V.....	1599
Brutus.....	1601
Othello.....	1602
Hamlet.....	1602
Lear.....	1605
Macbeth.....	1606
Pericles.....	1608
Coriolanus.....	1610

It has been suggested of Burbadge that he was the original actor in every

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one of the foregoing plays. There is no proof that he was so; but it may be taken for granted that he was, at any rate, the original *Richard III.*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and, most probable of all, *Hamlet*. Here, indeed, is a renown! Moreover, there is the additional fame of his having been taught his part in *Hamlet* by the author himself. If that be so, no actor was ever so honored, so instructed, so immortalized as Richard Burbadge! Burbadge also performed the leading parts in a number of the plays of other authors, notably those of Ben Jonson, Webster, Marlowe, Cyril Tourneur, and Beaumont and Fletcher. When it is remembered that this actor was in many cases, especially with regard to the Shakespearean dramas, the original exponent of the parts he undertook, and at a time when he was personally much concerned with the routine of theatrical management of the Globe as well as the Blackfriars house, and is, moreover, known to have been a busy and skilful painter, it is not surprising to learn that he succumbed to paralysis ere he was fifty years of age. His death, on "Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618," was the occasion of numberless tributes to his genius as an actor and his worth as a man. The following epitaph was found in MS. (Sloane) No. 1786 in the British Museum, and may be quoted as a sample of the tributes that were paid to his memory:

Kempe, from a woodcut prefixed to his "Nine Daies Wonder."

"This life's a play, scened out by natures art,
Where every man hath his alotted part;
This man hath now, as many men can tell,
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
The play now ended, thinks his grave to be
The retiring house of his sad tragedy:
To speak his fame of this be not afraid—
Here lies the best tragedian ever play'd!"

Richard Tarleton, from a drawing published in 1792.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

On the death, in 1588, of the famous comedian, Richard Tarleton, it was much lamented lest there should be no man living able to take his place on the stage, on which he had "shone lyke any sunne." But it would appear that no sooner had that untoward event occurred, which so affected the "joye and happiness" of the theatrical world, than there stepped forward to fill the vacancy a man who at once so approved his claim and worthiness to do so that there was little to regret at the exit of his predecessor.

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The new-comer was William Kempe, the associate of Shakespeare and Burbadge, who had, before Tarleton's demise, acquired a wide and genuine celebrity as a comic actor. Few biographical facts of "Will Kempe" are extant; the data with regard to his origin, birthplace, boyhood, etc., are almost *nil*. That he was for some time on the continent a few years before his death, which must have occurred between 1605 and 1609, is well authenticated; but beyond this, and apart from what is known of his acting and relative matters, few lives of men whose names are destined to live long present blanker pages than that of this friend and fellow-player of our great dramatist.

Perhaps the most interesting facts relating to the career of this actor, and referring to our subject, are that he was the original *Dogberry* in "Much Ado About Nothing," and *Peter* in "Romeo and Juliet." He also took the part of *Justice Shallow* in "Henry IV.," Part 2, and probably that of the *First Gravedigger* in "Hamlet," though it cannot be said with certainty that he was the original actor in these two plays when produced for the first time. It is of some consequence, at all events, to learn that Kempe was the first *Dogberry* that ever delighted an audience with the exquisite humors of the part; and when we are assured that he was almost as great a comic actor as Tarleton, we may well imagine how admirably the actor, versed, like enough, in his part by Shakespeare himself, was enabled to reproduce a perfect likeness of the character as conceived by its creator.

Of the other actors associated with Shakespeare deserving of more than a mere passing reference, the names of Heminge and Condell claim regard, not only for histrionic, but also for other and perhaps even more important reasons. The former, John Heminge, is believed to have been the treasurer of the famous company of players with which Shakespeare was connected, and it is definitely known that he was one of the principal shareholders in the concern. Henry Condell also seems to have been a player of some excellence, as, in 1599, he was one of the six actors in "Every Man in his Humor" whose names were selected by Ben Jonson to be made prominent among the sixteen performers engaged in the representation of that comical satire. It is stated by Roberts the player, but without adducing any authority for his assertion beyond stage-tradition, that Condell was a comic performer. Our old performers were often comedians or tragedians as suited the drama they were to enact, and the company to which they were attached; but from the many plays in which we find the name of Condell occurring as one of the performers, there is some reason to believe that the stage-tradition mentioned by Roberts is well founded.

But it is chiefly on account of two deeply interesting historical associations with the name of Shakespeare that these two players will ever be remembered—the first is because of their being mentioned, along with Richard Burbadge, as legatees in his will, thus speaking to the poet's personal regard for his fellow-players; and the second, because of the great and priceless services they have rendered to literature in collecting and publishing his numerous works. With respect to the former, Shakespeare's will sets forth, *inter alia*, "Item, I gyve and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler, xxvj^{s} viii^{d} to buy him a ringe; to William Raynoldes, gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy him a ringe; to my god-son William Walker xx^{s} in gold; to Anthony Nashe, gent, xxvj^{s} viij^{d}, and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj^{s} viij^{d}; and to my fellows, John Hemynges, Richard Burbadge and Henry Cundell xxvj^{s} viij^{d} a peece to buy them ringes." This kind and affectionate remembrance of his "fellow-players" would thus indicate the undoubted personal regard which the great dramatist had entertained toward them; and probably it was out of a feeling of sincere gratitude for this token of it that they were induced, after the death of their friend, to collect and publish his wonderful works. Posterity owes a debt of regard and admiration, which it is impossible too frequently to acknowledge, to the joint labors of Heminge and Condell in rescuing the treasures of the mind of Shakespeare, who himself was strangely indifferent as to the fate of his writings, from an oblivion that would, in all human probability, sooner or later have swallowed them up.

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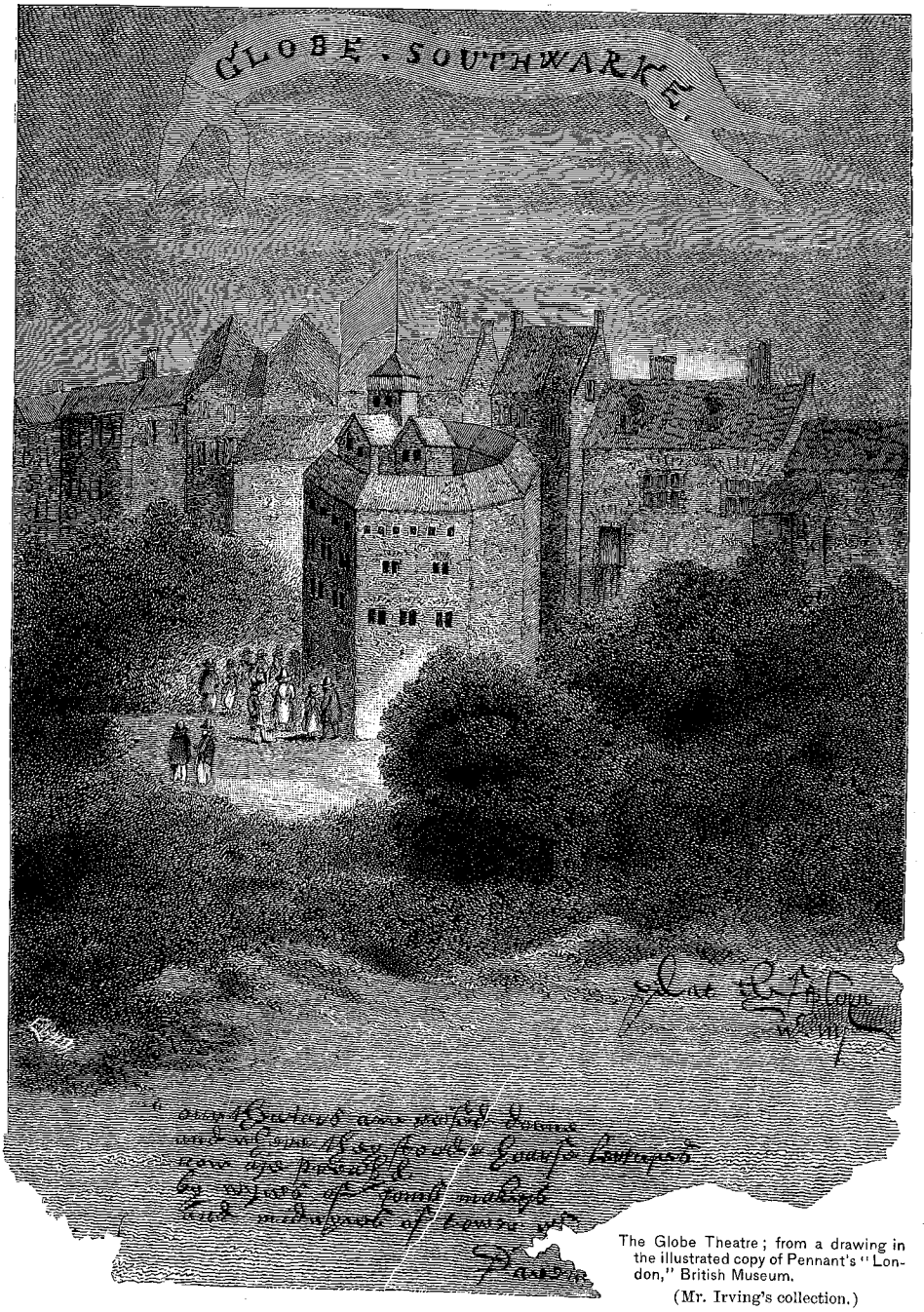

The Globe Theatre; from a drawing in the illustrated copy of Pennant's "London," British Museum.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

We cannot do more than merely mention the names of the other more prominent players who rejoiced in Shakespeare's fellowship. Among these, the names of Augustine Phillips, William Sly, John Lowin, Robert Armin, Lawrence Fletcher, and, last of all, the poet's own brother, Edmund Shakespeare, may be indicated.

Phillips seems to have been, not only an actor, but a musician of some repute, and it is not unlikely that he sometimes

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King James I.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

played in what we now term the orchestra of his company. His bequest to Samuel Gilburne, who had been his servant, of his "base viol," and to one James Sands, of his "citerne, bandorne, and lute," suggests that he was, at any rate, not a mere amateur. Of his acting with Shakespeare little is known for certain. But there is no doubt, as has already been pointed out in the list containing his name, that he acted in "Every Man in his Humor," and in "Sejanus," with Shakespeare. That he lived on intimate terms with his fellow-players may be gathered from his "dying will and testament," in which he bequeathed legacies to several of them, including the dramatist.

The first reference to William Sly, or Slye, or Slie, shows that, anterior to 1588, he had acted in Tarleton's "Seven Deadly Sins." Six years afterward he is heard of as belonging to Shakespeare's company, appearing in "Every Man in his Humor," "Sejanus," and "Volpone," and as *Osrick* in "Hamlet." Sly was a native of Warwickshire, and it is supposed that he arrived in London about the same time as Shakespeare. As is well known, *Sly* is the name of the drunken character in the Proem to "The Taming of the Shrew," but there is nothing to show that Shakespeare, as has been said of him, found in the name of his fellow-countryman one suitable for the ridiculous, sack-loving customer of *Marion Hacket*. There is no evidence to show that Sly was a popular actor, although, from the fact that he had a considerable pecuniary interest in the "Globe," we may conclude that he essayed his parts with credit to himself and his company.

As a player, John Lowin had no mean honor thrust upon him when Shakespeare himself instructed him in the kingly part of *Henry the Eighth*. That Lowin was given such a part implies that he must have been a capable actor; and there is ample testimony extant that he was. He performed in most of the leading plays of the time, and, according to Wright, in his "Historia Histrionica," was especially distinguished for having "acted, with mighty applause, *Falstaff*, *Morose*, *Volpone*, *Mammon* in 'The Alchemist,' and *Melantius* in 'The Maid's Tragedy.'" He survived most of his

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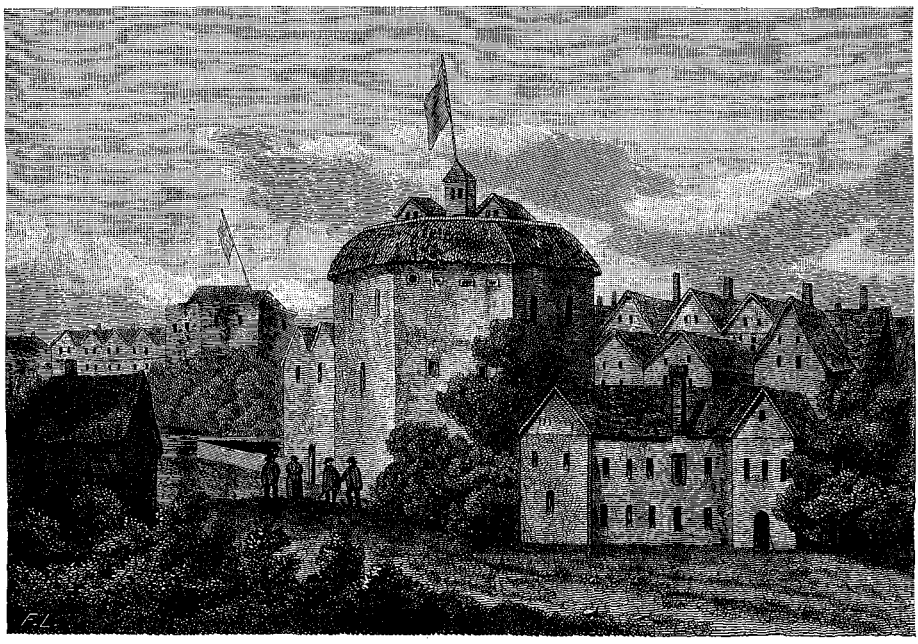


Globe Theatre, as it appeared in the reign of King James I. about 1612.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)*

actor-associates, having attained his ninety-third year.

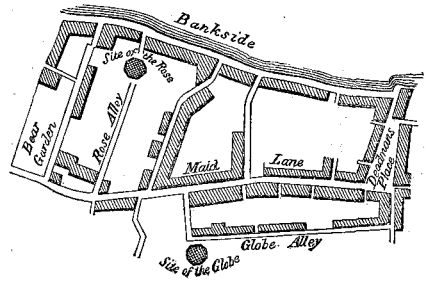
Robert Armin was, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, indebted for his introduction to the stage to no less a personage than Richard Tarleton, the great comedian. In that rare book, "Tarleton's Jests and News out of Purgatory," there is a short account of "How Tarleton made Armin his adopted son, to succeed him," which is explained by the following incident:

Tarleton Keeping a Tavern in Gracechurch Street, he let it to another, who was indebted to Armin's master, a goldsmith in Lombard Street, yet he himself had a chamber in the same house; and this Armin being a wag, came often thither to demand his master's money, which he sometimes had and sometimes had not. In the end, the man growing poor, told the boy he had no money for his master, and he must bear with him. The man's name being Charles, Armin made this verse, writing it with chalk on the wainscot:

O world! why wilt thou lye?
Is this Charles the Great? That I deny:
Indeed Charles the Great before
But now Charles the Less, being poor.

Tarleton coming into the room, reading it, and partly acquainted with the boy's humour, coming often thither for his master's money, took a piece of chalk, and wrote this rhyme by it:

A wag thou art; none can prevent thee,
And thy desert shall now content thee:



Plan of the Bankside in 1612.

Let me devine! As I am
So in time thou'lt be the same.
My adopted son therefore be
To enjoy my clown's suit after me!

* The inscription of the above drawing says: "The Globe Theatre was originally erected in the reign of Qu. Elizabeth, and was at first a rude, inartificial building, thach'd with reeds. It is supposed to have acquired its name of the GLOBE, from its, nearly, circular form, or rather from its *sign*, which was *Atlas*, bearing a *Globe* on his shoulders. In the year 1603, King James I. granted a patent to Shakespeare and others (his associates), to play plays, 'as well within theire then usuall house, called the *Globe*, in the Countie of Surrey, as elsewhere.' Under whom it continued to flourish until the year 1613, when it was accidentally burnt, and the following year a more stately Theatre built on its site."

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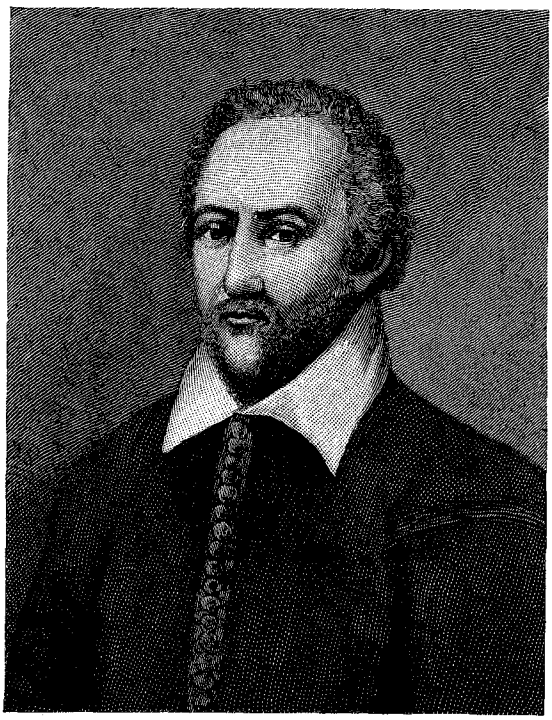

Richard Burbadge, from the original in Dulwich College.

And see how it fell out. The boy, reading this, so loved Tarleton after, that regarding him with more respect, he used to his plays, and fell in a league with his humour: And private practice brought him to present playing and at this hour performs the same, where, at the Globe on the Bankside, men may see him.

Tarleton's prophecy that Armin should "wear his clown's suit after him" was not, according to what is known of the latter's performances, fulfilled in the way expected of him. That he was an "honest, gamesome" actor may well be believed of him, having had the advantage of so great a master of comedy as Tarleton. But, on the whole, his name, apart from its histrionic association with Shakespeare, and as being mentioned from time to time in connection with the company playing at the Blackfriars and Globe, is perhaps remembered more in consequence of one or two rare literary tracts and pamphlets of some contemporary value than as a player. His "Nest of Ninnies," for instance, is well known to all Shakespearean students. He is said to have been performing at the Globe Theatre on the day when that building was destroyed by fire.*

Literally nothing is known of the histrionic career of the poet's younger brother, Edmund Shakespeare. Edmund, it is surmised, had come to London attracted by the increasing fame and influence of his gifted brother, and in hope, probably, of advancing himself by his aid. It is very likely his brother would introduce him to his company of actors; but there are no accounts of the names of the parts he played, nor how he played them. The few brief years of his London life are altogether a blank; he died in December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year. The following notice of him in the church-book of St. Saviour's is about all that has been discovered, and is touching to a degree in its sad brevity:

1607—Dec 31. EDMUND SHAKESPEARE: a player: buried in the church, with a forenoone knell of the great bell .....20s.

Edward Alleyn.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

A few words as to Shakespeare's rare artistic instincts, considered in their his-

* This very great disaster, involving probably one of the most lamentable losses literature ever suffered, occurred on Tuesday, the 29th of June, 1613. Many curious references to that most untoward event are extant. From these it is

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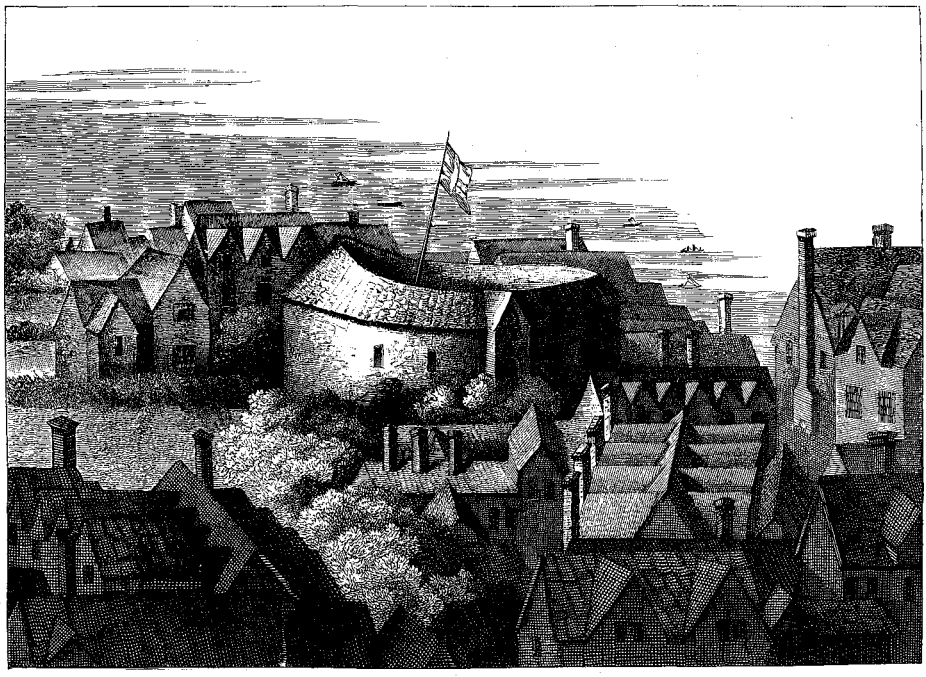
trionic connection, may not be out of place in bringing this sketch of the poet-player to a close. Although Shakespeare as an actor may not have been a master



Globe Theatre, after the fire, from a "View of London" in 1647.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

exponent of character, however profoundly he may have conceived the same and brilliantly expressed it in speech, it is abundantly evident that, more than any of his contemporaries, he possessed a truly remarkable knowledge and grasp of the actor's art in its minutest detail. That he had a fine, intuitive sense of what that art should be—of its true scope and power in a "well-graced" actor's exposition—goes without saying, when one merely recollects, for example, the masterful advice on acting which, by the lips of *Hamlet*, he gives to its professors. The sum and substance of that advice, as embodied in *Hamlet's* famous speech to the players, has, for generations of actors, formed the truest and therefore the most valuable text-book ever written on the subject. Such wisdom and understanding Shakespeare could only, of course, have acquired by a large experience on the stage. When the play of "Hamlet" was written, the dramatist had worn the buskin for at least ten years, and had thus, so far as the experience of time is concerned, most abundant opportunities of familiarizing himself with every form and phase of the player's art. Besides, we cannot forget that, in addition to more than ordinary histrionic capabilities and opportunities, Shakespeare was himself endowed with the very genius of insight into those subtile and complex workings of the human soul which it is the highest function and performance of the actor to illustrate and exhibit.

The speech to the players shows not only Shakespeare's thorough mastery of the actor's art, but his profound personal regard for it. It *offends him to the soul*

gathered that the fire broke out on St. Peter's day of the above date, and during a performance of "Henry the Eighth," though doubts exist as to its being the play of that name of Shakespearean authorship. Possibly it may have been the first performance of the new play (which Shakespeare is supposed to have finished early in that year), seeing it was owing to the bungling of some of the performers in the parts they undertook which led to the disaster. At any rate, the great historical drama, with its "pomp and circumstance," will ever be associated with a mischance which deprived the world of some of the most valuable manuscripts ever penned; for it is generally admitted that with the destruction of this theatre the original of much of Shakespeare's handiwork forever perished.

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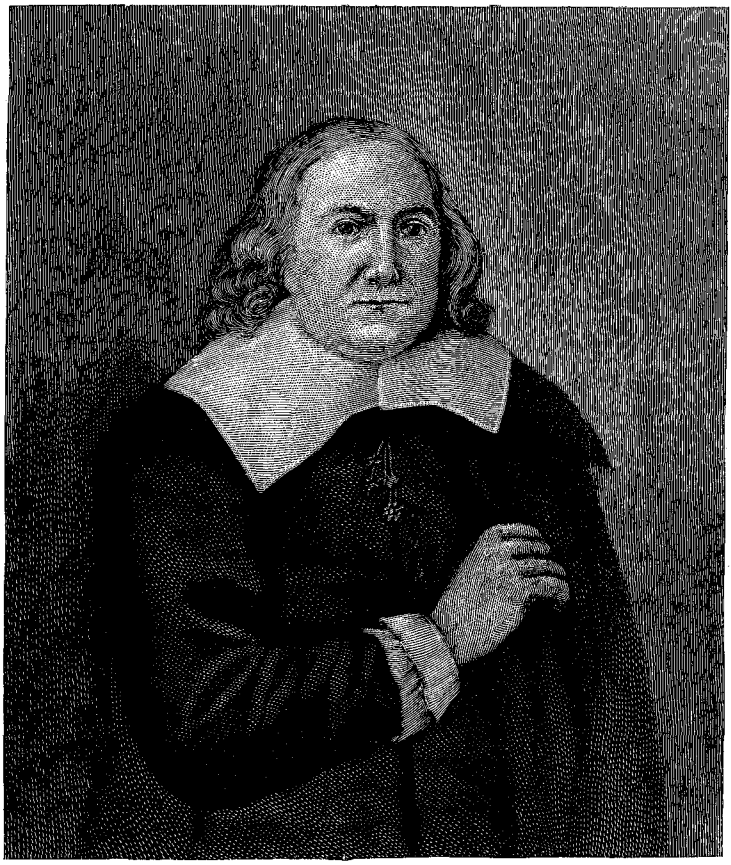
to see a foolish player travesty his profession. A good deal has been made of the question of Shakespeare's contempt, latterly, for the histrionic life and calling. Certain reminiscences (chiefly in his sonnets) of Shakespeare's life as an actor are said to be suggestive, according to some critics, of a deep-rooted dislike to that calling. It is scarcely possible to believe, from the strong personal animus shown throughout the speech to the players, that Shakespeare could ever have set his face against a profession which, in that speech, he so strenuously champions, especially when the "baser sort" of actors subject it to ridicule by their incompetency and unworthiness. Moreover, the sonnets in which the references occur were written and printed years before Shakespeare finally relinquished the stage; and it would seem therefore, according to those critics who try to make the dramatist dissatisfied and disgusted with a profession which, from first to last, yielded him very considerable profit, that while fulfilling his many professional engagements with every apparent show of personal liking, he was all the time embittered in his soul against it.



John Lowin.

The speech is also valuable for its autobiographical references. Here, indeed, if anywhere, we have a bit of Shakespeare's life told by himself. It is most eloquently reminiscent, not only of Shakespeare the player, wise and matured by a rare experience, but of young Will Shakespeare, the ardent and observant playgoer, and is, moreover, strongly suggestive of the first years of his arrival in the metropolis, when the greatest theatrical star of the time, Richard Tarleton,

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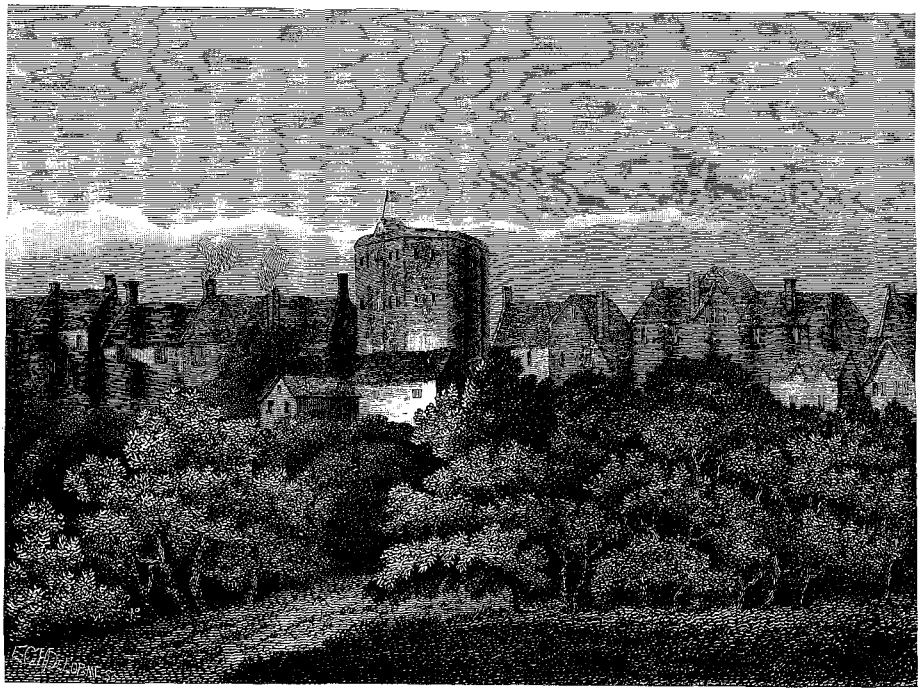

The Swan Theatre on the Bankside, as it appeared in 1614.*
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

was making all theatre-going London laugh at his antics and drolleries.

In sketching the subject of "what is known of Shakespeare as an actor," it has been the effort of the writer to avoid as much as possible giving detailed references to the various theatres and companies of players, and the vicissitudes and changes which, severally, these underwent, from the time Shakespeare was first connected with them until his final retirement to Stratford-on-Avon. To have done this would have led to the necessity of greatly exceeding the legitimate limits of a magazine-article. Besides, it is more desirable to keep the main features of his histrionic career distinctly in view, than to incur the risk (very great in such a subject) of losing sight of them, and of the dramatist himself, in the mists of much historical research into the profound theme—Shakespeare.

* THE SWAN, was the most westerly of the Playhouses on the Bankside, and must have stood at no great distance from the Surrey end of Black Friars Bridge. It was a large house, and flourished only a few years, being suppressed at the Commencement of the Civil Wars, and soon afterwards demolished.

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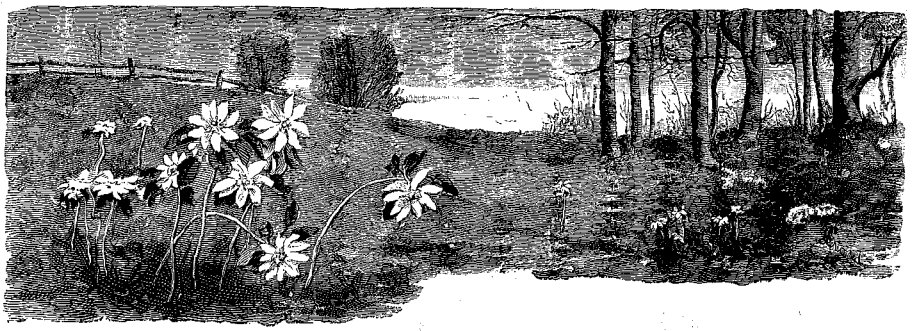

TO THE DEWY WIND-FLOWER.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

Melancholy nights
Also thou hast known:
The sorrow in thine eyes this morn
Doth serve me for my own.

Stay me, little friend,
Proudly all my years;
And when I think too heavy thoughts,
Be shedder of my tears!

DREAM-POETRY.

By Bessie A. Ficklen.

Nowadays the world begins to concede that what I call *Myself*, and write down in the singular number, is not so simple a unit as we were wont to suppose. It is not only in insane, hysteric, or hypnotic patients that "Hidden Selves" are developed; every man in his normal state is known to consist of many beings. The *Myself* that answers to my name, looks after my affairs, and becoming weary in so doing, lies down at night, and is lost in sleep, is only one of the many activities that belong to my organization. The *Centralself* that my weariness puts to sleep, and that I consider my personality, owes a vast amount of his powers to certain *Underselves*, who remain alive and active whether he sleeps or wakes, who know their business well, and go about it with a conscientious vigor that needs no supervision. Many of my most important physical and mental processes are carried on by them without a directing thought from the Centralself. In their charge are all my necessary vital functions, and all my accustomed actions. They keep my heart beating, they breathe for me, they generally eat and drink and walk for me; they avoid blows and go around obstacles or inequalities in my path, while my mind, my Centralself, is absorbed in some train of thought that has no connection with those processes. They also may be taught to knit, to perform difficult pieces on the piano, and even to read aloud, to write, to talk, or to add columns of figures in the way that we call mechanical, and entirely without any help from the Centralself. And still the list of their accomplishments is not ended.

The Underselves are capable of high-

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er and more intelligent work, which we cannot call mechanical, unless in the broadest sense of the word. They store up many memories of which the Centralself has no knowledge, and they sometimes show a greater ability for reasoning and planning than their self-conscious master. We have all tried in vain to recall some name, date, or fact, and finally given up in despair, and gone to other matters. Then, suddenly, after our Centralself has apparently forgotten all about the inquiry, the object sought has been quietly laid before our consciousness, brought there by some brain power that, like a keen hound, has kept straight along the scent, after his master had abandoned it as hopeless. Not only are memories thus brought to light, but the results of long trains of reasoning, the inferences which should have been drawn from arguments or facts, but which all effort had failed to reveal to our consciousness—nay even important scientific discoveries, have been given to us in the same mysterious way. In fact, all the phenomena that are generally referred to *unconscious cerebration*, we owe to the Underselves.

Now of all the ways in which the Underselves manifest their power, there is probably none more important or more interesting than dreaming. Here the Underselves are the "little people" who take charge of our dreams. It is thus that Robert Louis Stevenson calls them in his charming "Chapter on Dreams," and, he, being a wonderful dreamer, gives many examples of the activity and skill of his "little people." These dream Underselves are quaint and sportive folk, and though they often act the beneficent fairy and enchant us with glimpses of more than mortal pleasure, they are given to many absurd pranks and cruel practical jokes. They are sometimes physically strong enough to lead the unconscious sleeper from his warm bed out into the cold and darkness of the night, where he may awake shivering to find himself crossing an unsafe bridge, or on the verge of some dizzy height. In this class of their performances, which men call somnambulism, the "little people" have been known to go even farther, leading the dreamer on to death, and thus becoming actual murderers, or rather, suicides. Luckily it is rare that they have this physical power. A much happier way in which they manifest their strength is in mental feats. Here the "little people" have shown a rare ability, and here they deserve our greatest respect. There seem to be, among these dream Underselves, literary and scientific geniuses; skilful mathematicians, philosophers, artists, musicians, and even poets.

The dream-poet has too long been nameless and fameless, and it is especially to him and to his poems that we wish to call attention. As it is entirely for his honor and glory that this article is written, he shall hereafter be for us *the* Underself.

We are all more or less familiar with the idea of dream-verses. Everyone has read Coleridge's dream-poem "Kubla Khan;" or has noticed the bits purporting to be dream-poetry, that from time to time appear in the newspapers; or, best of all, has himself dreamed poetry. There are few among those that recognize poetry as one of the pleasures of life, who have not carried that pleasure into their dreams—who have not at some time dreamed of reading or composing poetry. We call this *poetry*, because we wish to look at it from within, from the stand-point of the Underself, rather than that of the unprejudiced critic, who sees it only in the glare of daylight, and who, therefore, may consider this production of the unconscious muse as worthy of no better name than rhyme or doggerel. We (and this *we* is not editorial, but refers to a small circle who have for a number of years been much interested in dream-poetry)—we, because the Underself often sings to us, have always been firm believers in his inspiration. He and the other "little people" have brought to us many vivid dreams of all kinds, and he himself has treated us to much poetry — sublime, pathetic, or comic.

For a long time we had never remembered more of these dreams than the pleasure that the poetry had given us. The poem itself had not materialized, for, though on first awaking we frequently retained some idea of the words, it

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never occurred to us to write them down immediately, and an additional nap or another train of thought was always sufficient to dispel them from our minds. One day, however, the admiration which we cherished for dream poems received a rude shock. It was on hearing the experience of a gentleman, who had on two occasions arisen during the night to record, first a short speech, and then a verse, that seemed to him, in his dreams, almost inspired in their eloquence. The speech was, in the dream, made by the host of a small evening entertainment, when inviting the guests to enter the supper-room. The dreamer awoke wondering at the charming and appropriate words of this gentleman, whom he had never thought capable of such an intellectual effort. But as he recovered his full consciousness, the elegant and witty address resolved itself into the following jargon:

"Respectable people, theological students, and others, are more previous than anything else, assisted by seventy-one blacksmiths."

The verse he recorded was heard in a dream, in which he saw two opposing railway trains on a single track, dash into each other at full speed. As they met with a fearful crash, these thrilling words resounded through the air:

> Through all my future life a blaze
> Eccentric as a cone of rays.

Immediately on hearing these dream-products, we were fired with a desire to emulate this gentleman's example—to look straight into the face of that poetry which charmed us in our dreams. To this end we resolved to jot down immediately any fragment of the Underself's composition that we might remember.

As he has given us very little prose, the result of our efforts during the last ten or twelve years has been chiefly poems or fragments of poems; the odds and ends of dream-verse. These we have been on the alert to catch, though it has not been an easy task. It has generally demanded the exercise of great will-power, frequently of more than was possible for the half-awake dreamer. For the peculiarity of dream-poetry is that it fades rapidly from the memory. No matter how brief the fragment is, no matter how vividly it is recalled on first awaking, or how many times the dreamer recites it over and over, and resolves to remember it, let him go to sleep again, or let his mind wander to other things, and the words are lost forever.

Coleridge had this experience with his "Kubla Khan." On awaking he remembered, he says, two or three hundred lines that had come to him in his dream. When he had written down the fifty-four lines that are preserved, "a person with business from Porlock" interrupted him, and detained him for over an hour, and when he tried afterwards to write the rest of his dream-poem, he found it hopelessly gone.

Since we have found any delay to be fatal it has become a point of honor that, whenever we awake with any fragment of dream-poetry in our clutches, we shall rise immediately and write it down, no matter how cold and dark the night. Often we have scratched it down with eyes shut and senses so affected by sleep that even the prosaic act of writing could not dispel the glamour, and we would go back to sleep believing that at last we had captured from the Underself a real treasure. But the result was always the same. With daylight the charm vanished. For without meaning we have found it almost invariably. Though it is often fine in sound and perfect in rhyme and metre, there is no escaping from the fact that to the waking mind it seldom conveys more than the ghost of an idea. It has not enough sequence for one verse to suggest the next, and it is probably only by reason of its rhyme and metre that we could grasp the smallest fragment firmly enough to drag it into the light of day. Even "Kubla Khan," which is more of a poem than anything our less talented Underselves have to offer, has, in common with all the dream-verses that are known to be authentic, a strong flavor of the incongruous. The newspaper dream-poems that we occasionally see are probably so remodelled in the remembering, that they represent just about what the dreamer would write with his eyes open. Their gentle medi-

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ocrity leads us to doubt their authenticity, for, in our experience of them, the Underself's poems may have all other faults sooner than correct tameness.

There are several ways of remembering dream-poetry. One may recall only its words, without their dream-meaning; or, one may remember the thought expressed in the poem, but not the dream-words, or occasionally one remembers both the words and the idea they conveyed to the dreamer. It is very peculiar that in this last case, which is the only one where they can be compared, the ideas and the words seldom agree. This makes it clear that, if on waking, we give a correct poetical expression to the *thought* of the dream-poem, *the words* are likely to be our own and not those of the Underself.

In our specimens we have retained the Underself's exact words; but such may not be the case with the dream-poems published by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and those dreamed by Mrs. Kingsford. These have, however, in spite of their length and correctness, some of the qualities that we have found to be common in true dream-poetry.

In her article on "Dreams," published in *Macmillan's* some years ago, Miss Cobbe gives two dream-poems. One of these is in French, though the lady who dreamed it believed herself unable to write poetry in French; and this fact seems to prove it to be in the Underself's words. Like "Kubla Khan," it was dreamed under the influence of a narcotic, and it has the impressiveness so characteristic of the dreams produced by opiates, and so frequently found in dream-poetry generally. There are eleven verses, of which the two opening ones will give a good idea:

Ce matin du haut de l'ancienne tourelle
J'écoutais la voix de la sentinelle,
Qui criait à ceux qui passaient là-bas
A travers le pont, 'Dis, qui va là?'"

Et toutes les réponses, si pleines d'espoir,
Remplirent mon cœur d'un vague effroi,
Car le chagrin est de l'espoir le fruit
Et le suit, comme au joursuit la sombre nuit.

This and the other poem that Miss Cobbe published appeared to the dreamer, like almost all the dream-poems we know, as a combination of a poem and a vision.

Mrs. Anna Kingsford has published a whole volume of her "Dreams and Dream Stories," among which are a number of her dream-poems. One of these is called "Through the Ages," and deals with metempsychosis. It is probably the longest of all dream-poems, consisting of eighty lines. Its beginning is suggestive of that of the *Rubaíyát:*

Wake, thou that sleepest! Soul, awake!
Thy light is come, arise and shine!
For darkness melts and dawn divine
Doth from the holy Orient break.

Swift darting down the shadowy ways
And misty deeps of unborn Time,
God's light, God's day, whose perfect prime
Is as the light of seven days.

Here is another fragment from Mrs. Kingsford's collection:

A jarring note, a chord amiss,
The music's sweeter after,
Like wrangling ended with a kiss,
Or tears with silver laughter.

The high Gods have no joys like these
So sweet in human story,
No tempest rends their tranquil seas
Beyond the sunset's glory.

Then there are others, "With the Gods," "Signs of the Times" and fragments, all of which are quite connected and quite unlike the bits we have brought from Dreamland, except in their general elevation of subject.

The Underself prefers lofty subjects, and seems always to aim at some unusually striking effect; in fact, he has a marked tendency toward bombast. In his most disconnected specimens there is generally a suggestion of vast possibilities of humor, beauty, or grandeur, a hint of brilliant but unfocussed ideas. They seem a kind of poetry in solution—something that we feel might astonish the world, if we could only present it in a settled, organized form. It seems to be what some of Browning's verse is to the uninitiated. In fact, we once, as an experiment, put one of the Underself's verses among some selected extracts from Browning, and defied a

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literary club who were discussing his poetry, to distinguish the dream-poetry from the genuine Browning. This is the dream-poetry:

> Enriched within the roses' prime,
> Blossomed, alas, from time to time.
> Endured from day to day.

This has, in common with most dream-poems, such an air of plausibility that it is easy to see why the club failed to convict it as an imposture.

After the same order as the last is the following enigma, which was pregnant with thought to the Underself, though our waking senses have never yet found its solution:

> Believed by all, inspired by none,
> By nature nor by art begun.

And here is a verse that the Underself put forth as a very beautiful description of the approach of winter:

> Dull Autumn waves her sexless hands,
> And saddens all their morning graces,
> And throws white veils upon their heads,
> And dims the shining of their faces.

The next is from a poem that was thought in the dream to paint the glory of dawn with a magic that made all former descriptions pale and lifeless:

> Thus the white horse, plumed with the rising morn,
> Comes rushing forth to animate the dawn.

The following is the longest of the Underself's poems that we have been able to keep. It is very pathetic, and the dreamer awoke from it almost in tears:

> Out in the sun and the wind together,
> Mary and John were growing old;
> There when the birds were in full feather,
> She gathered eggs while the sad years rolled.
> There, in the brightest and darkest weather,
> He pruned the trees, till his hands grew cold.
> Out in the wind and the rain together,
> Mary and John were growing old.
> Still as the days passed, hither and thither
> Wandered they, nearing Death's silent fold.
> Now though trees bloom and all birds in feather,
> Sleep they together 'neath wakening mould.

Besides being longer, this dream-poem is more connected than most of our specimens. But hasn't it a familiar sound—as if we had heard it or something like it before? This dim sense of familiarity is not uncommon with dream-poetry, and this, and the fact that we are much more apt to dream poetry after reading poetry, suggest that the Underself may be something of a plagiarist, and that much of his composition is only a faint and confused echo of something we have heard when awake. This is eminently the case with the following heroic lines:

> Up, up, with a shout into Clavering Hall,
> Mount, mount, with the guards and the myrmidons all.

And these:

> He fell, and in an inch exclaimed,
> "There's castles in the air."

These last, and the following lines, seem to be not only echoes, but actual parodies of something else:

> A title is drunk and the clarion is rung,
> The long wire pulling the short wire's tongue.

All these seem so absurd in the commonplace light of day, that it is not easy to realize how we were affected by them. Yet it is true that we awoke thrilled by their eloquence; they touched feelings too deep for expression; to the dreamer all their mock-heroics were real, and all their tinsel was pure gold. For the setting of dream-poems is often superb, and they frequently seem to crown some magnificent climax, being pealed out in grand organ tones, or written on the sky in letters of light. For instance, one of us dreamed of a lordly castle that had in one of its halls a famous old oak beam, whose history seemed to ring through the air, *à la* "Excelsior," thus:

> When freedom from her mountain height
> Gave challenge bold and rare,
> Fitz-Allen to Clan Estes gave
> This oak to do and dare.
>
> Its flame with crimson, creaming light,
> Went climbing mountains high,
> And burning banners blazing bright,
> Lit echoes in the sky.

Here we have, in this last verse, something very creditable to the Underself, as it was dreamed by a person who had

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scarcely ever in his life tried to make a rhyme.

The Underself frequently gets into a tragic mood. Here is a bit that he intended for tragedy, though the daylight rather lightens its gloom:

> He laughed below stairs,
> As I knelt at my prayers,
> And I thought more of him than of God.

And again the Underself attempted tragedy in a poetic dream, which told the woful story of a deserted maiden, a kind of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," who waited sadly for the lover that never came. As this dream-maiden gazed into the mirror from time to time, she sorrowed over her gradual loss of beauty; but, instead of pining away picturesquely like the love-lorn maids of romance, she grew stout with age. Of all this harrowing history only these three lines could be remembered and written down:

> She looked in the mirror and seemed to be
> Many years older than she might,
> And she drew the clasp of her girdle tight.

Next the Underself has attempted something a little different—"adorning his narrative" with a foreign tongue. The dreamer, who had been a Southern officer in the late war, thought he read this in a newspaper:

> From every battle of the war,
> Came many wounded, thick and thin;
> To this is one exception dread,
> Crédit Comptoir de Katadin.

"This last line," he said, "seemed to be the most terse, elegant, and impressive French, the whole stanza meaning that while, in all other battles, there were many wounded for every one killed outright, the Battle of Fredericksburg was a terrible exception; that there the 'killed and wounded' were all killed instantly. In the dream it seemed that this was something that ever since the battle I had known to be true, which it is not. If anything, the proportion of wounded in that battle was larger than usual."

In this last case the sense and the words are even farther separated than is usual. It is one of the few dreams in which the idea was remembered, and may be compared with the words. Here is another of the same sort. The dreamer thought that he read in a Sunday's paper, a long account in verse of how the insects came to survive the Flood, they having been, as he believed in the dream, either accidentally or purposely, not invited into the ark by Noah. The poem seemed to describe them as floating around on fruit and chips of bark, in a regular fleet. The only lines the dreamer recalled on waking were:

> All the night,
> Unto light,
> Not an orange with a bug,
> Not an insect on a rug,
> Touched a [something rhyming with *light*].

We have now a few extracts from his works, which show that the Underself sometimes descends from his grandiose flights, and tries to be funny. In these, more than in the serious poems, we can trace the general trend of each dreamer's mind. Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," who has written so much delightful dream-poetry with his eyes open, dreamed this:

> It often runs in families,
> Just as the love of pastry does.

One of our dreamers brought from a dream-poem this extract that is just as quaint:

> 'Tis a question if our latitude and civil rights agree,
> But longitude and other things are surely found to gee.

Another dreamer, who, awake, has a very comic vein, dreamed that she saw her sister at a fancy ball, arrayed like a bandit king and standing on a table, where with much gesticulation, and amid wild applause, she sang the following song:

> I'm a bold buccaneer, with bold glances,
> Always in pairs I meet.
> I level at those who say "Lancers,"
> And waltz with the fair and the sweet.

She also dreamed, at another time, that she was teasing her mother by at-

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tributing all her own shortcomings to heredity on the maternal side, as follows:

I love to see the college boys,
And copy them from afar,
And wink at them to show my joys—
I gathered it all from ma.

I love to have my purse jammed full,
And stuffed out very far,
But, pa, you can't blame me for this—
I gathered it all from ma.

Here is a flash of dream-wit, and a pun:

It can truly be said of Louisa's cork leg,
That it has two strings to its *bow*;
For it's tied at the top with a silken tie,
And it's buckled on below.

Here is another that deserves attention, because it seems to show more originality on the part of the Underself; it is harder to account for as an echo of something else. It was dreamed by the Southern officer, before mentioned, in camp in 1863, during a hard winter campaign "on starvation rations." He dreamed that a lady asked him to write in her album; that he tried to decline writing any more than his name, declaring that he had never been able to write in albums; but she insisted, until, in despair, he sat down and by a sudden inspiration dashed off the following:

CONFEDERATE RATIONS.

For a man, corn-bread—so—so.
Any bacon? No! no!
For a horse
O!

In his dream the writing in the album seemed to form a perfectly symmetrical inverted pyramid; the O at the apex to be read "zero."

This almost completes our assortment of dream-verses, collected with much pains and during many years. In spite of their very fragmentary character, they give us quite a good idea of the Underself's poetry in its different phases, though we might be better able to do him justice if we could have remembered more of his completed poems. Many persons, perhaps, will take this fruit of all our labors for "the ridiculous mouse" that was born of the mountain. It will seem obvious to them that our mysterious poet, as we have torn from him bit by bit of his veil, has revealed himself to be a petty mountebank, whose poems are nothing more than "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." But he who has brilliant dreams must always keep a certain respect for that dream-self who seems a so much higher order of being than his ordinary blundering, stumbling daytime self; who seems to be endowed with such wonderful physical and mental power—moving freely through air and water, overcoming the force of gravitation, and scorning all limits of time and space; who seems to have such a profound skill in controversy and research, such a ready wit and marvellous eloquence. Does not everyone, moreover, remember feats of the Underself that have borne the light of day? Was not Tartini's Devil's Sonata, which he composed in a dream, the finest of all his productions? Did not Burdach and Condorcet solve scientific problems in their dreams?

Why, therefore, when the dream-self, this "Admirable Crichton," turns his attention to poetry, why should he not here also give some better proof of his ability than these vague and wandering dream-verses? Such was the problem which we placed before ourselves. One of our number, who has dreamed much poetry, was especially enthusiastic in seeking a solution to this problem. At last, when he was in despair of finding it, no less an authority than one of the Underselves undertook to explain to him the confusion of dream-poetry.

It is necessary to premise that many years before this dream, an old nurse in the family had been afflicted in the last years of her life with a touch of aphasia, that disease of the brain in which the patient loses to a greater or less extent his memory of words. With this old woman only the substantives were confused; she used all other words correctly. She was convinced of her sanity; and never guessing that a part of her brain had fallen asleep, she continued to ask for all sorts of impos-

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sible things—plantations, cows, churches—and even grew very indignant at the stupidity of her attendants, who could not understand her demands. Now the dream above referred to was one of those dreams within dreams which are not uncommon. In it the dreamer thought that he had just waked from a dream in which he had composed some beautiful lines expressing a very original idea. In this second stage of dreaming he hastened, as he thought, to write down the words. What was his surprise to see in his dream that he had written a senseless jumble of words, though he still retained very clearly in his mind the thought that the verses were intended to convey! He tried to summon up the proper words, but they would not come. Then he recalled the case of the old nurse, and felt that his condition was like hers—that sleep had rendered him temporarily *aphasic*—that he had really originated a brilliant idea, but that, though his sleeping brain was still enough of a poet to understand rhyme and metre, it had lost the power of formulating its thoughts correctly in words.

There is no doubt that his explanation is true in some cases — those of the dreams we have already mentioned, from which we have remembered not only the senseless words, but also the sensible idea that they were meant to convey. There are a number of these, in which the aphasia is more or less marked. The one already given, with the French ending "*Crédit comptoir de Katadin*," is about the most aphasic, the remembered words bearing little relation to the remembered meaning. The following verse expresses its meaning much more clearly, though it still has a touch of aphasia:

> One should be very sure in picking his bone,
> That the likeness he finds to another alone.

The dreamer remembered that this was meant to express very epigrammatically, that sharp dealing may injure one's self much more than the person deceived. A slight change will bring this near to its real meaning—for instance:

> One should be very sure in picking his bone,
> That the likeness he finds is another's alone.

i.e., that he is not picking his own bone—preying on himself.

Now here is a fragment in which the aphasia has disappeared, and the words are evidently quite correct.

> The terms I use may mystic seem,
> But I'm writing upon a mystic theme.

And there are others like this in the examples already given; so we may suppose that the Underself varies from very serious aphasia to a perfectly correct use of words.

Dreaming, like all other phenomena, cannot be justly estimated without taking into consideration its highest development. Robert Louis Stevenson declares his belief that his sleeping brain is more skilful in the construction of plots and stronger in inventive genius than his waking brain. Mrs. Kingsford declared the same — and more. She said that she had, all through life, gained the greatest assistance in daily perplexities from the nightly counsels of her Underself. And there are many other like cases, where, not only in sleep, but during insanity or the delirium of fever, or in a hypnotic trance, the Underselves have delivered inspired addresses, composed poetry, and shown in many ways a wit and brilliancy beyond the waking power of the Centralself.

In spite of all the absurdities that we have quoted from him, we claim that our dream-poet is neither a fool nor an impostor. If he has often surrounded his utterances with mystery, it is only after the manner of the true genius:

> "Weave a circle 'round him thrice,
> And close your eyes with holy dread,
> For he on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of Paradise."

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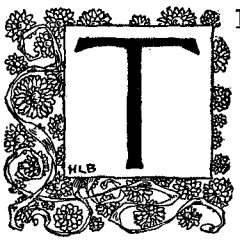
A TOLEDO BLADE.

By T. R. Sullivan.



THROUGHOUT the whole December day the wind had been rising; and the road followed by the lumbering diligence had passed sometimes out of sight of the sea, but never beyond the sound of it. The coast was the wild and rocky one of southwestern France, doubly desolate now between the dull sky and the dull waves which were rapidly lashing themselves into a fury that only the Bay of Biscay knows. Far away on the left bristled the jagged peaks of the Pyrenees, veined with snow in all their gullies. As the frontier formalities were concluded and the four lively mules dashed down into Spain, the only passenger in the banquette thought he had never been called upon to face so dreary a prospect. He drew his hood forward about his ears, muffled himself more closely in his long blue cloak, and thanked the heaven above him, forbidding as it looked, that his day's journey was so near its end.

In spite of the foreign cut of these outer garments, the traveller was English by birth and early education. But he had travelled much, and had been in Spain before, though, as it happened, never in the north; he therefore knew something of its ways, and having the gift of tongues, he could speak its language with creditable fluency. His dress accorded well with the character of the man, whose ease in adapting himself to the circumstances of the moment made him to this extent remarkable. He was the son of an army officer who had fallen in the Peninsular War; years had elapsed since that conflict, yet it was scarcely remote enough to be chronicled with calm judgment, and the names of its dead were still remembered. For this December wind whistled itself away in times now called good, before steam and electricity had scarred the earth, when travel was adventure to a certain degree dangerous, to the last degree uncomfortable. Neither danger nor discomfort, however, counted for much with the present adventurer, as has already been implied. His clear blue eyes were very keen; his features were finely cut, and although he was not a soldier, a huge yellow mustache gave a martial look to his face, which was said to resemble his father's very closely. Along the journey of life he had advanced beyond that fortieth year declared by the poet to be the age of reason; but years with him went smoothly and lightly; in his youth, to be sure, he had lost his heart more than once, but had always found it again, and he remained a bachelor. Not a hair of him had changed its color, and he still looked too young to be reasonable.

For a few miles farther the coach toiled slowly on, skirting deep indentures of the shore—black gulfs whitened here and there by the foam of the wintry sea tossed up in the twilight—and passing through villages and small towns that struck the Spanish note at once in their want of thrift and in their all pervading air of sombre dilapidation. Then, at a sudden turn in the road, the driver pointed with his whip to the lights of a city gleaming across a wide, shallow bay where the breakers held high carnival; and admonishing his mules by word of mouth in the Basque dialect, and by much cracking of the lash in a language of his own, he attained at length the headlong pace essential to the last mile of his course. In a few moments more the wheels rattled over a wooden bridge, crossing at its outlet a stream of sluggish current that contrasted strangely with the turbulent water into which it flowed, and after a jarring interval of rough pavement finally stopped before the *Fonda de la Posta* in San Sebastian, the fortified capital of the province.

An old porter limped forward from the inn-door, holding up his lantern.

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"Hola! Manolito! You bring foul weather. And how many souls come with you?"

"What would you have, Father Sanchez? but one."

"I thought as much," growled the watch-dog, under his breath; then changing his tone to one of great civility, he added: "Will it please the Señor to descend?"

The stranger, leaping lightly down, was met at once by the landlord, who greeted him obsequiously.

"You are welcome, Señor; your fire is already lighted. That is, if the Señor traveller calls himself Sir George Grayling."

"Yes," replied the other; "I am he."

"Good. The Señor's letter was received, and we shall do our best to make him comfortable. Here, Josefa! Show the caballero to his chamber."

The room, a large one overlooking the sea on the harbor side of the town, was uncarpeted, bare, and gusty, but scrupulously clean; at its further end roared and crackled cheerily a fire of drift-wood, before which Sir George Grayling installed himself, while the sharp-eyed, ruddy maid-servant dragged in his luggage.

"Will the Señor dine below? There is no one else."

"By all means; and the sooner, the better. It appears that a storm is brewing."

"Yes, Señor, the fishermen have all put in. You are come at a dull moment. The summer is our season. Now there are no visitors, no sports, no bull-fights; we shall not keep the Señor long."

"Who can tell that? I must explore the city."

The girl smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "*Santo Dios!* It is a poor place to one who has seen the world. There are few monuments—a church, a castle——"

"A castle, yes," interposed the traveller. "It is there, as they tell me, that certain soldiers are buried."

"*Hé*, it is true; and they are Englishmen—the Señor's friends, perhaps."

"Perhaps. Is it far to the place?"

"No, Caballero," replied Josefa, crossing to the window and pointing out of it. "One takes the road leading from the port where it winds up the rock. The men sleep at the top of the cliff toward the sea, under the castle wall. A quiet place, easy to find; for the rest, to-morrow, if the Señor desires, Father Sanchez will guide him there."

"I shall not need a guide," returned the Englishman, slipping a coin into her hand.

"At your commands, Señor," she said, with a low reverence, as she left the room. "Soul of the devil! It is a piece of forty reals; they are princes, these English."

The dinner proved to be chiefly remarkable for a fish of great size and corresponding delicacy, served with olives; and Sir George Grayling, who was somewhat of an epicure, enjoyed this the more from the knowledge that such a dish could not be procured again until the storm abated. With the other courses he made short work.

"The mutton of Guipuzcoa is uninviting," he reflected, while he lingered for a moment over a few withered nuts and apples and his bottle of astringent wine. "The town, too, is a hole, evidently, in which the elements have conspired to beleaguer me. I must steal a march upon them, if I can, and see what their hole is like."

But so far as the quay was concerned, the wind and water had already gained possession. Scudding clouds obscured the stars, and the sea beat against the stone rampart over which great puffs of spray were blown. Out in the harbor the ships' lights fairly danced to the pitiless music of the advancing gale.

"I am in for it," sighed Grayling, after a short reconnaissance; "this will last for days." Then he turned aside into the main street, which, like many another *Calle Mayor*, was absurdly narrow and dark, with public buildings most forbidding in their aspect. The theatre might have been a prison. As its doors were closed this seeker of distraction strolled on to a little square at the street's end, upon which the cathedral thrust forth an imposing façade. Here all artistic expression of the place seemed to be concentrated; for the niches gleamed with marble statues, con-

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spicuous among which, over the central portal, writhed the patron saint of the city, as usual, bristling with arrows. Several cloaked figures passed up the broad steps before the church as Sir George approached; and finding nothing better to do, he followed them.

The long aisles were dimly lighted, and the pillars of the nave rose into impenetrable gloom. Grayling felt his way along them to one of the side-chapels, where he found an illuminated altar with a service in progress. Upon the outskirts of the little group assembled there, he hovered for a while, indifferent to the ceremonial itself, but pleased with its effectiveness as a show, and gradually becoming interested in its devotees. Nearly all of them were women, some hard-featured and rough-handed, in homespun peasant garb; others upon whom the dull respectability of trade stamped itself as plainly as if they had worn its symbols embroidered on their sleeves. Two or three, only, seemed to be of higher rank; and one of these, whose face he could not see, at length arrested his wandering eyes and thoughts. She was young, of course, and her figure was slender and singularly graceful; she wore black, but even in the faint light he could perceive that this must be of fine material, and that it fitted her to perfection. In the inevitable lace mantilla, put on coquettishly, she had pinned a great red rose; and her fan hung from her waist by one of those flexible silver girdles, not often seen out of Venice, made in the form of a snake. The rush-bottomed chair she knelt in was drawn somewhat apart from the others, and she seemed to be completely absorbed in her devotions. While these continued, Grayling tried in vain to substantiate his growing conviction of her youth and beauty. His curiosity was aroused, and he waited impatiently for an opportunity to gratify it.

As the office ended and the group broke up, a little old woman, with the bearing of a servant, crossed the chapel and whispered to the kneeling girl. She rose immediately, handing her prayer-book to her companion; and then turning, stopped for a moment to shake out the folds of her dress. In that moment the man's heart made a great bound; his hope confirmed gave way to sudden fear, which a new hope as suddenly replaced. He had never seen a face like that; high-bred and delicate in every line, glowing with color; and the eyes—the eyes were wonderful. Black as the lace she wore, deep, lustrous, and almost too large for perfect beauty—he had not known that such eyes could be! She was taller than he thought, older, too—a woman, not a girl; but still a young woman, twenty-five at most. Ah, but down here in the South they matured early, married early; of a surety, this was the pious consort of some rich hidalgo. Alone, though; then why not his widow? Alone; then even if she were married—so swiftly, so strangely, and so fiercely may run the thoughts of a lonely man; so, at a breath, the dull embers of an Anglo-Saxon may leap into a firebrand.

Unconsciously she held him thus immovable, and coming nearer, became for the first time aware of his existence. To his astonishment this seemed to startle her. She stopped short, turned deathly pale, and caught the servant's arm with a look, if not of terror, of something very like it. Eying her mistress in wonder, the woman stopped too, waiting for her to speak; but she had already recovered herself, and had changed her mind; after another glance at Grayling, suggestive only of discreet disdain, she deliberately turned her back upon him and passed him by on the farther side of the chapel, without giving her companion a word of explanation.

But Grayling was too quick for her. She must leave the church by the central door, he knew; and gliding through the darkness as stealthily as an assassin, he reached it first, to wait, muffled in his cloak, at the angle of the porch, in the shadow of the outer pillars. Here he was invisible—a deeper patch of shadow, nothing more; but on her, when she passed, the light of the street-lamp would fall. And presently she came; he could have touched the silver girdle as she brushed him by. A jewelled dagger gleamed there that he had not seen before—a woman's weapon, a toy upon which her fingers rested lightly. She was gone in an instant, with a flashing smile, a merry word or two, meant only

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for the attendant's ear. But Grayling caught the words and laughed as he repeated them. To what could they refer, if not to his own unguarded admiration? "Manuela, Manuela! what if the day I prayed for has really come?"

Though he longed to follow, he had not the means, for her carriage waited at the foot of the steps, and she was whirled away into the night, while he plodded his way back to the inn through drenching rain, of which he was hardly conscious. The storm had come, but any delay that it might cause would prove acceptable rather than vexatious. He had sought distraction, to find a form of it that, skilfully handled, should outlast the most determined stress of weather.

In spite of much commotion without and within, he slept late the next morning. When Josefa brought up his cloak, which had been drying all night before the kitchen fire, she did not venture to disturb him. At the end of the corridor was a long window with a sheltered balcony, whither she turned in this idle moment to get a look at the storm. The rain had ceased for a time, but the wind was still hard at work, and the surf, running high before it, threatened to make ducks and drakes of the sea-wall. Already one or two of its huge stones had been dislodged; and through the gap torrents of foam were breaking. In an archway opposite stood a knot of people, drawn together by the unusual sight. One among them, an old woman, came forward, greeting Josefa warmly.

"Eh, Manuela!" she returned, "it is a wild morning."

"Truly it is, and bad for the affairs. Such weather brings few guests."

"Ah! *desgracia!* We have but one. Happily, he is a noble Englishman and rich!"

"An Englishman? How is he called, then?"

"*Valgame Dios!* Who can say? Such names they have!"

"Who knows? He comes, perhaps, to find a villa for the season."

"Not he!" replied Josefa, laughing. Then changing her tone, she added, mysteriously, "I think he comes to find a grave."

"A grave? What exciting news for my lady! Dearest, I implore you, seek me out his name."

"Nay, that is no difficult matter. Look! Here is the man's cloak, with his name marked inside. Do you see? The mischief is that I know not how to speak it."

"Speak for me the letters, then."

This was accordingly done, to the visible joy of Manuela, who recorded each letter as it came. She would have gossiped further, but that the noble Englishman rang his bell, and Josefa withdrew abruptly in response to it.

She lost nothing, however, for he was in a talkative mood; sitting up in bed while he slowly dissolved the sugared *panetela* in the chocolate she had brought him, he discussed the weather and its probable effect upon all inhabitants of the city. From that he passed easily to the discussion of one inhabitant in particular, describing her accurately, and finally inquiring her name.

Josefa's first answer was a peal of laughter.

"*Por Dios!* the affair becomes serious. If the lady's servant has not been asking me the same thing about the Señor!"

"What—Manuela?"

"Manuela, yes. Pray, how did the Señor know?"

"No matter; who is her master?"

"She has no master, Señor."

"Ah, her mistress is a widow?"

"No, Caballero; she has never married. Her father, Don Diego de Mora, was one of the chiefs of the province. He died many years ago, at the time of the great battle when the castle was besieged. And the Señorita lives alone with Manuela in a house outside the town, on the Madrid road; the stone house with high walls that one sees there through the trees."

"Josefa, you will drive me mad. Once more, what is her name?"

"Costanza, Señor; Doña Costanza de Mora. How can I serve the Señor further?"

"By leaving me alone, that I may rise to find my purse and reward you."

"The reward can wait if the Señor will but take me into his service when he marries," replied Josefa lightly, as she retreated.

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The wind held through that day in undiminished vigor. To face it at the shore-line was more than difficult. Nevertheless Grayling made two expeditions with all the tempest in his teeth. The first concerned itself with the fulfilment of that purpose which had led him into Spain, and which, as Josefa had half divined, was none other than his first visit to his father's grave. A narrow road, rising gradually, encircled the steep and lofty rock under which the city nestles. In a few moments he came in sight of the citadel-towers springing from its summit, formidable as the rock itself. Then he met the howling blast and saw the ocean spreading desolately away five hundred feet below him. Fighting his way inch by inch, he rounded the rock to a point of comparative shelter under an angle of the fortress. Here, in their acre of turf still keeping its summer freshness, beneath white headstones carefully tended, he found the English graves, a dozen in all, perhaps ; a mere handful of the men lost by the allied forces in their final assault upon the city ; and here at last he read his father's name : MAJOR SIR STEPHEN GRAYLING, OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS—DIED AUGUST 31, 1813. The old wall of the fort just above it was overgrown with ferns and mosses ; one pale harebell trembled there among them. He picked the flower and brought it back with him to the town.

Grayling was not a man of deep religious feeling, nor yet, if forced into a confession of his views, could he have avowed himself an unbeliever. He never troubled himself to formulate a theory, but, from long life abroad in the diplomatic service, had grown tolerant of all creeds. His indifferent attitude was that common to most single men of the world, who are denied the responsibility which the inquiring spirit of children brings. Thus, churches to him were first and foremost works of art, and he often visited them out of curiosity, rarely for any other reason. Still more rarely did he take up a religious book with any self-questioning purpose. Yet, his first act upon returning to the inn was to search his luggage for a small, worn copy of the Psalms which his father had once given him when he went away to school. Shortly after, came the news of the soldier's death ; this had been his last gift, and mainly on that account the son had always treasured it. As he opened the book now at random, his eyes caught these words :

"Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction."

He sighed, read on to the bottom of the page, and sighed again. Then he dropped the flower in at the place, and lest it should slip out and be lost, he put the book into his pocket. Those were strong words that he had stumbled upon. Another time he would try to read them all.

But just now a flood of reproachful memories overwhelmed him. Why had this visit been so long delayed? He had loved his father, whom he recalled as every inch a soldier. Living, a veteran of Waterloo, all the world would have revered and honored him. And now, struck down before his time, the brave man lay here, in this obscure corner of the world, neglected and forgotten by his own kith and kin. He had died gloriously in the service of his country. How much had the son profited by that example? Very little, Grayling told himself. It shocked him to reflect that, with more years of life and far greater advantages than those granted to his father, he had distinguished himself so little. He had been indolent and reckless, never making opportunity, never resisting it as a great man should, squandering his native courage and energy in adventure of a questionable kind. A certain inherited geniality had helped him to pass for a good fellow, but at heart he was hideously selfish. Out of these six feet of disregarded earth the father's presence rose to chide his tardy son, like Hamlet "lapsed in time and passion ;" the son whose loss, if it occurred to-morrow, would leave the world the poorer only by the shadow of a noble name.

But your worldling does not take on holy orders at a moment's notice ; were it otherwise, chapels had been churches for this many a year. Two hours later, Grayling had stifled his regret, dismissing it for the time at least as morbid sensitiveness, and had gone out upon

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the Madrid road to cope with fresh adventure. His afternoon was one of laborious disappointment. He found, to be sure, the casket in which his rich jewel was said to lie concealed; a stone manor-house, heavily grated, girt with high walls that bore heraldic emblems; but house as well as inmates appeared to be taking a siesta. He saw no sign of life. The gates were closed, and to force his way in without a sufficient pretext would be unwise, if not impracticable. He strolled on meditatively. Just beyond the house the king's highway was intersected on one side by a green lane leading back toward the river and the town, and on the other by a sharp descent toward the sea. The tide had ebbed, and the yellow beach, firm as a floor, was strewn with shells of brilliant colors brought in by the storm. He went down and continued his walk among them, protected now from the wind by the high rocky promontory that forms the northwestern limit of the bay. Its lower slopes were cultivated, and above them the peak rose gray and bare to a ruined tower perched like a bird of prey upon the highest point. This, Grayling saw at a glance, must not only be much higher than the castle rock, but must also give a wider scope for the effects of sea and shore. A footpath crossing the stubble-fields tempted him to follow it, and accordingly he did so, soon leaving far below him all vestiges of civilization. At his feet lay the broad, landlocked harbor, its narrow mouth guarded by a barren island half hidden in thunderous sheets of foam. Beyond the harbor, the low-lying isthmus of the town had shrunk into insignificance; already he could overlook the citadel to a broken horizon line well out at sea. On the south, the river valley stretched away to other wave-like crests that were the Pyrenees. He climbed on into a region of scanty grasses and crumbling bits of granite, while the landscape broadened perceptibly at every step on all sides save one; this too, as he approached the tower, opened out before him with startling abruptness. For the ridge was sharp as a knife-blade, hardly in fact a yard in width, and had a sheer fall of many hundred feet on the farther side. Here the wind brought Grayling to his knees, literally within an inch of destruction. He clung there for a moment, staring down upon a sunken ledge that tore the waves to shreds; then crawling ignominiously on all-fours to the tower-wall, he was able to stand erect in its lee, and by peering into the wind's eye could see cliff succeeding cliff along the coast in savage grandeur, unrelieved by any human habitation or the movement of any human creature. The only sounds were the monotonous rhythm of the surf, and the call of a gull that wheeled almost within reach. As Grayling hung here like Mahomet, between angry sky and angrier sea, the spot suddenly became to him appalling in its loneliness. The familiar things of earth grew unfamiliar, as if he were looking down upon them from another planet, and while he looked he shivered. "What a place for a crime!" he thought; and drawing closer into the shelter of the tower, he turned his eyes and thoughts to that. One who totters on the edge of an abyss ceases to care for space, and may find his greatest interest in the contemplation of a pebble.

It was an old light-tower, evidently long disused, and slowly settling into disintegration. Its loophole grates, eaten with rust, would have fallen at a touch, and in the wide gaps of the cornice weeds tossed their heads defiantly; but the walls stood firm in spite of many ominous fissures; they had been set up for all time, and were not to be demolished in any short division of it. Near at hand a small door, roughly put together, apparently for purposes of exclusion, formed the only entrance. Though it bore a warning of danger, Grayling tried the latch, which yielded without difficulty, and the door swung open. Instead of a vacant chamber littered with fallen masonry, he saw rich stuffs and ornaments heaped up in picturesque confusion; and among them knelt a man, swarthy and hard-featured, who appeared to have emptied his pack before a possible purchaser standing apart in shadow. Naturally startled, Grayling let go the door; as it fell back the man sprang up with an oath and the motion of drawing a weapon. Then a woman spoke in a voice unknown to Grayling; he caught the word "English," followed by discus-

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sion, the drift of which was inaudible; but after it someone barred the door carefully, and all was quiet again.

Caring neither to intrude nor to be charged with timidity, Grayling moved a few steps forward, and still keeping the tower-wall between him and the wind, seated himself upon a fallen stone to look down at the harbor. The rock at its mouth was crowned by a modern lighthouse, superseding this, which abandoned to the elements, had become admirably fitted for the haunt of smugglers, it manifestly must be. Grayling had made no special study of Spanish law, but he remembered now that the old provincial charter had lately been annulled, much to the indignation of the rude Biscayans, who threatened a revolt. Whether their cause was just or unjust, he did not know, and cared nothing. Let them break the law or keep it, the affair was none of his. He had hardly made this reflection when the door opened and the man came out. His looks were still decidedly against him, but he touched his cap with a poor attempt to be civil, and seemed ashamed of his former discourtesy. "The vultures are flying over," he explained.

"A fine outlook, this of yours," said Grayling, evading the disagreeable subject.

"It is better overhead," the man rejoined, with a glance at the broken cornice. "Another time the Señor may ascend to the summit; to-day the wind sits in an ill quarter."

"Not to say dangerous," Grayling assented, pointing out the break in the path where he had been thrown down. "Just now I thought it was all over with me."

The fellow laughed as if this thought suggested another to him. "Yes, Señor," said he, "one needs a quick eye and a sure foot to climb the Monte Igüeldo in days like these. You will return more safely on this side. See!" As he spoke, he tossed a stone along the slope to a ledge upon which the foothold was entirely secure.

Grayling thanked him and accepted the hint. "*Adios!*" he said, as he turned away.

"Until our next meeting!" returned the Biscayan, obviously not displeased at the brevity of this one. He watched the stranger's descent for a moment, then going back, he spoke to his companion in a tone which the favorable wind made perfectly distinct to Grayling's ears.

"Open, Manuela," said he.

The woman's name struck the Englishman at once as that of the silent attendant whom he had seen with Doña Costanza in the cathedral. It was she, of course. Why had he not discovered this up there in the tower? Here was an excellent opportunity to conciliate her thrown away. "Woo the maid and win the mistress," he reflected. "A peseta or two would have been well spent in buying trinkets of that rascal." He stopped, half intending to return, but this on second thought seemed to him ill-judged. The occasion had passed, and he had missed it; he would rise to the next whenever that came.

The immediate problem to be solved was that of presenting himself to the mistress in a favorable light. After pondering this till bed-time, he chose at last the most prosaic method possible. He had been furnished with letters to a prominent banker of the city, for use in case of need. Nothing could be simpler than to tell this man a plausible story, and obtain through him a formal introduction complying with all the demands of Spanish etiquette. This scheme, if less romantic than that of "eating iron," as the phrase is, under the lady's grated window at midnight to a guitar accompaniment, had at least the advantage of directness. And he was impatient to establish some sort of friendly relation between them; so impatient that he did not care to ask himself to what this relation would lead. He had decided that he must know her—that was all.

The next day was Sunday, but he turned out at an early hour and found the banker at his post. The old fellow proved to be florid of speech, skilled in the employment of titles, and clearly much impressed by Grayling's own. He questioned neither the propriety of the introduction nor its importance. He had the felicity of knowing well the distinguished Señorita; he would give the letter willingly. Yet he feared (with marked embarrassment) lest this should

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be of doubtful profit to His Excellency. Why? Because (and here confusion quite overcame him) the charming lady had acquired an unconquerable prejudice against foreigners—in particular, those of His Excellency's so noble nation. It filled him with despair to say this, but how else exculpate her for any want of cordiality that might ensue. Grayling laughingly promised to abide by the event, however humiliating to his vanity; then having obtained the letter upon these conditions, he bowed himself out with punctilious ceremony and went his way.

The storm had passed on during the night. There was no breath of winter in the air, and the treacherous sea conducted itself now with a false serenity, lazily caressing its own injuries to the broken rampart as if it were forever tamed. The clear green rollers had a tropic splendor in them; the sky was cloudless; and under the spell of these soothing influences Grayling, as he walked, began to build himself an air-castle of magnificent proportions, worthy of the illusive land into which he had so lately strayed. The beautiful Costanza de Mora occupied in due course the post of châtelaine. The trifling matter of conquest that must intervene gave him no uneasiness, for he looked upon it as already accomplished. Her chance phrase in the church porch he interpreted as proof that she would become a slave to his will whenever he chose to assert the mastery. Of late years he had been somewhat renowned for his success with women, and this had tended to make him contemptuous and arrogant in all that regarded them. They were to be classed as man's inferiors in the economy of nature, to be held by him in the leash, and let slip or not as he determined.

Knocking thus at her gate in the guise of a conqueror, he gave none the less her country's response to the unseen porter's demand of "Who goes there?" explaining that he was "A person of peace," but getting thereby no farther than the gateway. For the man at last appeared only to state that his mistress was on her way to church. Which way had she gone, then? not by the shore, or he must have encountered her. No; down the lane to the meadows and along the river-bank; such was her custom always in fine weather.

He did not wonder at her choice when he adopted it too, in the hope of overtaking her. The quiet country road drew down the winter sunshine. In and out of its white walls, overhung here and there with patches of ivy, the silent, bright-eyed lizards were darting merrily, and beyond this vista the river-valley, half veiled in silvery mist, wound away for miles. He met only an old peasant-woman and a boy driving a hog between them. The self-willed brute made their task ludicrously difficult by frequent deviations from the path, grunting unamiably and resenting all interference of the boy who prodded his flanks with a goad. The woman, bowed and wrinkled as the Cumæan Sibyl, shook just out of his reach a bag of dried peas, thus luring him a step or two further. Grayling forgot his errand for a moment in watching this characteristic progress; then he hurried on to the point where the lane met the meadows, and where a path over a grassy dike followed the windings of the river to the city and the sea. Far down this path he saw two women walking in the same direction, but slowly, stopping from time to time to look back at the peaceful prospect of the valley. In another five minutes he had arrived within hailing distance, and was preparing to press on and join them, when his eye caught the gleam of metal on the ground before him. Coming nearer, he found the flashing object to be a small poniard which he immediately recognized as that worn by Doña Costanza at her girdle. He picked it up, of course, and examined it closely. Both hilt and sheath were delicately wrought; and a splendid pearl ran freely back and forth in an oblong groove cut completely through the upper part of the blade. The steel was so elastic that he could bend it nearly double, and it bore the Toledo mark. He did not need to be informed that the weapon was old and of great value—no doubt, an heirloom. Here in his hand he had now, by a strange chance, the best of reasons for introducing himself, and he hastened to make the most of his advantage. At

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the sound of his step the two women drew aside as if to let him pass; the servant, Manuela, walked a few paces in advance, but both she and her mistress stopped, facing him inquiringly at his first word.

"*Buenos dias*, Señora," he began, with the most formal of salutations. "I have the good fortune to restore the Señora this treasure of Toledo, which I cannot doubt is hers."

Her lovely face flushed a little as she put her hand to her belt in the action of surprise and smiled upon him sweetly.

"At your disposition, Señor," she said, with that superfluous and unsubstantial generosity which is accounted bare complaisance in a Spaniard.

"By no means," he replied. "I insist that it shall remain in better hands than these."

The dagger returned to hers at once. "Since you insist," she explained, adding more simply: "I thank you much; the treasure is really mine and very precious. My mother, who is dead, bequeathed it to me. Pray be covered, Señor."

He bowed, but did not put on his hat. "A moment longer," he objected. "Is not this Doña Costanza de Mora to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

She looked at him sharply, with an expression of uneasiness that she tried vainly to conceal. He thought that she even trembled slightly as she answered in a low voice:

"You know my name, then."

"Who does not?" he asked, gallantly. "It is to you that I bring this letter."

Unfolding the paper quickly and tremulously, she read it twice over, the second time more thoughtfully. Then without looking up she continued, in the same quiet tone: "You are Sir George Grayling?"

He bowed again ceremoniously. "I am your servitor and friend."

She met his look once more and handed him the letter with her sweetest smile. "You were both the one and the other before you gave me this. Take it back; we do not need it now."

Why should she return the letter? "But this is yours," he said with a puzzled air, as he slowly refolded it.

"Pray be covered, Señor," she repeated, laughing at his perplexity. "The air is dangerous. And if you insist again, bring it to me at my house—if that will give you pleasure."

"Oh, Señorita, the sooner, the better—if it pleases you."

"Believe that I am glad to know you," she answered, gravely. "And that you may believe it better, come this afternoon at the hour of the siesta. I shall not sleep to-day."

"Be sure that I will come. And now? May I not walk on with you?"

"Pray excuse me, Excellency. Now, we are in public."

"At least to the city gate——"

"A thousand pardons, it is not the custom. Until this afternoon, *adios!* I kiss the Señor's hands."

"Then and always at the Señorita's feet."

So in the same spirit of precision that began it, their first encounter ended. She held her course with Manuela, while he retraced his steps alone, sighing to think how time would drag until they met again. Yet he had carried the day with unexpected swiftness. A rendezvous already! All was better than it ought to be; the conquest promised well.

But a rude shock awaited him, when at the proper hour of the afternoon he presented himself to keep the appointment. Much to his surprise, the porter informed him that his mistress was not within. He took the liberty of doubting this, producing his credentials and explaining the nature of his errand; but he was met by the same quiet assertion: the lady was absent from the house. He offered money, begging permission to enter and await her return. The man politely but firmly rejected these advances. To wait would be useless. The Señorita might be away for hours. Where, then, had she gone? was it possible to know that? Oh, yes; she had departed alone, on foot, to ascend the Monte Iguëldo yonder. Leaving no word for him, then? Absolutely none. And laying his hand upon his heart with an expression of profound respect, the gate-keeper bade the Señor good-day.

Grayling, disappointed and baffled, strode away angrily. Was this their

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far-famed Spanish courtesy? Had she prejudged him according to the banker's insinuation, granting this interview simply to get rid of him with the smallest possible delay? It looked so, most assuredly. This, however, was a very unflattering thought, and he was not the man to entertain it long. The porter, at least, had treated him as a person of distinction; moreover, with the conscious air of one who knows more than he is willing to admit, strictly enjoined to be discreet. Why else had he been so ready to point out the very path she had taken? How should he know that, unless he had been told of it beforehand? Was it not clear that, without directly saying so, she wished her guest to infer that he would do well to follow her? Some good reason, perhaps, had arisen for not receiving him at home. Yet what could it be? She was her own mistress. Why should the door which she herself had opened be suddenly closed against him?

Wavering thus between ardent desire and wounded vanity, he turned for possible enlightenment to the Monte Igueldo itself. The gray slopes stood out finely now against the deep blue of the sky, in an air so clear that it seemed as if the flutter of a leaf upon them might be detected. Up and down he looked until at last he found her—a mere speck, almost at the summit, gone in the next instant and then reappearing. Now she stopped, and he fancied it was to examine point by point the path below. For him, of course! And when he thought this, his first step backward was already taken. Never had the familiar proverb that he who deliberates is lost a better exemplification. He, who had lately boasted to himself that he was born to lead, had now slipped the leash over his own neck and placed the controlling power in a woman's hand.

How still it was above, beneath him, everywhere! Citizen and peasant alike were sleeping out the quiet Sunday afternoon, and earth and sky rejoiced in that inviolate repose. Nothing disturbed it except the far-off wash of the sea, or the scurry of some insect through the stunted grass. And what wonders had been worked since yesterday! Now a golden light suffused the distance, softening all that had looked harsh and bleak before. Could it be really so? he wondered. Or did a new light in his own eyes glorify this day? Certain it was that he saw these things in their full beauty for the first time. Yet here were his footprints giving him the lie direct; and here he found another, freshly made, that might have passed for Cinderella's. He laughed when he saw that, and let the distance go.

There was still no other sign of her when he reached the top of the ridge and drew back involuntarily from the brink over which he had so nearly fallen on the preceding day. A very little more, and that mishap would have been his last. He could appreciate better the gravity of the danger now that it had passed, and that he reviewed the scene in the judicial attitude of a bystander. The path was torn up, and a fragment of the rock was gone. Even in a light so calm as this, the possibilities of the place became fearful to contemplate, and he turned from them gladly. But now, nearing the tower, he suddenly recollected what had occurred there, and he began to doubt the wisdom of his return to it. What if, after all, he should find himself an awkward intruder for the second time? Why might not mistress as well as maid defy the law, and dealing habitually with the smuggler, be busy at that very moment about nothing else? All women that ever lived were born smugglers at heart, he knew. It must be so, then; he had made himself egregiously an ass; he had marched up the hill, and his best course was to pack immediately to the right-about and march down again.

This sage conclusion had no sooner come to pass than its truth was apparently disproved by the sight of the lady herself, standing alone in the shadow of the tower, lost in thought. When she heard him it was to look up and smile in a way that relieved his mind immensely. If his presence had not been all that she most desired, it surely was not unwelcome. He greeted her, however, with chilling politeness.

"I hoped you would come," she said, without embarrassment.

"Ah! It does not displease you that I am here?"

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"On the contrary. I beg that you will pardon me. To receive you at my house would have been impossible; to leave a message for you, equally so. I was forced, therefore, to rely upon your discernment, your discretion. I weighed you in the balance and have not found you wanting."

Her tone disarmed him. To have resisted its appeal he must have been more or less than man. The wonderful eyes had a pleading look, as if to overcome his doubt of her sincerity. He noted mechanically the becoming details of her dress: a single diamond, like a tear-drop, at her throat, where the mantilla folds were caught together; upon her breast a bunch of violets, oppressive in their fragrance; the dagger and the snake-like girdle. One word would have been enough. He was bewitched without it, and only too ready to believe in her.

"I thank you for a proof of confidence," said he; "you have brought me beyond the reach of etiquette."

"Perhaps," she said, with heightened color. "You met no one, then."

"No one. I think the whole world sleeps except ourselves. Unless ——"

"Unless?"

"Unless this wall has ears as it had yesterday—ugly ones at that."

"Manuela told me," she answered, laughing. "You mean Miguel, the contrabandista. Poor fellow! You were more terrible to him than he to you, it appears. He took you for a spy. Our laws, you see, are very strict. Does it shock you that we break them sometimes?"

"Not in the least. Only——"

"Oh, to-day he is not there. Come! Let us go up into the tower. The view above is marvellous."

She led the way through the lower chamber, now deserted, and thence by a stone staircase of many steps to the lantern, close under the partially dismantled roof through which shone patches of the sky. As Grayling followed her, an old trap-door, insecurely fastened back by some former visitor, rattled down, half choking him with dust and closing the entrance behind them. A rusty iron brazier, once used for signal-fires, stood in the middle of the room, which otherwise was bare of furniture. Its four windows were ungrated and unglazed. In one of those commanding the sea Doña Costanza sat down upon the broken sill. A fishing fleet dotted the horizon with its white wings; close at hand was a smaller sail, dingy and weather-stained, nearing the shore.

"A marvel, is it not?" she asked, triumphantly.

"Yes," he replied. "A few steps more, and you might show me all the kingdoms of the world."

She drew back a little from the window. "I think we are too high already. Look down; it is thirty yards, at least, to the rock."

"No," said he, after a moment's reflection, "not so many."

It pleased her to dispute his judgment with a woman's earnestness in trivial things. "I will know the height," she declared, "if only to prove you wrong. With a pebble we might tell exactly."

To gratify her whim he looked about for something to let fall. Meanwhile she found her purse and knotted her handkerchief around it. "This will do," she said, handing him the improvised plummet.

"But this is money," he objected.

"What of that?" she returned, impatiently. "It will not be lost or stolen, I suppose, since we are alone."

He leaned well out and dropped the small white wad of linen to the rock, counting the seconds till it struck, and computing roughly.

"Twenty yards—no more," he said, decisively, as he turned back.

She yielded gracefully, if somewhat absently, looking over his shoulder at the glistening water. "I might have known you would be right," she added. "Men are so quick-sighted, always." Then moving to another window, she called his attention to the landscape and inquired if it reminded him of England.

"No," he said, "it is not at all like England."

"You have many friends there, have you not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Friends who are very fond of you, I mean."

"I hope so," he answered, laughing.

"And are you married?" she asked.

The question struck him as an odd one

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under the circumstances. He doubted if he liked her any better for asking it. "No—not yet," he replied, soberly.

"I am not certain that I understand you," she continued, with sudden coldness in her tone. "But I have wished to ask you something else. Why did you procure the banker's letter to me?"

To be sure; he had forgotten that. Her former question was justified at once. He owed her an explanation.

"Can you not guess?" he demanded. "What did you pray for in the church?"

"I do not understand," she said again; to gain time, perhaps. For at his words she had turned pale.

In explanation he quoted words of her own speaking. "'Manuela, Manuela! What if the day I prayed for has really come?' Had I, like you, been used to pray, my prayer too would have been answered."

"You heard that?"

"Yes. Where was the harm? We live our lives serenely, days, months, years it may be, all-sufficient to ourselves. But sooner or later we wake from this dream of false security. To some of us this is a gradual awakening. To others it comes suddenly, as it did to me; as almost at the same moment—why not admit it?—it did to you."

"What do you mean?" she cried, indignantly.

"Must I speak plainly? I mean that I am no longer myself; that every thought, every fibre has become yours; that you are everything to me; that I love you as I never dreamed I could love any woman."

He had thrown his arm about her, but she recoiled with a shudder, eluding him.

"You love me!" she gasped out. "Listen, then; I hate you. How I hate you!"

"Costanza——"

"Silence! Hear me! Your father murdered mine at his own door for defending a poor maid-servant from your brutal soldiers. It is the first thing that I remember; I was covered with his blood. My mother, dying, charged me never to forget it. I shall never do so. And you dare to love me! You, so like your father—so like the fiend!"

"It is a lie!" retorted Grayling, in a rage.

"It is the truth. It is written in our history—and yours. Your soldiers slaughtered—outraged us; there—when they sacked our burning city. Soldiers? They were butchers—lower even than the brutes—with no respect for honor, without the sense of shame. Do you know what I prayed for, now? It was that you might be delivered into my hands."

And now Grayling only laughed. All that was worst in his nature came stealing to the surface and fired him, as he stood with folded arms before that tingling beauty. He had committed himself beyond redemption by the confession of his love. He found her lovelier than ever in her splendid scorn.

"You are mad," he said. "I believe I am mad too; for I will make you love me—I swear I will. Do you think you can resist me, escape me? Try it."

He took a step toward her; but he was startled at the expression of her face, to which the gentle smile had once more returned. "Stop!" she whispered, raising her hand with a warning gesture. And for the moment he was awed into obedience more by the smile than by the word.

"Stop!" she repeated. "Think what you are going to do."

But he had lost himself again in one thought excluding all the others. And heeding nothing else—not even the draught of air from below that blew cold upon his cheek—he sprang upon her fiercely.

"Coward!" she screamed. "*Aquí!* Miguel—Miguel!"

A strong arm was flung around his throat to drag him backward. He let her go, throwing his hands up wildly. Then, with all the force at her command, she plunged the heirloom of her race—her mother's weapon—full into his breast.

"At your disposition, Señor," she said, with a bitter laugh, stabbing him again, and this time to the heart.

With a groan all that was earthly in him fell quivering at her feet. And she sank upon her knees with the hilt held up before her like a cross, and sobbing, prayed to be forgiven.

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There was a ripple of excitement the next morning in the *Fonda de la Posta* when Josefa informed her master that the noble Englishman was not to be found. The innkeeper, a soul of discretion, at first made light of the matter, and it took the whole of that day for the stir to communicate itself to the town. Indeed, only on the morning after, when an organized force had begun to scour the country for some clue to the disappearance, did the banker learn the news. This honest citizen, though he said nothing, recalled perfectly his interview of the previous Sunday, and it occurred to him to wonder whether or not his letter had ever been presented. No harm would result from an inquiry, he concluded. Late in the afternoon, therefore, attiring himself with the utmost nicety, he set out for the Madrid road. As he passed the inn he observed the host at his door, looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other, sombrely. "The poor gentleman lost his life on the Monte Iguëldo, it seems. He fell from the cliff into the sea. They have found the very place."

"But not the man?"

"Not yet, Señor. It is very sad. A man in the prime of life—so distinguished, so honorable. God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the banker, as he turned away, oppressed with the solemn thoughts that sudden death always brings to a man who recognizes that his prime is past.

He had walked more than half-way toward the grim landmark when he met a man he knew; a constable of the city, carrying something wrapped in a handkerchief and talking of it with an air of importance to a friend who had joined him. Both men stopped and touched their hats respectfully.

"Well, Lopez, you have found him."

"Yes, Excellency. The waves have washed him ashore. See, they are bringing him down yonder. But he is cruelly mangled."

"What have you in your hand?"

"His effects, Señor. I thought it best to remove them. Will you look?"

The handkerchief contained, among lesser valuables, a purse, the fragments of a watch, a small book, and a letter which, though much stained with sea-water, the banker knew was his. He did not touch that, but instead took up the book and saw at once that this was an English translation of the Psalms. It opened of itself at a flower that had been pressed between the leaves. He replaced it with a sigh, and wiped the stain from his wet fingers.

"It is he, then; there is no doubt."

"None at all, Excellency."

The men went on, and changing his course, he slowly followed them.

"The question has been answered without the asking," thought he; "I am spared the need of inflicting pain that would have led to nothing. He did not live to know her. Why should she ever know?" And he returned to his affairs.

They were interrupted again a few days later, when the banker was called upon to send a written account of the stranger's accident with his effects to England; but only his effects. Room was made for the rest in a sunny corner of the cemetery, within a stone's throw of the castle wall. There his tardy visit is still indefinitely prolonged. In her random shot the gossip of the inn had hit the mark with startling accuracy. He had come into the rough Biscayan province merely to find a grave.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

A CRITIC fond of nomenclature might, with some show of reason, call the present time an epoch of impressionism, so almost universal, I think, is the impressionist attitude at present, and so novel is it as well. It is very evident in most departments of mental activity, and until a few years ago certainly neither the name nor the thing was known at all. It is not merely an affair of a few French painters, but may really be said to be more nearly than any other, perhaps, the contemporary point of view in general—which makes it interesting to "inquire" (as we used to say), or to "speculate" (as we say now) as to what it means. It means among other things, surely, what Thackeray intended to convey in saying (untruly, of course, but that is not pertinent), that he had no head above his eyes. It involves, indeed, the express abandonment, unheard of in Thackeray's time, of what is understood by the phrase "a body of doctrine." No true impressionist has any body of doctrine at all. And it is this that gives impressionism its significance.

This is not quite the same thing as the absence of preconceptions. Thackeray might justly pretend that he had no preconceived philosophy, but his phrase, "I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see," though it may contain the germ of impressionism, would be misleading if it were taken to imply that he had no philosophy. The critics, or at least the criticasters of our day, maintain that he had altogether too much, though it is very generally acknowledged that he was pretty sound in other respects. But however faithfully he reported, and however truly he might also maintain that he saw what was most important, he certainly looked for what he saw. Nor is the abandonment of a body of doctrine identical with that "objectivity" so much admired in, and by, Goethe, who held nothing as his own which "having inherited" he had not "reconquered" for himself by seeing things as in themselves they really are. The impressionist is personal—perhaps in spite of himself—because not in the least pretending to see the object as it really is, or to know anything about its real essence or aspect, he renders it as it seems to him, and not as it has seemed to people hitherto. He gives you, in other words, simply the impression it makes upon his sensorium.

Two results of very considerable interest are sure to follow if the impressionist movement runs its course, as it is likely to do. Every æsthetic activity will become more sensuous and less intellectual. And the work of every artist will become less coherent and more chaotic. There was never any such premium placed on mental laziness as the current scepticism as to the value of any body of doctrine. No one is obliged to think consecutively, or to "conclude" at all. One need only record sensations. His attention is stimulated no doubt to the point of a profitable intensity, but he need not reflect. Logic, analogy, combination, the architectonic departments of

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thought, thought itself, indeed, must atrophy sensibly. Mr. George Moore reports Turguénieff as quarrelling with Zola for always telling him how Gervaise Coupeau feels, but never what she thinks. The impressionist leaves us similarly in the dark. As to man and nature and the artist himself we learn therefore nothing but facts about a superficies which has heretofore been generally regarded as a *quantité negligeable*. Possibly he proceeds on the principle to which Mr. Mallock attributes the eccentricities of Mr. Swinburne, finding the key to it in the lines:

> Ah! where shall we go then for pastime
> If the worst that can be has been done?

But in the sphere of the intelligence at all events, it must be admitted that impressionism saves itself a great deal of trouble.

Incoherence of total impression is a necessary consequence. We know the processes by which a body of doctrine, a consistent view of things, a harmonious philosophy of life and the world, is obtained. They are not at all instinctive; and if they are to be abandoned because they require effort that is painful and industry that is tedious, coherence must be sacrificed too. As it is, the only thing that saves much of the current impressionism from chaos is mannerism. That is to say, it is a unity, an entity, expressive as a whole, in virtue of its limitations rather than its qualities. What is it that unifies even such impressionist work as is admirable in detail from the purely sensuous point of view, but the personality behind which is merely an irresponsible congeries of sensations? What is its sign manual? We are all familiar with the result in morals of a man's having no philosophy, however jejune or eccentric. Will æsthetics succeed better by a similar surrender to intellectual enervation? And is débonnaire art of permanent value after all? The "inquiry" is certainly an interesting one.

In Mr. Marzials's "Life of Thackeray"—with the merits of which this has at present no concern—is a sentence bearing upon what was said more than a year ago on the same subject in the Point of View. In speaking of Thackeray's request that none of his family or near friends should lend aid to a biography of him, Mr. Marzials calls it "a chance remark of his—a remark, I venture to think, not perfectly understood." What was written here was to the effect that Thackeray's own wishes, as he is said to have expressed them, and their binding power upon those nearest him, were both perhaps natural, "but that they were binding upon all men for all time was not so clear" as to prevent the publication of all facts or reminiscences of his life. It is quite possible, and even likely, however, that Mr. Marzials's estimate of his expression itself is the true one, and that, through a sentiment which no one can fail to honor, it has been taken all these years in a sense which Thackeray himself, could he have foreseen everything, would have regarded as extreme.

But when all is said, is it true that the best lovers of Thackeray are oppressed by a longing for a "great biography" of him, for any better life of him than what they have? To me it seems that we are better able to do without it than without the biography of any man of anything like the same rank in English literature. The leading facts of his life are known and recorded; his friends have not been able to help giving us anecdotes and descriptions that have made the outward man and his ways familiar; and as to anything else that a biography can contribute—any interpretation, any filling in of the personality—he is somehow different from all other men. The one touch that might have been wanting—the touch of *auto*biography, has been supplied in the letters which it was the privilege of this Magazine to publish. That very intimacy with his readers, which they have smiled the world over to hear censured as bad art, has done the rest. It is doubtful whether we should feel more intimate with him, the man, if the ideal biographer, at his best, were now to write of him; and it is distinctly certain that almost every one of us would in some respect or other resent even the ideal biographer's intrusion.

When Sainte-Beuve said "men in general do not like the truth, and men of letters like it less than others," perhaps he spoke in his haste, like the Psalmist in a still more sweeping statement. But if he meant his phrase to stand without qualification,

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and did not, as is very likely, apply it in his own mind to critical rather than creative writers, its severity is to be explained, no doubt, by the fact that M. Sainte-Beuve lived a generation too early. He himself, as he wrote to M. Duruy, would have reduced to a single term *le Vrai, le Beau et le Bien*:—"If I had a motto it should be *the True the True* only, leaving the beautiful and the good to settle matters afterward as best they could."

This doctrine has become the commonplace of twenty-five years later, and deeds are done in its name at which Sainte-Beuve would have turned cold. As once the oppressed Snagsby before the bullying thumb of Mr. Chadband, the contemporary reader suffers under its aggressive promulgation. "'Terewth!' said Mr. Chadband, hitting him again; 'say not to me that it is *not* the lamp of lamps! I say to you, it is. . . . I say that I will proclaim it to you whether you like it or not; nay, that the less you like it the more I will proclaim it to you. With a speaking-trumpet!'" The speaking-trumpet is a repellent and ill-advised instrument unless in the hands of a master at great crises, and is on the whole of little use in criticism; yet in the last few years it has come to be rather hard-worked in the service, and not always by the chiefs. If we were close upon the rocks of some great delusion, or laboring in some stress of weather between the classical and the romantic or the academic and the emancipated, there might be some excuse for these ready gentlemen who spring into the weather rigging and shout to us what we must do or not do to be saved from intellectual or æsthetic wreck. But when we are sailing over tolerably tranquil seas, where the monotony of the prospect seems after all to be the chief trouble, they would be better employed on deck, using their unquestioned talents in making things shipshape and pointing out some of the pleasures of the voyage.

Seriously, in the degree in which we are just now commended—it would be possible to write commanded—to the acceptance of what is "sincere" and "unsparing" and "direct," there is an aggravating air of treating "truth" as though it were a concrete and limited thing, of attributes well-known to the elect and capable of definition to the unlearned—if not of being compacted by the faculty as it were into a kind of cure-all pill. Now the critic is above all not a dispenser of this kind of thing, or of finalities of any sort. Criticism no doubt looks to an end in the search for truth, and its interpretation. But its first function is to teach men to seek and interpret for themselves; not to formulate and dogmatise. "A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world"—as Arnold said in a definition which though quoted threadbare has never been improved upon—has nothing to do with applying to everything the easy test of a commonly accepted formula, and announcing the result as final. The question of whether a thing is "true" in art, as anywhere else, is one which a man may in some degree help others to solve, but not solve for them. Every creative writer and every artist that is worth the name feels this—indeed by his capacity for his art feels it more keenly than a man of any other temperament; but is none the less a lover of the truth on that account.

There is no need to hark back to the weary quarrel of the realists and idealists; according to a recent writer in the Point of View

> Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud.

The standards of current criticism may be too much those of the realists (if anyone has decided what these are); but the real trouble is that they seem to be tending toward a narrowness as bad in its way as that of the old schools, and this by insisting again upon dogmas of universal application. A man may be as little disposed as a very Snagsby to assert that truth is not the lamp of lamps, and yet object to not being allowed to let it serve for him his individual uses; and he may be a consistent Protestant in the matter, and without lack of faith insist upon his individual right of definition and interpretation. Perhaps this will be true just in proportion to his power of really serviceable thought upon the subject. Sainte-Beuve, who, great critic as he was, was not without his own tendency to formula, used men of letters more severely than others in his saying. If he had written "men in general do not like to have the truth authoritatively defined for them, and men of

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letters like it less than others," he would have written what is incontestable and furnishes its own reason. Men of letters, especially creative men of letters, have liked this kind of thing less than others, if they have deserved the name, just because they have had the widest vision to see how many forms the truth may wear, and the best instinct or discernment to give it its relative value in each. A school of criticism which dogmatizes, in the name of even the most modern conception of truth, will do no good to literature, and will have only its burlesque echoes in "fads" and attempts to test an author by his "ethical kernel" or his "simplification" or his "modernity;" while the men who *make* literature will now, as always, break over the dogmas in all directions and go on as before, taking their truth where they find it. Men in general, as well as men of letters, will be left, to the end of time, to decide for themselves what it is. They can be taught how to make their decision more or less wise, but they cannot have it furnished to them ready-made and labelled.

A TRAVELLER newly returned from the Pacific Ocean tells pleasant stories of the Patagonians. As the steamer he was in was passing through Magellan's Straits some natives came out to her in boats. They wore no clothes at all, though there was snow in the air. A baby that came along with them made some demonstration that displeased its mother, who took it by the foot, as Thetis took Achilles, and soused it over the side of the boat into the cold sea-water. When she pulled it in, it lay a moment whimpering in the bottom of the boat, and then curled up and went to sleep. The missionaries there have tried to teach the natives to wear clothes, and to sleep in huts; but, so far, the traveller says, with very limited success. The most shelter a Patagonian can endure is a little heap of rocks, or a log to the windward of him; as for clothes, he despises them, and he is indifferent to ornaments.

To many of us, groaning under the oppression of modern conveniences, it seems lamentably meddlesome to undermine the simplicity of such people, and enervate them with the luxuries of civilization. To be able to sleep out-of-doors, and go naked, and take sea-baths on wintry days with impunity, would seem a most alluring emancipation. No rent to pay, no tailor, no plumber, no newspaper to be read on pain of getting behind the times; no regularity in anything, not even meals; nothing to do except to find food, and no expense for undertakers or physicians, even if we fail; what a fine, untrammelled life it would be! It takes occasional contact with such people as the Patagonians to keep us in mind that civilization is the mere cultivation of our wants, and that the higher it is the more our necessities are multiplied, until, if we are rich enough, we get enervated by luxury, and the young men come in and carry us out.

We want so many, many things: it seems a pity that those simple Patagonians could not send missionaries to us to show us how to do without. Must the wants of the body—shelter, clothing, and food—be cultivated first, before the capacities of the soul can be developed and gratified? Doubtless the missionaries know their business, and are going about it the right way; yet all the same it seems odd that the rudiments of a taste for brown-stone fronts and brocade and terrapin should be cultivated as a fit preliminary to Christianity. Count Tolstoï is the man for the Patagonians. Their attitude toward luxury seems to be almost identical with his, and they would have scarcely anything to unlearn before accepting his teaching.

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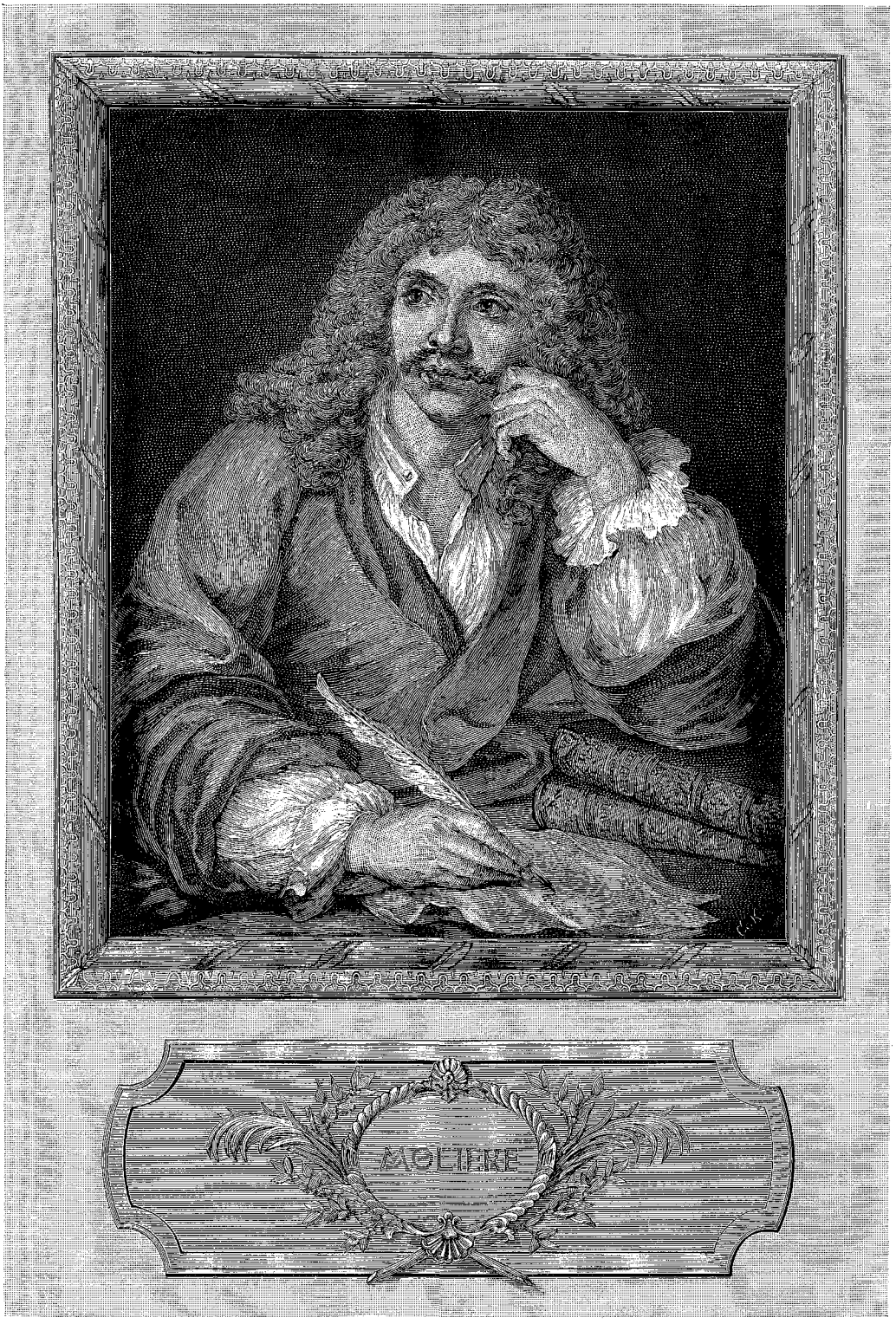

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